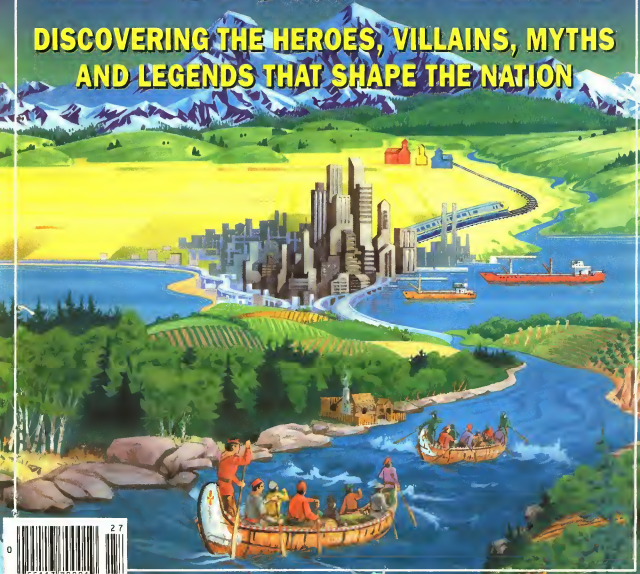


Maclean's

A
SPECIAL
PULLOUT MAP
OF CANADIANA

THE STORIED LAND

DISCOVERING THE HEROES, VILLAINS, MYTHS
AND LEGENDS THAT SHAPE THE NATION



I am the son of immigrants. When my grandparents and parents arrived in this country, Canada did not ask what language they spoke - whether they favoured French or English - whether their loyalty would be to a specific province or region. They were asked to make this land their home and give their best to make the nation a little better. For this commitment, Canada offered freedom - equality before the law and the opportunity for a life better than what they had. Both parties honoured those covenants.

I have been the beneficiary of that covenant, and I have an obligation to my grandchildren that they too will have the opportunity to live in a country culturally diverse but unified in purpose.

I am doubly concerned today because in recent years, a corrosive anger has developed across this country.

No longer do we talk of compromise or conciliation, but rather of confrontation.



For a transcript of Mr. Mauro's address at the Investors Group Annual General Meeting,

This negativism should concern all of us as Canadians. Every day we see another addition to our litany of complaints. But when will someone speak out for what we stand for as well as what we are against? When will we begin to acknowledge the freedom, the opportunity, the social benefits, the incredible achievements of a young country with a diverse and dispersed population?

A country that is unmindful of its past will be indifferent to its present and frightened of its future. Surely we represent something more than a collection of individuals from varying ethnic backgrounds interested only in our personal welfare and with allegiance only to our self-interest.

We must begin the process of re-assessing our national core values. In addition to hearing on a daily basis a demand for individual rights, we must begin to acknowledge individual responsibilities.

We have created here in Canada something unique. Perhaps we lack emotion in the expression of our patriotism, but there is no less a love for the land and the quality of life it has provided. Each of us has an obligation to speak out in defence of this national dream.

It is time we stood up, not on behalf of our regional or provincial interests, but on behalf of Canada. If we fail in this great endeavour, we will stand condemned as the generation that forfeited a nation in pursuit of narrow regional interests.

IG Investors Group

writer Ms. Linda Dunwoody, Investors Group, 447 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3B6

Maclean's
JULY 4 1992 VOL 102 NO 27

SPECIAL REPORT

THE STORIED LAND

4 EDITORIAL

6 LETTERS

14 ICONS TO LIVE BY

After 125 years of Confederation, Canadians celebrate their heroes selectively—if at all—by region and language.

16 THE TRACKS OF HISTORY

Rites in the age of the frequent flyer, there is still no better way to see the crump of the land and sense the rush of history than from the window of a westbound train. Two Maclean's reporters travelled from coast to coast—6,371 km—over three weeks, exploring Canada's past and present.

44 A RIVER OF DESTINY

Alexander Maclean's Arctic voyage in 1749 made him a hero—but many activists still regret his arrival.

48 CHASING GOLDEN DREAMS

Daring, Israeli-born Jewish Joseph Boyle was the most colorful of the men who struck it rich during the Klondike Gold Rush.

50 SAILING SOLO

Setting out in 1895, Nova Scotia mariner Josiah Shown became the first person to sail alone around the globe.

52 FLYING HIGH

In the late 1920s and early 1930s, Wop May and his fellow aviators pushed back the boundaries of Canada's last frontier.

55 THE BIGHT STUFF

Following in the right path of Marc Garneau and Robert Buzdar, Canada's newest astronauts reach for the stars.

56 MARATHON MAN OF HOPE

For five months in 1940, Canadians followed one-legged Terry Fox as he ran to raise money for cancer research.

58 BACK TO FREEDOM

Before the American Civil War, the Underground Railroad spirited thousands of slaves to free states and on to Canada.

61 THE VICTORY OF 'CALAMITY NELL'

Activist Nellie McClung battled to win the vote for Canadian women and to prove that they were legally "persons."

63 FROM PULPIT TO PARLIAMENT

Senatusconsultum's Timothy Douglas was a scrappy fighter for social reform and the father of socialized medicine.

63 THEN THERE WERE TEN

In proud St. John's, a city with a long memory, historians suggest over Newfoundland's union with Canada in 1949.

64 TROOPS IN PROGRESS

Blackboard Inc. is a truly international corporation, a quintessentially Canadian firm that turned snow into profit.

66 TROOPS IN THE STREETS

The October Crisis of 1970 featured kidnapping, murder, a suspension of liberties—and a debate over the War Measures Act.

68 A MAN OF THE PEOPLE

René Lévesque's failed common touch reflected a personal access to the will of the so-called little man.

70 A 'TERRIFIC' PAINIER

Overcoming Victorian prohibitions, Emily Carr followed her heart, mind and gift to become one of Canada's finest artists.

72 POETRY AND PATRIOTISM

Stomper Tom Cochrane is a down-home chronicler of Canada, singing the nation's praises in knee-slapping songs.

72 HE SCORES!

Paul Henderson's goal in Game 6 of the 1972 Canada-Soviet hockey summit ignited a nationwide celebration.

74 A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

During the War of 1812, Laura Secord risked a dangerous 30 km to warn the British of an impending American attack.

74 THE UNSUNG SEAMEN

Canada's merchant navy was in the thick of some of the Second World War's most deadly and critical battles.

78 WARRIORS FOR PEACE

Making a study of Lester B. Pearson's proposal, over 50,000 Canadians have served in peacekeeping assignments.

80 ABOVE AND BEYOND

Red Cross nurse Elizabeth Currey is one of about 5,000 Canadians each year who serve in distant, troubled lands.

82 OF CHILI AND HOPE

Theresa Stevenson, known as the Mother Teresa of Regina, represents the spirit of community self-help found across Canada.

84 CANADA

Premier Clyde Wells is firmly opposed to any attempt to give Quebec a constitutional veto.

88 WORLD

Canadians encounter hostility from Yugoslavia's warring factions.

96 BUSINESS

Are Canada's Yukon shippers in jeopardy again—and shedding jobs?

98 BUSINESS WATCH/PETER C. NEWMAN

100 FOTHERINGHAM

"I die at peace with God and with man and I thank all those who helped me in my misfortunes."

Louis Riel,
Nov. 16, 1885, just before
he was hanged.





Legends Teeming With Life

Many lawyers and businessmen, the Fathers of Confederation were practical men with many common interests. They shared John A. Macdonald's vision of a strong central government to unite the regions—and they had one pressing, practical fear: that the northern frontier states, both with Civil War victory and still restless, even some initial British support for the Confederates, might soon cross the border. The result was Canada, a country conceived partly for defensive reasons and, 125 years after the British North America Act took formal effect, still marked by evocations and a certain self-interest in its past.

Yet Canada does have heroes, in abundance: engineers, soldiers, business leaders, statesmen, brokers, diplomats, social activists—some reasonably well-known, others more obscure. And this special issue tells their stories. The main vehicle of discovery is the text, that core of Canadian history, which, despite conflicts, continues to run from Halifax to Vancouver. *Maclean's* Senior Editor Bob Lewis, who organized and edited the entire package, joined Senior Writer Rae Casola in riding the 6,371 km from the East Coast to the West, over three weeks, with numerous stops along the way, delving into Canada's past and present. "It's not hard to believe in Canadian heroes and legends," said Casola. "We met them every day on the way across the country." Added Lewis, who worked closely with Associate Editor Mary Mowbray in preparing the package: "I'm constantly struck by the incredible size of the country—the trans-Canada and on and on, and you realize that the land itself is Canada's main legend, dwarfing all others."

Art Director Nick Burnett, Associate Art Director Gaudie Sabatini and their colleagues capture that sense of grandeur in the design of the 52-page package. Designer Tim Lagan produced the pulchritudinous legends that appear on page 58. In the end, almost everyone on the staff became involved in producing this Canada Day special to make Canada's history a living legend.

Kevin Day



Corbin (left), Lewis and Mowbray celebrating stories of a nation with horses in abundance

Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Editor: Keith Gage

Managing Editor: Susan Jans

Executive Editor: Carl Smith, David Ross

Assistant Managing Editor: Michael Bennett, Robert Macdonald

Art Director: Nick Burnett

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Senior Editors: Bob Gage, David Ross

Section Editors: Ross Lewis (Canada), Stuart Roberts (North)

One issue (Business), Mark Wilson (Southwest)

Public Affairs (Editorial): Mark Wilson

Editorial Administrator: Lynn Macdonald

Senior Writers: Robert Corbin, Ross Lewis

Senior Editors: John Jans, Susan Jans, Peter Gage

Senior Writers: David Ross, Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Assistant Editor: David Ross

Bureau: (Office) Anthony Wilson (Chief)

Deputy: L. Gary Fisher, Nancy White

Local Editor: Anthony Wilson

Authors: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage (Chief)

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Production: Superintendent: Susan White

Communications Coordinator: Sam McKeown

Video Coordinator: Garry Gage

Assistant to the Editor: The Editor

Editorial Assistant: Susan Long

Correspondents: Christine, Patricia Macdonald

Editor: Susan Long

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin

Journalists: Peter Gage, Robert Corbin

Senior Copywriting Editor: Peter C. Newman

Copywriting: John Gage, Robert Corbin



PURE GOLD

A superbly smooth, light taste. Canadian Club sets the standard.

Canadian Club



LETTERS

Parental protection

I am a concerned parent and pediatric nurse who is sick of hearing about sexual assault against children ("Tovary parent's nightmare," Cover, June 22). I agree with Monica Reilly's argument that child molesters must be supervised by our justice system; however, I also feel that a community has the right to know if a sexual offender resides in its neighborhood. I no longer feel that our government is going to protect our children without enormous pressure from the public, so communities as a whole must become involved in this issue if we are to decrease the number of children who are victimized by pedophiles.

Karen D. Johnston,
Editorial

Sexual abuse: a need for supervision

As someone struggling to deal with the effects of being sexually abused as a child, I was very disappointed with "Every parent's nightmare." The reality is that, more often than not, children are sexually abused by a parent, and that private places are more dangerous for children than public ones. Maybe the authors should have written an article called "Every child's nightmare" and talked about how children can be protected from their parents.

(Name withheld)
Michigan, Gov

Cause for optimism

In many places throughout "Out of work, out of school" (Special Report, June 23), each student's name could be replaced with my own. It is somewhat reassuring to read that many others face the same situation that my friends and I are dealing with. Despite this pessimistic outlook, your articles have kept my attitude positive. Something and there exists me.

Trevor Banks,
Georgetown, Ont.

I feel that many in my generation attending university are too preoccupied with careers, personal advancement and early material success. Whatever happened to the notion of university as a place for individual growth, open enquiry and just plain fun? The university today is perceived only as a job training centre. Perhaps students become glitter-eyed at the lifestyles of the free-wheeling Eighties and want to learn for the sake.

James P. M. Wright
Birmingham

due to provide it. Many of today's nationally known retailers and commercial enterprises were started generations ago. Maybe our business schools should teach a little about entrepreneurial undertakings and thereby instill a sense of leadership rather than membership in our young people.

David Morton,
Toronto

Bush league

Because of George Bush and his administration's unequivocally negative stance towards the clear intent of the Earth Summit, I found it ironic and paradoxically degrading to Morison's to feature the photo accompanying your report on the gathering in Rio. Here stands a man—indeed Bush, signing the Earth Pledge he had previously evaded a contempt for, under the headline "Progress in Rio" (Government, June 23). Such desecration is deplorable.

Jan Michael Sherman,
Helmuth Bus. R.C.

Letters may be condensed. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone number. Write letters to the Editor: Medicine magazine, Meridian House Bldg., 177 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7. Or fax (416) 594-7770.

PASSAGES



AWARDED: To Brian Dickson, former chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, the \$100,000 Royal Bank Award for Canadian Achievement. The annual award honors Canadians who make important contributions to human welfare. Dickson, 76, was chief justice presiding over many cases based on the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, including Dickson for his role during a period when the charter court's duties. Last year, Moskowitz included Dickson in its top 100.

SENTENCED: In a Brooklyn, N.Y., federal court, convicted Mafia godfather John Gotti, to life in prison without possibility of parole, for murdering his predecessor in order to take over the Gambino crime family, the largest criminal syndicate in the United States. Gotti had once been known as the "Teflon Don" because his three previous trials had ended in acquittal.

DED: Food writer Mary Frances Kennedy Fisher, whose post W. H. Auden once called "the best prose writer in America," at 83, of the effects of Parkinson's disease in Glen Elgin, Calif. Fisher wrote for *The New Yorker* and completed 20 books, including *Serve It First, Now to Cook a Wolf*, *The Gastronomical Me* and *Consider the Oyster*.

OBITUARY Sir James Stirling, 66, one of Britain's most original modern architects, of a heart attack 11 days after receiving his knighthood from Queen Elizabeth II. Stirling was architect for the Staatsgalerie art gallery in Stuttgart, Germany, and the Clare Gallery extension to London's Tate Gallery. But he was criticised for some of his early work, including a Cambridge University two-decade library which failed.

RETURNS: Controversial Los Angeles police chief Darryl Gates, 68, Gates departed amid charges of racism just over a year after a hysterical videotaped fair white policemen beating black teenager Rodney King. Gates's replacement is former Philadelphia police chief Willie Williams, 48, who becomes Los Angeles's first black police chief.

Tune-struck!



His Service
has been as
Assistant...

[illegible]

For a home care place in the world's finest Costa Rican environment which incidentally is not restricted to disabled persons - we invite you to come visit beautiful Mahanoy. For more information, please fill in the card, the below and mail it back to us.

FASCINATING
MALAYSIA



NOTE: Figures are for the period 1995-2000.

 From our First of June Warfare

Contributing Author:
 Dr. Thomas Joseph Newberry, B.C.,
 is a faculty member in the Department of
 Biology at the University of British Columbia.

THEODORE BELL, JR.
 1001 W. 1st St.
 Los Angeles, CA 90012-1001
 Tel.: (213) 462-6701
 Telex: 550000 THEODORE
 Tlx.: (213) 462-6701



**AN INEXPENSIVE PC THAT'S AS GOOD AS A COMPAQ.
FROM THE COMPANY THAT OUGHT TO KNOW.**

What happens when the best computer engineers in the world design a low-priced desktop PC? You get the new COMPAQ ProLinea Line of PCs, perhaps the best value PCs in the world. What happens when a clone maker designs a low-priced PC? You get what you pay for.

When Compaq engineers set out to build an affordable, full performance desktop PC with

all the essential features, there were a lot of options to choose from.

We could have bought

an existing low end com
puter company

We could have farmed
out all manufacturing.

We could have bought parts from the cheapest vendor in town.

But then all we would have ended up with is simply another inferior.

low-priced clone. And what we wanted was a low-priced COMPAQ computer.

Which is what you
told us you wanted.

So through some high levels of chip integration and some equally high levels of engineering

You can choose from three different models, opting for either Intel 386SX/25 or 486/33 processor power.

So whether it's expansion, storage, processing speed or a small footprint that you're most concerned with, there's a model perfectly suited to your needs.

And each comes with a high-resolution, 1024 x 768 video system.

design and just plain common sense, we've cut costs in system design and manufacturing.

While still managing
to deliver 100 percent of

service and support program. Which includes a free one-year, on-site* limited warranty, and a host of other services.

And to go along with our new line of PCs there's a whole new line of places you can find them. Give us a call for more details.

In Canada, call us at
1-800-263-5868, ext. 215,
and in the U.S., just call
1-800-345-1518, ext. 285.

We think you'll be pleasantly surprised at exactly how much the COMPAQ ProLines PCs have to offer.

And equally surprised
by how little we're able
to offer them for



Intel 14650L/25 + small
floppies + 2 MB RAM + 2.5A
slot + 2 drive bays + 45 -
\$4 MB hard drive
Intel 10400L/75 + 2 MB RAM
+ 3 3.5A slots + 2 drive bays
+ 84 - or 120-MB hard drive
Intel 444/50 + 4 MB RAM
+ 3 3.5A slots + 3 drive bays
+ 16 - or 120-MB hard drive
All models include high-resolution
1024 x 768 video and pre-
installed Microsoft MS-DOS 5.0
as standard in Germany



All in all, the COMPAQ Portables 386s PC runs up quite nicely. As a note, the 386 runs at 33.3 MHz (12.5' x 14.7" x 3.5"), a few one of the smallest footprints in the industry.



All of our models are backed by CompuLink, our comprehensive new service and support program. For details, just call 1-800-345-1510.



© 2005 by Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 257: 105–112

trademarks of Uniqway/Uniqway/Uniqway. Further correspondence to the trademark holder is required to determine if these signs are comparable. The trademark holder is a registered office of Uniqway.

He's Used To Changing People's Oil, But Lately He's Been Changing Their Minds.

As an apprentice mechanic, Paul Massey was fresh out of school looking down life's highway and a million miles from the big bucks he hoped to find.

That's when he bought his first Hyundai, the as yet unproven Excel.

Now as a mechanic Paul gets to see and know a lot more about cars than most people.

And Paul will be the first one to tell you that his Excel turned out to be one heck of a great car.

Years of trouble-free motoring later, Paul's decided to stick with a good thing.

And just last week took possession of his sporty new 16-valve, double overhead camshaft Hyundai Elantra.

Now when he drives back and forth to work he feels good knowing

that the only car he will have to fix will be other people's.

But he also has to admit that Elantra's roomy Euro-styled interior and 4-wheel independent suspension, make him feel pretty good too.

So the next time you pull into Paul's shop, you can expect to get more than your oil changed, especially if you've never driven a Hyundai.



1992 Elantra GLS

Elantra GL. From \$10,995.*

The Sporty Family Sedan. Front wheel drive. 1.6 liter DOHC 16-valve engine with multi-point electronic fuel injection delivering 113 horsepower. Standard GLS features also include: power steering, power brakes, power windows, Michelin high performance radial tires (P185/60 HR-14), child seat anchor & child safety rear door locks, split 60/40 fold down rear seat, 177R AM/FM cassette with 4 speakers. All Hyundai models are covered by our bumper-to-bumper Limited 3 year/60,000KM or 5 year/100,000KM Major Component warranty. See dealer for complete details.

*MSRP 1992 Elantra GL, including freight, taxes, PDI, and accessories. See dealer for freight and PDI charges. Dealer may ask for fee.



Where The Smart Money Goes.

ICONS TO LIVE BY

After 125 years of Confederation, and centuries of settlement before that, Canadians celebrate their heroes and their history selectively—by region, language and racial origin. Even in 1927, when Canada marked nearly two centuries from Britain in Confederation's Diamond Jubilee year, the heroes and events listed in *The Canadian Flag Day Book*, a collection of school guides for 24 provinces, territories, and newly British, as it is the flag. The book lists such formative events as the rebellion in the Canadas in 1837, and on the post-Confederation Prairies. As author W. Ennass Edwards, an Edmonton history teacher, explains, "An attempt has been made to avoid any anniversary whose observance would wound sectional pride or excite unprofitable controversy." Now, 65 years later, although the flag is Canada's own, little has changed in the matter of celebrating its home-made heroes and its history.

Some studies attribute the scarcity of national historic sites in Canada to the absence of any of the revolutions or civil wars that, in other nations, have created heroes of liberty and legends to live by. Canada's largely local transition to freedom, in contrast, placed a premium on orderliness. As Schwartz writes, "Order is the more fundamental because, without it, freedom degenerates into anarchy and destroys itself." That culture trusts the record of such radical reformers as William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis-Joseph Papineau, defeated rebels of 1837, and Louis Riel, hanged for treason in 1885 over the protests of French Canada. As a result, a federation divided from its beginning has been left with too much history that has wounded the pride of some section or other of its people. And in trying to heal the wounds by earnest efforts to alter the Constitution and to create national touchstones, Canada has sometimes seemed intent on spurring its past, and the "unprofitable controversy" that it often provokes.

Even the national symbols given official status by Parliament (Canadian citizenship itself only in 1947) are not everywhere and always more acceptable than the old colonial trappings. The maple leaf, adopted for the flag in 1965, flourishes in few places beyond the original four provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario. O Canada, the official anthem only since 1980, causes sectional wounds, and scintillating complaints, if sung in either official language, or both. Traditionalists, and perhaps grammarians, chafe at the

denial of "Dominion" in the country's title and the use of "Canada" as an adjective, both before and after the war, as in Canada Day and Statistics Canada.

Scenery is safer. Appreciating the vastness and variety of the land is less risky than singling out a heroic figure who may be another Canadian's villain. Surely, the 12 designs of "Canada 125" quarters being issued by the Royal Canadian Mint depict scenes, one for each of the 10 provinces and two territories (the order of their north-by-south issue carefully determined by date). Landscapes reproduced on 12 anniversary postage stamps "reflect the geography, diversity and beauty of our provinces and territories [that are] really a mirror of who and what we see as Canadians," says Lucian Maffett, a Canada Post manager.

For some historians, it is the other way around: Canadians, in their culture, mirror the land. Surely to survive in its forbidding expanse and climate, the people fostered beliefs of interconnectedness and mutual help for "peace, order and good government." The country's icons have been making mistakes: the railway, the telegraph, the telephone and the car, along with the co-operative movement, medicine, bilingualism and the practices of rich provinces assisting the less-advantaged through monetary transfers.

That culture was challenged as the country grew and changed from a scattered, largely rural population of about 3.3 million at Confederation to 27.8 million mostly urban people, almost one-third of them in the Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver metropolitan areas alone. But the historic all impulse to build systems that unite the regions remains powerful. More than seven out of 10 Canadians (at least slightly more proportionately than in other major industrial countries) work in service industries: transport, communications, commerce, finance and public administration.

Throughout Canada's difficult century and a quarter, the seldom-sung heroes include the workaday men and women who have endured such arduous tasks. Some of their stories, collected on a cross-country journey by rail into Canada's past and present, and in other reporting, are told in the following pages. Often, and now again, when sectional interests seem to have overwhelmed the idea of building societies that serve the greater good, Canadians have faced daunting odds against Confederation's very survival. It is a time when Canada needs its history.

CARL MOLINS



The True North

We are drawing the maple leaf, we copy it from a book, it's our national emblem, when Lucian says, what is a maple leaf, and we all giggle, imagine asking that, why, we all know, it's—and teacher says, why it's—the maple tree leaf, and Lucian says, how come I never seen one, and we all giggle, crysers cringing over maple leaves, but teacher looks—not mad, something else, she looks—out the window, at the thick hair of poplar and spruce headed across the sky, and she says, you're right, it doesn't grow here, and we wait, there must be something more, but she only says, finish your coloring, and outside the wind accuses the unknown forest.

Lucian Goss,
Land of the Peace, 1960
Copyright Steve Pitt, Victoria

Tom Thomson's *Autumn Fog*
(Edmonton Art Gallery)



THE TRACKS OF HISTORY

TRAVELLING 6,371 KM, MACLEAN'S SENIOR EDITOR BOB LEVIN
AND SENIOR WRITER RAE CORELLI CROSSED THE COUNTRY BY
TRAIN TO EXPLORE CANADA'S PAST AND PRESENT

It is a wet and windy late-spring day in Halifax. The grays make wharves on the city harbor waves and spray drizzle against the caveness of pier sheds, deserted now except for the sparrows squabbling with pigeons high in the gloom beneath the roof. Before European domination, "Acadiana" Island, Halifax was a gateway to the continent. Maytag ocean liners from Hamburg, Rotterdam, Le Havre and Southampton disembarked the penniless, rich of Europe and North America and refugees from war, poverty or persecution. Long before that, when the ships were wooden and the passage more perilous, the harbor was a clean and fresh arm of the Atlantic, history's westward highway for European colonizers and conquerors enticed by a brave new world. They brought disparate cultures and religions, laws and languages, and despite inevitable conflict they found enough common ground to create the Canadian Confederation.

But for thousands of Frenchmen and British in the nearly 300 years after John Cabot's first wondering glimpse of Newfoundland in 1497, the ocean crossing was a one-way trip to swollen death-from-misery, cold, disease, starvation or Indian rage—or at the hands of one another. The French, the English following, ventured westward from Acadia and the valley of the St. Lawrence in the quest for furs and places to plant their flags. They savaged the Indians, ignited rebellions and threw back American invaders. They never grew to like each other much,



A hundred years later, as the age of the freighter fleet, there is still no better way to see the shape of the land and sense the crash of history than from the window of a westbound train.

CHAPTER ONE:

Brave new world

The Halifax railway station is less than a city block from the pier sheds. Inside, there are no brass spittoons, shunting ditches or ticket windows with iron bars. The grand men behind the counters say "ax," the floor is starkly tiled in brown and beige, and there are big trees, real ones, in pots. The train leaves on time but has to back up for repairs, which take half an hour.

"I've never been on an airplane," says Mary McDermott of Lethbridge, Alta., "and I probably never will." She looks out the

yet in the end they stopped shooting and left the key under the mat for drivers from other lands beyond the sea.

Those early nation-builders had a vision of their own, soiled as it by money as a page distance to land the country together by building a railway across the most treacherous and glorious terrain on earth. The train, it turned out, would open a second great wave of immigration, carrying settlers from the docks and the towns of the East to the wilderness of the wide-open West.



Halifax harbor once a continental gateway for colonizers and conquerors who heaved the perils of the sea

time out window as the Orca, which has been making the overnight run from Halifax to Montreal for 80 years, rambles between granite outcroppings and around the black shoreline at Bedford Basin where Atlantic convoys assembled during the Second World War. "It's beautiful," she says peeringly. "But they don't have the mountains."

What Nova Scotia does have in abundance is history—it introduced the beginning in the 17th century of five generations of internal rift warfare between the French and English in eastern North America. Of and on for 300 years, while Europe dined over glimmering courts, and the merchants of Venice dominated the Adriatic, the two sides fought over Champlain's native settlement at Port-Royal on the Bay of Fundy. When the outpost finally fell to the English in 1710 during the War of the Spanish Succession, so did the storied land of Acadia, from which 16,000 Acadians were later expelled for refusing to swear allegiance to the British Crown. Most settled in New England and Louisiana.

The Acadia began drifting back a few years later. Thousands of their descendants now live around Yarmouth, where Ken Langille, 36, teaches at Memorial High School. Langille is taking 24 Grade 12 law students to Montreal and Ottawa for a week to see big-city justice in action. The teenagers write and sold enough copies of a 60-page book about local residents to pay for the trip, legal by his because his dad cutbacks in 1990 cost Yarmouth its train link to Halifax.

Their slight, bespectacled teacher sits in the dining car, farms and forests flashing past outside the window. "Where we are, the majority of the French people think that Canada will stay together," he says. Paul Comeau, a 47-year-old retired teacher who divides his time between Bedford, N.S., and his northern United States, has come along to help old friend Langille keep an eye on the children. Life in Acadia is a community that speaks in French. When he travels by car, he says, he wishes Quebec because he was treated roughly there. "If I go through Maine, I'll go to Ontario, but I won't go through Quebec." Politicians, says Comeau, "should put everyone to work and then worry about the Constitution."

Langille's students have never been to Montreal, but some have language expectations. "I assume that some of them will be unkind to towards English-speakers," says Barry Thibault. "I guess people don't like things they don't understand." Ken Jeffrey, 18, would like to know how to speak French, "but I don't think I should be treated worse because I don't." Nova Scotia's rocky coastline has long been a hot material for film-makers and poets, but the rest of it, except for the Westchester Valley and the Cape Breton Highlands, is largely flat. Jeffrey buses away from the window and says with a laugh, "Thrua, thrua, thrua."

Held by the billowing banners of the Tannenberg war, more or less the border between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are vestiges of the glories past by the Acadia to whitewash the island of Capbreton Bay at the head of Fundy. "This is beautiful, the only way to travel as fast as I'm concerned," says Robert Rattetierback. "Anybody who's been along on this in a damned fool." It is twilight. The headlights of the locomotive up ahead wash across the corridor of trees, an endless and assumable horizon guard. The 63-year-old Rattetierback retired after 30 years as a long-haul trucker and surely means his wife, who died last year.

"This is the first time I've ever seen it go away from it."

"You're travelling alone—it's a pretty good idea."

"Yeah, travelling alone—well, I feel somebody." He laughs. "But that's pretty hard to agree."

New Brunswick is Canada's only officially bilingual province. The custom signs flagging past attest both to that reality and to the province's Acadian roots. Bayreuth, New Brunswick, Perth, Quebec, Quebec River, however, disappears like a wing in a gust of wind. In the coastal New Brunswick province the last two "Petty Rock" and "Jacket River." From the train, there is little evidence of the Micmac Indians who were here before Acadians.

The interlocking between French and English, past and present, comes up frequently. Montreal-born Anne Wernadski, 53, is what the railways call a "long-haul porter." She is sitting at the station in the coastal New Brunswick province the last two "Petty Rock" and "Jacket River." From the train, there is little evidence of the Micmac Indians who were here before Acadians.



The fortress of Quebec: fairytale barriers and a fatal battle for North America

could have a better country."

The Ocean tumbles into Quebec, through the old railroad junction of Montpelier and on to Mon-Joli, Rivière-de-la-Paix and Montserrat. Montserrat is the mountain community closest to Grosse Ile, a 450-acre St. Lawrence River island where, for more than 160 years, arriving immigrants gathered. North America's only wild city, it was founded 394 years ago by Samuel de Champlain and served as the capital of New France for 150 years, until the last day in 1760 when the armies of James Wolfe and the Marquis Louis-Joseph de Montcalm met on the Plains of Abraham.

Three-long streets, city block houses and apartment towers, are sporting a rubbing involving restaurant, now cover most of the hillside. On his bronze-and-concrete monument in the shadow of Louis's Concrete Hotel, a drug Montcalm is conducted by a winged angel Wolfe in his somewhat casual setting. His monument, at the spot where he is presumed to have died of wounds, stands as open mockery at the western end of the place. Nearly is a stern blazer a plaque commemorating in Anglo-French conformity five decades ago, "when the descendants of ancestral foes met in fraternal friendship."

Maybe not so friendly. French President, the international affairs critic for the September 1991 Quebecers in the National Assembly, says that many Quebecers view Confederation as a pact from which they receive less and less benefit. They have become disenchanted partners, Brindley says, "who

have concluded that if you can't patch up the marriage, you go and find yourself a new girl and start all over again." Claude Morin, 63, a former *Mont-Québec* columnist who now teaches public administration, says: "Psychologically, I think Quebec and Canada have already separated."

On the twenty years before that marriage, Marc Lafrance is an expert. The 45-year-old editor of *Mont-Québec*, Oct., in a Paris Canada Institute who talks about Wolfe and Montcalm with familiarity, as though they had argued promiscuously in his week's news. Lafrance drives along the riverbank through measured parkland, the city to the rear and high above. He pulls up at the intersection of a road that winds back up the hillside. "I don't think Wolfe and Montcalm were military geniuses. Montcalm was trying to avoid a battle. And Wolfe, well, the only way to take Quebec was from behind, but it took him a long time to decide to try to just force them." Lafrance rolls down his window and points toward the shoreline. "Acadé-Police," he says. "That's where it really landed."

For more than a week, high winds and two squalls lashed the river, buffeting the wooden bridges of the British fleet. Soldiers huddled around steaming campfires on opposite banks of the St. Lawrence. On the night of Sept. 13, the wind died and the stars cleared in the shadows cast by the moonlight, the British launched their last desperate gambit to capture Quebec. Although four-fifths of its buildings had been demolished by

cannon fire, the centers of French power in North America had held off its besiegers for months.

Shortly after midnight, British warships began bombarding the French campgrounds at Beauport east of the city, rendering Montcalm's conviction that it would be Wolfe's usual objective in one final attempt to seize Quebec. It was a disastrous miscalculation.

At 3 a.m., west of the city, 30 flat-bottomed boats filled with 1,600 British troops cut off from the north bank and drifted silently downstream on the tide, finally going ashore on the north bank at a tiny cove called Anse-au-Fort. Quebec and most of the French army were about two miles away. Confronting the men on the beach was a cliff 175 feet high. A cruel fogbank disgorged onto the darkness above, where a few French sentries suddenly spotted the attackers and opened fire.

While the main force waited below, Capt. Donald MacDonald of Fraser's Highlanders led his infantry company up the dirt path and quickly overpowered the small French detachment. With the heights secured, the troops on the beach began ascending the cliff. From the staging area across the river, the small boats brought reinforcements—and the prudent, indecisive Wolfe. The British general had been sitting for months. He quarreled repeatedly with his seasoned brother commanders who had dissuaded him from attacking Beauport. Standing on the beach, Wolfe gazed at the imposing cliff and said to an aide: "I don't think we can by any possible means get

MONTREAL'S HEADLESS WOMAN

Every month, at 10 p.m. on June 28, the Headless Woman haunts the southeast corner of William and Murray Streets in a part of Montreal known as Goldblond. It is only a vessel left over, but in 1879 it was the scene of a foul murder. After sharing two bottles of whiskey at a saloon on that fateful Friday night, two prostitutes, Mary Gallagher, 35, and her best friend, Susan Kennedy, 23, returned to Kennedy's William Street home accompanied by a new acquaintance, Michael Phelan. The young man soon passed out on the floor, but Kennedy, supposedly jealous because he was attracted to Gallagher, attacked her friend with an axe, chopped off her



head and threw it into a water bucket next to the kitchen stove.

Kennedy spent 16 years in prison for her crime. Still, reports persisted that Gallagher's ghost stalked the streets trying to find her head. "People avoided the area," says Thomas McEster, a priest who was raised only a few blocks away. Former resident Clavin McDermott, 65, recalls that a local print "would always hold water all over the place" to "drive away the ghost." Last year, on June 28, about 100 people joined McDermott at a vigil for the Headless Woman. They raised the question, but McDermott says: "We'll meet again in 1996."

up there, however, we must use our best endeavor."

But hundreds of English and Scottish soldiers were already up there. Additional hundreds, wearing and carrying under the weight of their weapons and packs, soldiers climbing on the rock face, disappeared up the path all night long. By sunrise, Wolfe had 4,400 men on the Plains of Abraham less than a mile distant from the walls of Quebec. In front of the British lines was a conflict dotted with bushes and beyond that, the Barras de Nevers, a ridge that largely shielded the city.

At about 6 a.m. on the next day—day 4 of the battle, Montreal was expected to discover Wolfe waiting on his dominion. By 9 a.m., the French had marshalled 4,500 men outside the city walls. The Barras de Nevers lay between him and Wolfe, who had negligently failed to take the high ground so the ridge at daybreak. His men, hundreds of them weakened by dysentery and scarcity, had not sleep for 36 hours. Montreal could have withdrawn into the fortress and waited for the British to run out of food and water. Instead, he ordered his troops, most still out of breath after a two-mile forced march from Beauport, to charge—up the ridge, down the other side and into the conflict.

Shouting and waving their weapons, the French leapt toward the British lines in three columns, 20 men abreast and shouting as they came. The British held their fire until the columns were 30 yards away. Then, thousands of muskets belched flames and smoke. All along the French line, scores of bodies were being flung back against the main battery. The frustrated, disoriented, Irish-born Capt. John Knox of the 43rd Infantry Regiment wrote in his journal, "Menopex they gave way and fled, so that by the time the cloud of smoke was vanished, our men were again loaded and pursued them almost to the gates of the town."

In the half-hour battle, 650 British and 644 French were killed or wounded. Wolfe died leading the Landing Grenadiers and Montreal was wounded as he deflected army straight into the fortress. Later, surgeons dressed his wounds and he asked those if he would live. They replied that he would not. When Montreal wanted to know how such fate he had left, they said, "About a dozen hours, perhaps more, perhaps less." He was silent for a moment, then sighed: "So much the better. I am happy I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

The next day, Montreal's surviving commanders inside Quebec refused to organize a counterattack on the British. Governor General Pierre de Rigaud de Vaudreuil and most of the French army abandoned the fortress. Left at the head of a token force, Chevalier Jean-Baptiste de Ramezay surrendered the capital to Brig. General Townshend, who had taken command when Wolfe was mortally wounded.

It was not the last battle for Quebec. On April 27 the following year, the brilliant Chevalier François-Gaston Lévis—who one day would become a marshal of France—marshaled on the city with 4,000 troops. Brig. James Murray, who had been left in command, made the same mistake. Montreal had marched his army onto the plains, was promptly routed and Townshend was back. But the British left in May when a British fleet sailed up the St. Lawrence. Lévis left behind in Montreal, while the British captured on Sept. 8, 1760, Lévis had ordered his regiments to burn their colors rather than allow the humiliation of handing them over to the enemy. He preserved his honor but he lost a continent.

CHAPTER TWO:

Muddy York

From Quebec City's walled old train station, the Montreal-bound Citadelle rolls through an urban hinterland of dark warehouses, brick tenement houses, then past academies and across the St. Lawrence. "I guess we'll be coming on the north side," says Jim Edley, a 70-year-old retired customer-service manager from Mississauga. Out "Well—my directions are all messed up." He smiles. "I was a navigator in a war. I was shot down—spent 3½ months in a German prison camp."

The train is in open country now, moving by cars as the adjacent highway and past white-walled farms and stacks of firewood and blue overalls hang on a doberline. Caroline Parker, a 28-year-old Australian



Downriver Toronto skyline looms over Fort York (left) the birthplace of the city that Canadians love to hate and that Americans love to visit

travel agent who has been to Vancouver, Edmonton, Toronto and Quebec City, says that it is hard to understand what Quebecers are worried about—their culture is already so distinct. "Like being in France, only I'm not. I'm in Canada." With as little noticeable difference. "I do have my problems in Quebec as an English-speaker. The entire pop talk confused they switch to English. It's better than in Paris, where they talk at you like you're from another planet and just ignore you."

And what will she tell her clients back in Melbourne? "That Quebec is a very comfortable place to visit," says Parker, who is travelling alone. "A lot of people are terrified they'll be snaggled, have their traveller's cheques stolen. But here, even the people who ask for money on the street don't steal you if you say no."

"It's called respect, she is told—Canadians are famous for it. 'Well,' she replies, "I do feel Americans a bit more open. That Canadians are friendly, too, and they're more concerned Americans say, 'Oh yeah, America, the one down south with the kangaroos.' But here, people really listen."

Across the Richelieu River, a boarded-up train station flanks by a graffiti artist's delight, "Assured," across the white space by a vine up the Roberval that rugged American pioneers travelled in 1776. Montreal-bound, during the critical period when 13 North American colonies began their revolution—and Quebec and Nova Scotia declared to join. By then, Montreal teamed with Scotland, England and America for trade, looking to the new British-governed land opportunity. But despite British hopes, and enough English-speaking Protestants arrived to overthrow Quebec's French Roman Catholics.

April, 1773, American troops swarmed north to prevent British Gov. Guy Carleton from using Quebec as military base.

Although they eventually occupied Montreal, the Americans could not duplicate Wolfe's triumph in Quebec City. They stormed the Citadel on a snowy, windy New Year's Eve, only to be blown back by Carleton's men. But here, the hard-fought Americans had abandoned both Montreal and Quebec and, soon after, their hopes of Canadian conquest—at least for the moment. But they went on to win their independence from Britain—with the conspicuous help of American soldiers. France—at its score triumphantly at the burning battle. The 1763 peace treaty left the Canadian colonies with the old lands above the Great Lakes, while reluctantly—the Loyalties—were still allowing each to settle there, bringing their wealthy goods and the capacity to help create a new nation.

Approaching Montreal, which is celebrating its 350th anniversary this year, the train crosses the St. Lawrence once more. It affords a panorama of the Jacques-Cartier Bridge and the gothic dome from Expo 67, then darts beneath the skyline into Central Station. The hour of clock time to Toronto is called the Metrolink, and it is light-year from the first one to run that route in 1856, when the steam locomotive stopped 64 times in 15 hours. Now, the express stops once and takes just over four hours, butting passengers between Canada's two largest cities—and two different worlds.

"Toronto has a very cold atmosphere," declares one passenger, Peter Centerville, a 39-year-old marketing coordinator from Montreal. "It's like it, but it's as business. In Montreal, you create business and pleasure."

"Montreal is the pride and all those bridges and Mounties are an overview of their city," says Sean Short, 41, a native Torontonian who now lives in Montreal. "People are afraid to admit if they're from Toronto. But one year I came home to Toronto and the fellows were changing color and the train station was not open to myself. This is my city."

Knocking Toronto, of course, is a cultural pastime, and Richard Moore, a research specialist for the Mining Association of Canada, thinks he knows why. "Out West, it's a lot of jealousy," says Moore, a 43-year-old Toronto resident who spent three years in Vancouver. "If you see Toronto's so bad, no one will spend to you for a half-hour. It's a shock control—no one wants to be controlled from some distant place." Looking up from his copy of Ontario's Coffee Paper, Moore sums up the inter-city rivalry. "People in Toronto like Montreal. People in Montreal look down on Toronto. Vancouver people in Toronto, even though they never leave home."

As it happens, parades of Toronto's all-American stereotypes would find ample ammunition in

A WARRIOR CHIEF WITH A VISION

In the pastures of North America Indian heroes, none stand taller than Shannen Doherty. She was still in her early 20s when he began leading the fight to preserve his native Okan Valley for the Shoshone, but he had a larger mission—to unite all the Indian tribes of the West against the westward expansion of American settlers. His appeal failed, and he took his warriors northward to Upper Canada, where they joined British and Canadian forces in battle with the Americans in the War of 1812. Tecumseh's Shoshone saved several victories—but on Oct. 5, 1813, at the battle of Moraviansburg, he was killed leading his people against the invaders after the British had fled.

CROWDING INTO 'QUINTLAND'

On May 28, 1834, as a tiny log farmhouse on a Cay Islands Doherty gave birth to five baby girls who had developed from a single egg. The combined weight of the newborns was only 13 lbs., an average that the baby mothers—Auntie, Elsie, Fannie, Cecile and Maud—became the world's first known set of quintuplets to survive for longer than a few days. Promotional offers poured in and, in 1835, during negotiations, the Ontario government made their words of the Crown.

The girls were placed in a specially built nursery across the street from their parents' house and quickly became Canada's largest tourist attraction, drawing an estimated three million visitors to "Quintland." After a bitter court battle, the girls father, Oliver Doherty, was granted custody of his daughters. In 1843 Elsie died in 1854 and Cecile in 1870. The remaining three daughters never live nor live near Montreal.

the first-class section of the *Metropolis*. Scratched in the airplane windows of the Lac (qah, rapid, comfortable) cars, passengers in dark suits, their briefcases slung over their shoulders, punch calculators, talk shop.

"Most of our business is in."

"We wanted to see how the competition."

And as the train barrels through eastern Ontario from country, past stormy oaks and prairie houses, the ride is punctuated by the tinkling rattle of collared phones. Getting up to go to the bathroom, one who's starting papers says harshly to another: "If the phone rings, take a message."

The express speeds right by Kingston, an old Loyalist stronghold that would give the country its first prime minister, the mercantile John A. Macdonald. But before John A.'s time, when Britain created English-speaking Upper Canada in 1791, along with French-dominated Lower Canada, the Lake Ontario settlement was just another Indian- or French-inhabited place in the wilderness. John Garrow Simcoe, Upper Canada's newly appointed lieutenant-governor, set about providing proper British amenities to his new domain: Ontario, became Kingston, Niagara became Newark, the La Tranche River became the Thames. "Gen. Simcoe has done a great deal for this province," declared Melville near that Joseph Brant. "He has changed the name of every place in it."

At the time, Brant's British ally Sir James was fighting a losing battle against the Americans' incoherence to expand, an urge that would eventually engulf Canadians again as open warfare. In fact, throughout Canadian history—the Quebec sovereignty debate is the current catalyst—the spectre of America loomed over one part of Canada or another less repeatedly separated.

"I don't believe Quebec will leave," says one Metropolis passenger, Railway Association of Canada president Robert Balfour. "But if it did, absorption by the United States would be a disaster."

Does the male, Larry Brown, going home to Belleville, Ont., has a personal response to Americans: "I have many good friends from the United States, they're fun and beautiful," says the 37-year-old Ontario accountant. "But for a firm that was for many years American-owned. They're proud of their country and nobility so, but they don't know much about what other countries have accomplished, and don't seem very interested."

For further sentiments prevailed in colonial times, when Elizabeth Simcoe, the strong-minded wife of Upper Canada's lieutenant-governor, described Americans as "perfectly democratic and dirty." Her husband, who'd been a convict in the colonies, was no enemy of the Americans that, when considering a capital for Upper Canada, he concluded that both Kingston and Newark were too close to the Yankees. Instead, Simcoe chose an unincorporated and inhospitable spot near Lake Ontario, a place the Indians called Toronto that he promptly renamed York—a place that, beyond its latter-day suburban sprawl, appears to have the train track like some space-age Orkney, gleaming in silver and gold.

But for all its transformation, modern Toronto still harbors an

aversion towards Americans, those interestingly colourless partners in Canada's most complex and central national relationship. One Toronto, former United Nations ambassador Stephen Lewis, says that Canadians are "battered by America's excessive imperialism" but "despite with an essentially liberal democracy." In general, says Lewis, "Canada is happy that it's not America, happy there's a border—but one Canadian can cross with ease."

American cross that border as well, tumbling out of tour buses, strolling along the coast grey lake, querying locals on how they keep Toronto in check. One place many Americans do not notice, however, is a small, walled off fort tucked inside the highways and highways. It is the



The station at St. Louis, Ontario, Ontario, a ferry, a pit bull, a Border collie, a cat and a mother who 'was always looking for that better place'



highlight of the city that Canadians love to hate and Americans love to visit—a military base designed to keep the Americans out.

● York out as a provincial fort, thick with mud and mosquitoes and little else. Simcoe's men, arriving by boat from Newark, had set up camp on the site of an old French fort, while he and his family bedded down in a tent. It was the summer of 1793, and over the next few years the soldiers built log barracks and

houses and started work on a road north called Yonge Street. Slowly, soldiers arrived. They were British, German, French, Americans, free blacks and slaves—slavery was quickly abolished. The newcomers worked in civil servants and tradesmen. They built shops, grew wheat, shot deer, caught salmon, frequented the Anglican Church and the tavern. The gentry dined at elegant balls at the governor's house and complained about a lack of good servants. One Irishman, Joseph Willocks, wrote that there were "few pretty girls," although he was more interested in their money: "few and many matches. I never was in a worse life, with proceeding may fill the belly of women but not of men."

In 1807, one visitor expressed "astonishment at wonder on beholding a town which may be termed handsome, named as if by enchantment in the midst of wilderness." But by 1812, the Americans and British were at war and the embattled towns and its 400 people were "deserted." The British, fighting with Newfound France, had been occupying U.S. ships on the high seas to prevent deserting sailors and to seize cargo destined for France. Many Americans became convinced that, by moving through

NORANDA UNITY: EVERYONE'S RESPONSIBILITY

CANADA faces a number of pressing national problems but none is more serious than the constitutional debate that threatens to tear the country apart. The future of the North Lake Accord was a national tragedy. We now face the prospect, in brief, of a revision to our constitutional structure that goes far beyond North Lake and, in worst, a breakup of the country. NORANDA'S RESPONSIBILITY is very deep. We need them, in the city that still carries our name. Many of our employees were born and educated in Quebec. The heart of our metallurgical operations is located there; as well as important mining, forest products and manufacturing operations. Our men in the province are close to it, before, averaging some \$1 a billion of revenues a year and about 10% of our operating earnings. We're committed to continuing our opening base in Quebec. Capital expenditures since for modernization and expansion reached \$100 million for the last three years. And more than 3,000 of our employees are in Quebec, generating a payroll of \$250 million. On a NORANDA man, I grew up in part of Quebec's English-speaking minority. I had the benefit of an excellent education in my own language from kindergarten through university, as well as almost every other service I needed in spite of such English symbols as the housing of English signs, the would still be the case today. In every important respect, members of the Anglophone community in Quebec had always been and continues to be better than the treatment of francophone minorities in the rest of Canada. In Quebec we are superior. Noranda would step in whatever changes were necessary and would remain a significant part of the national fabric. However, happily our operations in Quebec would no doubt remain closely integrated with those in the rest of Canada that is the Noranda's operations and structure would not likely be gradually altered by a breakup of the country upon the point. The simple truth is that all Canadians, in Quebec and elsewhere, would be diminished a way that is both tangible and intangible. Few seem to realize only that quantifies the economic cost of disaster, but we believe that there would be no significant economic cost to all Canadians can most likely be described as a self-inflicted wound. There would be other costs as well, unquantifiable but nevertheless very real. Our self-inflicted wound has given me to a national wound that is at the same



Albert Poirer
Chairman, Noranda Inc.

most passionate, aptitude and concern. Yet we're among the world's most fortunate people. We occupy a vast landscape rich in resources, and with only 25 million people we're both the eighth largest economy in the world, with the second highest per capita income. We've developed an enviable quality of life. We have a democratic heritage, a tradition of individual respect for the law and individual liberties, a compassionate social system and a linguistic and cultural diversity that ought to be a source of great strength. Given the opportunity, one of billions of people from all over the world would expect themselves for the chance to live here. Some women that people around Canada can

believe that we'd be prepared to take a part, that that's exactly what we need prepared to do. In Quebec, noranda's vision is to achieve an area of responsibility, while in much of the rest of Canada there seems to be an attitude of indifference - if they really want to go, to them. We want to stand back and take a hard look at what we've achieved. After nearly 125 years, changes in our federal system are needed, but preservation of that system is the best conceivable option for all Canadians.

The key to NORANDA must understand that Quebec is serious about wanting real change, but the sense of grievance and alienation is not confined to Quebec. The present federal structure is under attack in virtually all regions of the country. The current division and sharing of power is a source of federal-provincial conflict and of costly and expensive compensation and duplication. While past efforts to deal with this have been unsuccessful, the need for constructive action is now urgent. Our only chance is a rethinking of federal and provincial powers, involving a sharing of responsibilities between various levels of government. Coupled with returns of certain federal institutions, such a reformed federation could satisfy the legitimate aspirations not only of Quebec but also of other regions of the country. Moreover, it could work a great deal better than the system we now have. It is not so to achieve this, all Canadians will be faced. Few of them are so concerned experts, but we will not to three off our minds of responsibility and self-reliance about the answer. In spite of our problems, Canada is a fine and good country, and we owe it to our children to pass it on to them intact.

noranda

Noranda, a Canadian-owned company employs 31,000 people around the world

colours to the north, they could liberate an oppressed people and complete their revolution. But three early losses had left them reeling a victory, and York—where one warship was off in port and another was under construction—was the designated target.

On the busy, windy morning of April 27, 1812, an armada of 14 American ships plied the frigid Ontario waters of York, the water ice having not broken up. On board were about 1,750 men, while York's defenders numbered at most 700—British and Canadian soldiers along with Mounties and other Ojibwa warriors deployed around a wood-and-earth fort. All about it sat the invaders beseiged for there in small boats. They were set by a band of natives whose musket and rifle fire could not stop the Americans. Nor could a charge by British regulars,

enduring suspicion of Upper Canadians. The occupying forces looted houses and churches and set fire to the governor's house and provincial parliament buildings. In direct retaliation, the British, marching on Washington the next year, burned the White House and the Capitol. The war, raging on inconclusively into winter, officially ended on Christmas Eve, 1814, at a desultory armistice. By then, York residents were already rebuilding their fort, readying for a base that the Americans might come again.

Now, these wood-and-brick barracks and blackhouses are among the oldest buildings in Toronto. And in a chill April afternoon 170 years after the American attack, a group of costumed schoolchildren, many black or Asian, re-created the battle beside the fort. They whip like natives, shout like soldiers. They wear paper "skull" hats and cringe when a uniformed staff employee fires a blank musket. They charge across the damp ground. "Musty York," says the fort's curator, Carl Benn. "History you can step in."

Around him, the city that was renamed Toronto two decades after the battle is in all its clattering modernity. The houses on Tower and Stephen front the skyline to the east. The elevated Gardiner Expressway, crisscrossing the headlands of rushing traffic, lies to the south before a Mississauga brewery; the rail yards are a steel boundary to the north. All of which gives Great York a decidedly local feel, making it a tough sell as a tourist attraction. "This is the heartplace of the city," Benn says with a rueful shrug, pointing over the foot of a true wharf, "and there it is."

CHAPTER THREE:

"The main guy"

The westbound train from Toronto at first goes north, past Berrie and on through a wooded bend at lakes discovered by 17th-century explorer Étienne Brûlé, who eventually so attracted the Huron Indians that they ate him. The region became part of Upper Canada, ruled by a succession of British lieutenant-governors including Sir Francis Bond Head, credited by historians with introducing the issue to the army. Sir Francis was so short that his legs stuck straight out when he sat on a chair. The British have been replaced by legions of city-dwellers who scarcely come for the summertime nostalgia that captured 19th-century Manhattan poet Prudence Johnson to pen "The Song My People Sing"—a serenity that succumbs to their speedboats and jet Skis.

A rain drenched all in white—wadden into the first-class dome can sail flaps warily into a chair as the train comes to a stop. "Is this Owen Sound?" a passenger asks him. The man places cheerfully out the window. "I don't know,"



he says. "Maybe Owen Sound."

"What do you mean you don't know?" the passenger demands angrily. "Is this your first car?"

At Joliet, 29-year-old Indian-born clerk of a business inventory company with offices across Canada, signs and mutters "Christ, I'm wearing flaps like those clothes and everybody thinks I'm a warden." The passenger apologizes. Joliet wears a head respectfully. "You're not the first one. The last guy wanted to know what was in the pants."

There are no flaps like those clothes among the passengers in the bar car. Most are going west—or will be, as soon as the train gets above the hump of the Great Lakes—in protest or outrage over their lives. They are young, around 30, men and women wearing sweatshirts, jeans and baseball caps bearing the names or logos of cities or businesses. It is not long before their faces become indistinct in a heavy haze of cigarette smoke. They are men in no hurry to get anywhere, which is one way the train beats the plane for people in transition, with things on their minds, slower may be better.

Todd Beane is a bearded 25-year-old Ottawa construction worker in a black-and-white flannel shirt, who has not worked since October. His destination is Nanaimo, B.C., where he will help his girlfriend's brother build houses. "Mom owned the place, and it's far the best. There's no work in Ottawa. You must government. Small town, small minds."

Among the capitals of the world, Ottawa has never come close to the elegance of Paris or the pageantry of London. But it was there 125 years ago that a handful of men presided over the birth of a nation that would become the second largest in north. The drama began in September, 1864, when some of the fathers of Confederation steamed into Charlottetown aboard the Queen Victoria to be greeted by a lone top-hatted official wearing an officer's hat. The visitors brought \$15,000 worth of champagne and an interesting proposal: that ending the remaining British colonies afford the best protection against the expansionist mood of post-Civil War America.

The party atmosphere in Charlottetown evaporated at Quebec City during nearly three weeks of tough negotiations in October. But all sides ultimately agreed on a Confederation formula and, after numerous delays, legislators from the seven Canadian states, a Hawaiian, growing prosperity surrounded Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland to opt out. And opposition in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was silenced only after Britain promised to defend the region—and after cross-border raids by Fenians, Irish-American guerrillas, disappeared for their boundless, spread law of the United

WHERE THE BEARS ARE

In 1717, James Knibb established a mission outpost 11 km from the mouth of Manitoba's Churchill River on the northwest shores of Hudson Bay. Until 1719, the site was variously called Churchill River, Churchill Factory or Churchill, and the Hudson's Bay Co. planned to use it for trading and whaling. Fearing a French attack, the under-construction Prince of Wales's Fort, which was completed in 1773, to guard the river's mouth. And although the French arrived and destroyed the fortress 13 years later, the outpost re-established it was afterward as a hub of its northern fur-trading operations.

There are still no roads to Churchill, but every fall thousands of hunters of a different sort travel by air or by land to the tiny community of about 1,800 people, armed not with guns but with cameras. These



quest, a glimpse of the world's largest, land-dwelling carnivore, the deceptively cuddly but unpredictably ferocious Ursus maritimus, or polar bear. From early October to mid-November, the bears, which average 500 lb for females and more than 1,500 lb for males, migrate north to the arctic tundra, where they eat seal-walrus carcasses from the ice. But polar bears are not Churchill's only attraction. Other draws include beluga whales, birds and the beluga sturgeon bismarck, or northern lights.

sponsored by the squadron's housing canon.

Canamoured, calmly, retreating to Port York, British and Canadian troops had a final surprise for the invaders. Upper Canada's commander Sir Roger Sheaffe ordered his men to blow up the fort's grand magazine. The explosion, wrote American Maj.-Gen. Henry Dearborn, produced "a most unfortunate effect on our troops"—it killed 100 of them, including Hts-Gen. Zebulon Pike, a western explorer after whom Colorado's Pike Peak is named.

Obviously, the Americans did not see much at York. The warship Prince Regent had left port before the battle began, and Sheaffe ordered the nearby occupied Sir Isaac Brock—guaranteed for his preference, the ship bore of the battle at Queenston Heights—to be destroyed rather than risk being left to the enemy. And, despite the bloody day, the Americans scavenged the wealth of the British and the

Great-grandfather Joseph Riel (left), Louis Riel's grave sits at St. Boniface (right) for the founder of Manitoba, the hero due to a little bear

It's been suggested that the 1990s will be marked by a fundamental shift in peoples' values. Instead of pursuing the more conspicuous symbols of status, people will prize shrewdness and the ability to spend money

wisely. If these predictions prove to be correct, then surely no car has ever been better suited for its time than the Lexus LS-400 luxury performance sedan.

For here is an automobile

designed and engineered from the ground up. Built by a company that sought not to mimic the world's legendary carmakers but to best them. To be equal was to fail. A new level of automobile was the goal, and nothing less than the relentless pursuit of perfection would make it possible. And, to make the task even more difficult, this automobile had to be offered at a better price as well.

Now, by just about any measure,

the LS-400 stands as a success. Upon introduction, Canada's toughest automotive critics named it Car of the Year. And within months, discerning owners had made the LS-400 the #1 selling import luxury sedan in its class, eclipsing all the European marques in the process.

All in all, the Lexus LS-400 offers a new level of performance, luxury and quality. What makes it so timely is that, priced in the \$63,000 range, it

represents a new level of value as well.

A personal inspection and test drive can be arranged by calling 1-800-26-LEXUS for the name of the dealer nearest you.

You would do well to consider it. After all, now that the 90s are here the timing is perfect.


LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

At Thousands Less Than A Luxury European Marque, It Looks Like The 90s Aren't Going To Be So Bad After All.



TIES THAT BIND

The Canadian Pacific was the storied railroad of Confederation, but now it only handles freight. Via Rail's cross-continental passenger trains ride the more northerly Canadian National line.



States. On March 29, 1867, Queen Victoria gave royal assent to the British North America Act—creating the country of Canada and making Ottawa its capital. Prince Edward Island, its good times overcast by debt, signed on in 1873.

Near sundown, the train reaches Sudbury Junction, where a grey-black monochrome and deep haze as big as old hills are a distant remnant to the world's largest nickel-mining and smelting operation. Thousands of tons have been placed around Sudbury during the past decade, but over much of the region nothing of consequence grows—either on the land or in the water.

In the bar sits a 29-year-old curly-haired woman as a red Montreal Canadiana sweat suit. Her name is Margaret O'Connell and she is going to the wilderness town of Hornepayne, 480 km northwest of Sudbury, where she lives in a four-bedroom house with a garden, a theater, a pet bull, a Border collie, a cat and her 22-year-old boyfriend, Canadian National Railways freight conductor Eric Stenavich. As a child, Margaret and her mother moved from city to city after her parents broke up. "My mother was always looking for that better place to be. You plant a tree and then you pull it out and you plant it again and the roots don't go very deep."

Assistant service conductor Arthur Jaworski, mustached and cheerful, hangs the length of the speeding train riding dinner conversations. "We're a clock in the nearest station, seven o'clock is the freight stop, once it's in the moonlight strike," he reports. Seven minutes go as high as \$22, he gets five tickets. Miles in the creek flows during our conversation.

Later, a visit to a tight T-shirt reveals his plan to get \$3,000 north of Ottawa. A youngster who sits in a baseball cap, whom he used to be a gold prospector, is talking to a native woman. "White girls are stupid," he says with feeling. "They're just so stupid."

At dusk, the lakes flash by as clear as glass. Mile after mile, the tracks have been blasted through the Canadian Shield, the oldest exposed rock in the world. It took 21,000 laborers 15 years to build the old National Transcontinental and Canadian Northern railways, both later absorbed by Canadian National, from Toronto to Winnipeg. Bridges had to be built across 240 rivers. Via trains run on cut tracks over through the Canadian Pacific route north of Lake Superior and through the Rockies at Banff, now used only by freight, is more majestic and historic. The Via line also

bypasses the major commercial centre of Thunder Bay, formed by the 1870 amalgamation of Port Arthur and Port Arthur. Thunder Bay is where western grain is loaded onto ships bound for Europe; the port's 35 storage elevators can hold 106 million bushels, making it one of the world's largest grain treasuries.

Night comes quickly in Northern Ontario. Hour after hour, the train slows through the darkness at speeds of up to 50 m.p.h., over bridges, cutaways and ridges, skirting lakes that would quickly scolden stars. At dawn, the forest is still dense, the train is still in Ontario and the

Terry Fox—"I had the name before he did," he says in a reference to the country's famous one-legged runner—is in his element. The 45-year-old Canadian Automobile Association executive from Toronto, wearing shirt, tie and navy-blue blazer, is a broad belt and has taken the overnight run from Toronto to Muskoka in northwestern Ontario just for the ride. In 1982, Fox took the failed Great Express from London to Venice. On South Africa's Blue Train, he had a suite that contained a bathtub. Now and then, Fox takes a short train trip from Toronto just to have lunch. "My friends look upon me as a lot of an economist," he grins. "But I like the food I like to eat on a moving vehicle. I won't eat while the train is standing still."

Past Ottumwa, Mackenzie and Capetown Landing, the train reaches Ross Lake, the last stop in Ontario, where it passes for about 45 seconds before rushing into Manitoba and on to Winnipeg. The tortured landscape of twisted granite, brushing rapids and innumerable forests suddenly vanishes. The level farmland ends, the tracks straighten, the fastest train. An impression of orderliness arrives at the way to the Rockies, but the impression is vastly at odds with history.

The Prairies, in the second half of the 19th century, are a violent place. Mitten buffalo herders, Indians, English settlers, French-Canadian, railway builders, powerful frontier trading companies and American whisky peddlers and squatters are caught in the fight for land, for political rights and for money. What emerges along the way among the French-speaking Métis, descendants of the far-working voyageurs and their active mothers, is a passion for only self-determination. That dream matures and its apostle is an eloquent, mystical visionary whose childhood was heavily influenced by the folklore and songs of Métis



McClaren: medical technician
'is linked to the
peacefulness of Canada'

Why we're buying Canada's future.

At Mackenzie, our view of Canada as one of the world's most desirable countries in which to invest is based on hard-edged, quantifiable evidence.

Like the largely unrecognized value of stores in Canadian resource and manufacturing companies. Like the lowest interest rates in 20 years and a cheaper Canadian dollar which will assist these companies once again to predominate internationally.

And like a stock market which seems to have fully discounted all the bad news — without giving adequate credit for the good.

Looking immediately ahead, we believe that a

recovery from the recession is now underway.

And, that even if the process turns out to be slower than we would like, it will be powerful and pervasive. Looking long term (as all real investors should), we believe prospects are exceptional for many Canadian companies — and for the country.

We urge you to examine the facts. And to remember a key one, you will only profit from Canada's future if you buy into it. Which is something we urge you to join us in doing. Starting today.

For further information on our Canadian equity portfolios, please contact the contact below or speak with an independent investment adviser or stockbroker.

Mackenzie

The Industrial Group of Funds



Looking both ways
To manage your money

"Important information about this offering is contained in the Fund's simplified prospectus. Obtain a copy from an investment fund dealer or stockbroker and read it carefully before investing. An investment in a mutual fund is not insured or guaranteed and will have value less than cost."

INDUSTRIAL DIVIDEND FUND
INDUSTRIAL GROWTH FUND
INDUSTRIAL HORIZON FUND
INDUSTRIAL INCOME FUND

Or, please send no more than \$100 to us why Mackenzie is buying the Canada and its leading investment opportunities in the Industrial Group of Funds.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
PROVINCE _____
MAILING _____
NAME TO _____
Mackenzie Investments Corporation, 150 Bloor Street West,
4th Floor Toronto, Ontario M5G 1B5
416 593-2300 FAX 416 593-2301

nationhood led by the Roman Catholic Church. His name: Louis Riel, the founder of Manitoba, the man who makes the country closer to civil war than it likely will ever be.

On the east bank of the Red River across from downtown Winnipeg, St. Jordan's Roman Catholic cathedral dominates a grassy 30-acre complex that includes a museum and the local historical society. Among the wall-size 19th-century artifacts is the plain black coffin that once contained Riel's body. He is buried in the cemetery beneath a granite column, and Alfred Perreault, the historical society's executive director, says, "If there is a shrine to Riel, this is probably it." In the society library, great-grandfather Joseph Riel reflects on life with a lucious name. "When I was in school, being a Riel was just another label, like last name," says the 33-year-old chartered accountant. But times change. "When Manitoba celebrated its centennial in 1993, people started looking back at their heritage. Who founded the province? Well, whether or not you agree with what he stood for, Louis was the man guy."

● The surveyors from formerly Canada tramped around André Naill's farm with measuring poles and chains, plotting the beginnings of a road from the Red River settlement to Lake Superior. They ignored Naill's demand that they get off his land. They did not spare the same indignation; the arrival of about 35 horse-drawn, leather-clad Métis horsemen. The leader, at his mid-30s, dismounted and put his moccasined foot on the chain. "Now go on farther," he said. It was Oct. 11, 1868, and Louis Riel, backed by the Catholic Church, had taken a fateful stand in the defense of the North-west Territories colony centered at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. Both Riel and the priests knew that neither the church nor a Métis hand could survive heavy western migration of Protestant English-speaking farmers from Ontario.

But Riel had just begun. Three weeks later, William McDougall, priest for St. John's, Manitoba, led the first territorial landowners' gathering, drew up broadsheets listing rights of appointment and a British flag, but the Métis refused to let him enter the colony. And on Nov. 2, Métis riders led by Riel seized the Hudson's Bay Co. base at Fort Garry and proclaimed Canadian Confederation to give voice support for the McDougall.

In Ottawa, Macdonald was afraid that the government's apparent impotence would encourage Americans who wanted to annex the Red River. He asked Donald A. Smith, chief representative of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Canada, to go west, find out what Riel wanted, and if necessary, buy him out. But he wanted Smith to discover when they met at January, 1870, was far Red River to be a province within Canada. Smith recommended that the Métis go to Ottawa and negotiate a deal with the Prime Minister. Riel agreed—and to strengthen his hand, he persuaded the colony to set up a provisional government. It was proclaimed on Feb. 15, while Smith, noted a newspaper editor, "a regular drunk commenced in which everyone seemed to join."

Within little more than a week, the rebel found himself facing rebellion—not Ottawa. Loyalist Canadians, incited by Riel's treatment of McDougall, insisted a daylong sleep-out was a insult to the Métis positions at Fort Garry. But Métis horsemen, plunging through snowdrifts,



PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

rounded up the Canadians before they could attack and imprisoned 48 of them. An angry Riel, determined to teach his lessor, ordered the court martial of one of the prisoners, an Ontario Orangeman named Thomas Scott, who was convicted and shot on March 4. "We must make Canada respect us," said Riel.

Second, English-speaking Canada was outraged by Scott's execution. French Canada concluded that Riel should be forgiven. After Riel's Métis delegates arrived in Ottawa in April 13, they were arrested but released when the government intervened. For weeks, they negotiated with Macdonald, who eventually gave them nearly everything they wanted. In early May, the deal covering the province of Manitoba was approved by Parliament, and a month and a half later, by the local assembly at Port Garry. Said Riel: "I congratulate the people of the Northwest on the happy issue of their undertakings."

But Riel, while waiting for the troops who would signal the changeover, became nervous. Some of his comrades suspected that the Métis leadership would be liquidated, that Ottawa had led about money. The last word said, on Aug. 24, Riel fled south with two companions. On the way, the founder of Manitoba lost his shoes while crossing a river on a makeshift raft. For two years, he lived a shadowy existence in southern Manitoba and North Dakota, sheltering with friends, living secret or assassination. Then, on Oct. 13, 1873, the fugitive became a member of Parliament, capturing Provencher riding without campaigning and winning re-election the following year. But he never took his seat: The House of Commons expelled him for ignoring an order to appear and respond to a charge of murdering Scott. Rewarded, Riel fled to the United States.

For nearly 12 years, his behavior growing more emotional, he wandered from New York to Minnesota and occasionally to Quebec. But he spent a year in an asylum near Quebec City. But in 1884, Québec's former Governor Duvallet went to Manitoba with a federal challenge for Riel help the Métis deal with a drought and neglect. Riel returned



PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

PHOTO BY GARY

home to defend that his people's rights be respected. And when Ottawa ignored him, he set up a provisional government and declared independence from Canada. A week later, on March 26, 1885, 100 members of the North West Mounted Police tried to dislodge Riel's rebels from their settlement at Duck Lake near Prince Albert. Twelve Métis and five Métis were killed, and Chief Pemmican's Cree warriors joined the rebellion.

For the Canadian Pacific Railway, as western governments were already fighting to open a railway to deliver soldiers to the north-west, it secured a further government loan. Two months after Riel proclaimed his provisional government, he gave himself up when Maj. Gen. Frederick Middleton's troops overran the Métis stronghold at Batoche.

Prison, Riel wrote to government leaders, asking for a state trial at Ottawa and, afterward, the presidency of Manitoba. But Macdonald was determined to punish the rebels. Riel was tried for high treason. Lawyers from Quebec attempted to prove that he was insane, and the jury asked a plea for mercy. Riel disavowed the insanity defense: when he addressed the court, he was both informal and persuasive. "I'll have been wrong," he said at one point. "I have been wrong, but so is it impossible, but according to my conscience." The judge sentenced him to death.

English Canada applauded the verdict, but French Canada, which regarded Riel as a patriot, reacted angrily. Quebec political argument J. J. Lavellier warned: "At the moment when the corpse of Riel falls through the trap, at that moment an abyss will be dug that will separate Quebec from English-speaking Canada." But Macdonald would not yield. At Ottawa on Nov. 16, 1885—more days after the abdication of Queen Victoria—Macdonald signed the bill at Confederation, B.C.—Riel was led to the gallows in the Mounted Police barracks at Regina. To his priest, he said "I die in peace with God and my man and I think of those who helped me in my undertakings." A monk was placed over his face and the hangman cut the rope around his neck. Riel began to recite the Lord's Prayer, and when he reached the words "deliver us from evil," the trap was sprung.

In early December, Riel's comrades dug up the pine coffin containing his body and took it to Winnipeg. They buried it in the train station to the Red family house on the Red River. A small wooden cross was placed on the roof of the house, the traditional sign that the occupants were in mourning. The coffin remained there for two days, and then was carried to the St. Boniface cathedral grounds for burial.

It was not until March that Parliament finally recognized Riel's "unique and historic role" as a founder of Manitoba. Two decades earlier, the federal government had bought the Red house and made it the center of a one-acre national historic site. At one side is a farmhouse of paving stones, built in 1884. The house is built on a hillside with a view down to the river a half-mile away in two subdivisions. The two-story Red house has been

THE LOST CAUSE OF EZEKIEL HART

The name of Ezekiel Hart figures prominently in one of the least flattering chapters of Canadian history. Hart, a Jew, was elected to the Lower Canada House of Assembly in 1807, but was expelled the following year after he refused to swear an oath of office containing the word "Christianity." He also refused to use the words "in the year of our Lord" when writing the date on official documents. Hart was re-elected in 1808 and, according to contemporary accounts, pledged his oath "in a Christian manner." But, as a tax of apostasy—Scotchmen, the assembly again expelled him. The next year, British



colored secretary ruled that Jews were not eligible to sit in the legislature. It was not until 1832 that Lower Canada enacted legislation giving Jews the same rights as other British subjects, including the right to hold office.

But publicly sanctioned anti-Semitism did not end there. Between Adolf Hitler's rise to power in 1933 and the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, Canada admitted only about 4,000 European Jews fleeing from Nazi persecution—the fewest of any Western nation. In June, 1939, however, to right-wing anti-Semitism, the federal government refused to admit more than 300 Jewish refugees aboard the *Lusitania* ship back to Europe, where many feared the terror of the Nazi death camps.

HOLLYWOOD TAKES THE MOUNTIES

Perhaps no image has shaped America's perception of their Canadian neighbors as much as the Mounties—the Hollywood Mounties, that is. Beginning with the silent movie *The Cattle Thief* in 1909, the Mounties have served as a stock hero to the American entertainment industry in more than 250 movies. With the draw of the talking motion picture, the men of the Mounted Police could take time out from tracking dastardly Frontenacs and sardonic Indians to court a woman and sing a song or two. Among the most memorable



PETER FORD/CONTOUR

was Roy MacGregor (1934), in which Nelson Eddy and the lovely Jeanette MacDonald gathered on the marble-and-tile floor, their bubble of foreign voices filling the great beauteous rotunda, as it tempting to try to unravel how they save the Canadian Princess for the first time, in the early years of the century, when what lay behind was poverty or opposition or stagnation, and what lay ahead was adversity.

The great western migration that Rol had heard actually began in earnest in the late 1890s. It was a time of spending optimism. The world was recovering from economic depression. Alexander Graham Bell, the Scottish immigrant who had already invented the telephone, was working on all manner of contraptions at his Cape Breton laboratory. The glint of Klondike gold drew thousands to the far-off Yukon, and the new Liberal Prime Minister, French-Canadian lawyer Wilfrid Laurier, appointed Clifford

"is linked to the peacefulness of Canada."

Cut Langford agrees. A 38-year-old Via service attendant, Langford grew up in Timmins, Man., the son of a black railroad fireman and his Belgian wife. His childhood friends were German or German, he says, and "I never really noticed a problem until I started travelling to different places."

Those travels have been in an ethnic lot: some real-life Superstars, the mild-mannered Via employee is also an Olympic bobsledder, a member of Canada's four-man team that finished an excruciatingly close fourth at France's Alençonville Games last winter. "Under my heart," says Langford, "I'm a Czechoslovakian, I'm German, and I'm Austrian—I've felt a kind of racial tension that he has never experienced in Canada. That's what I like about this country, the way everybody seems to fit in. I just wish people trusted natives in the same way."

"Canada is respectful of other cultures, but not native cultures," says Donald Oskow, a 31-year-old Ojibwa from Marquette, Ont. He is a carpenter and native dancer who is travelling to Edmonton to study under a medicine man. Growing up, he was torn between his mother's native ways and his father's Russian Catholicism, which he says taught him that native ways were no good.

"I was trying to figure out who I was. What was I going to be?"

He eventually chose the native way, and a medicine man gave him the name Owe Ragle. He stays out the weekend at the fields. By day, in the rule-straight roads under the enormous prairie sky.

"The way I look at it," he says, "my church is out there. The ground are our walls, the roof is our sky. The trees are left on its altar."

The train is passing near Brandon, where, in 1914, noted actress Nellie McLaughlin was burned to death by a mob angry for the woman's vote. In 1916, women's suffrage would become law in Manitoba—the first province to grant it—and, the next year in Alberta, Louise McKinney would be elected the first woman member of a British Commonwealth legislature.

At the back of the train car, wearing a New York Yankees cap and listening to reggae on his tape player, sits Abdalla Abouar, a 26-year-old computer science student who says that he is from North Africa.

North Africa?

"Libya," he allows. He avoids mentioning his country by name, he explains, "no people don't think, 'Oh, this guy must have a gun.'"

And do people usually accept the North Africa answer?

"Yeah, Canadians don't know that much. They figure South Africa is a country so North Africa must be too."

But Abouar, a graduate of Brock University in St. Catharines, Ont., who is travelling to Victoria to examine a master's program, says that Canada has made him feel more comfortable than he did in earlier stops in Italy and England. "They know you're a foreigner but they treat you as an equal."

In fact, there were hints to Canada's eight-year-of-the-century amalgamation policy. Ottawa sought mostly whites and no Catholics other than Irish ones, who often all went from the British Isles. Even today, many Canadian officials acknowledge, "There are a lot of people demanding that Canada look after them," says Jessi Kestry, a 46-year-old Via service attendant who fled Hungary with his family after the Soviet crushed uprising in 1956. "People coming to Canada should be told it's going to be tough, that they may have to take jobs in places other than where they'd like to be."

The train blazes westward into the setting sun. In the fields, acre-after-acre, pools of water turn to silver as the sun's rays, lemmings born of old crops in ragged strips of fire. By now the Canadian has crisscrossed into Saskatchewan, a province since 1905. Its homestead legislation was passed in 1901. "The land said, 'Get there be there,'" says Langford, "and Saskatchewan was born." And it would grow quickly, thanks in part to government cerealists Charles Saunders, who developed a new fast-growing strain of wheat called Marquis—introduced in 1909—that made the crop profitable in the short northern summers. Already, two new railways were being built to transport the bumper crops of wheat southward to the American Northeast and the Great Trans-Pacific—the C.P., also known as "Get There Perhaps."

Yet the train still has its charms,



CONTOUR

SPECIAL REPORT

painted white, trimmed in green and filled with 19th-century furnishings. There is a plain wooden cross on the roof. Mites from Western Canada and the northern plains state visit frequently. They no longer mourn. But neither do they forget.

CHAPTER FOUR:

"The Last Best West"

Setting a new lead in search of boundless hope. Leaving Winnipeg station, where wide-eyed immigrants once gathered on the marble-and-tile floor, their bubble of foreign voices filling the great beauteous rotunda, as it tempting to try to unravel how they save the Canadian Princess for the first time, in the early years of the century, when what lay behind was poverty or opposition or stagnation, and what lay ahead was adversity.

The great western migration that Rol had heard actually began in earnest in the late 1890s. It was a time of spending optimism. The world was recovering from economic depression. Alexander Graham Bell, the Scottish immigrant who had already invented the telephone, was working on all manner of contraptions at his Cape Breton laboratory. The glint of Klondike gold drew thousands to the far-off Yukon, and the new Liberal Prime Minister, French-Canadian lawyer Wilfrid Laurier, appointed Clifford

Sifton as minister of the interior with a mandate to fill up the rest of the country.

Sifton's method was simple: advertise. "The Last Best West," was his line, and he pitched it across Europe in lectures, club shows and circulars in many languages, which helped bring a flood of Ukrainians, Scandinavians, Hungarians, Germans, Russians, Poles. They settled in western towns and on 160-acre homesteads—obtained for a \$10 registration fee—adding a unpopulated of new cultures to a primarily British and French country before anyone ever thought of the term multiculturalism. "I think it gives you a better sense of yourself, better self-esteem," says passenger Jacqueline McClaren, speaking of Canada's policy towards its different peoples.

McClaren grew up in New Jersey but she is the past two decades has lived in Montreal, where she is an associate professor of family studies at McGill University. She is no her way too confident in Vancouver, viewing from behind the adopted country that she had finally seen from the side. Out the window, the fields of Manitoba stretch out like an ocean, the ubiquitous grain elevators like giant buoys.

As a child in the States, says the 47-year-old McClaren, "I remember a book that said, 'The great west Indians, the crop was high, but they aren't anxious.' And that was supposed to be a beautiful story." Although her grandparents came from Ukraine, McClaren discovered on moving to Canada that "I wasn't very Ukrainian—I don't put eggs, I don't do short borders." For her, multiculturalism



Alberta oil pump (above) from left, Leach pioneers Frank, Harry Morris, Smith, Owen, Granville, Linchman, for Dykhouse. Hunter's shivering crew, victory in a blizzard, fountains of water, mud, gas and oil; for the people of Alberta, the start of a boom that forever changed their way of life.

endless even as night falls. The wheels squeak and squeal, the cars make bearded-horse sounds, metal grinding metal. Lights flicker by as if on a distant and receding shore, the whistle howling at farms and towns whose adults gaze from by a child's wonder when the train might take them. The train is the vehicle of return, of countless war-moons, the brave legs slapping down into the arms of sweethearts and parents. And for a generation of immigrants, packed into special railroad cars, the train was the vehicle of their great adventure, their new beginning.

As they travel there are stories.

John Myask arrived in Canada in 1909, a scrawny little Ukrainian in his mid-20s. He worked as a laborer in Winnipeg but he had saved enough money to buy a homestead near Scotchman's River in central Saskatchewan, and he built a poplar-log, ditched-roof house. Then he and his wife and young son. When his wife, Elizabeth, reached Winnipeg by train, she could not understand what anyone was saying. "There are no people there," she complained, "just Scotchman's." It was the spring of 1912, and the next February the Mysaks had another son, Walter, born in Canada.

At the time, Ukraine was divided between the Austro-Hungarian and Russian empires, and its landless, often illiterate peasants were flocking to Canada. Crossing the sea to Illinois, they moved west to ethnic-blue settlements in a promised land that looked comfortably like the old country but gave its hearty only grudgingly. Snow, drought, disease, insects—the Ukrainians bred them all to plant wheat in the wooded belt of potatoes. Natives called them "shovel-pots" in sheepskin coats, and they may not have known the language at the customs or even the odds against them, but they knew the land and they knew about hard work.

The Mysaks lived with such trees that had to be felled with hand-saws and axes. The barrows and plows were borrowed and the sun often at times. After six years, the Mysaks bought more land, just north of the town of Ponchartr. The Anglo-Saxons often mocked the Ukrainians as sleep-shy or Gollums, after their home province, at school Walter was not allowed to speak Ukrainian, but he and his friends spoke it in private anyway. Other ethnic groups who had more money than the local ones. Among the Doukhobors, a Russian sect that had settled at nearby Vergara, some medical sons of freedom group no doubt against against a loyalty oath or giving up communal ownership of property that they staged mass protest marches. Many eventually left for British Columbia, even then the restless edge of the country.

While the Mysaks were struggling, Ukrainians were also becoming Canadian. The Mysaks were traditional hard-endorsed children for special occasions but ordered their everyday wear from Eaton's catalogue, whose pages were used for other purposes in local orchards. In the late 1920s, they bought a radio and tuned in Saskatchewan and Regina. Soon, Walter himself went to Saskatoon to complete high school—his parents wanted their children to get an education. They never had. His school was interrupted by the Depression, when some of Saskatchewan was turned into a dust bowl and Walter turned into a supporter of

socialist politics. "Something has to be done," he remembers thinking. In 1939, Walter graduated from the University of Saskatchewan with a degree in agriculture. He married, had three children and a varied career—managing farmland, raising a few milk, a hardware store and an insurance agency. For most years, he was mayor of Cassin, a town 300 km east of Saskatoon where Ukrainians had congregated and where he and his wife, Bernice, still live.

Walter Mysak is 79 now, and his story is typical. He is a shabby, friendly man who spends his days at an old brick building on Main Street, entered but still working. His office walls are plastered with pictures, handbills and pictures of everyone from the Cassin town council to Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, who visited Cassin in 1967. Mysak is a notary public, but older Ukrainians who do not speak English well

employ Mysak. "But the skin part—I believe it was imported from Japan or some damn thing."

This year, the one million Ukrainians-Canadians are celebrating the 100th anniversary of their first permanent settlement in Canada. The Saskatchewan Institute will coincide in Cassin in August, and Walter Mysak is in charge. The institute will include Ray Bouscous, the province's Ukrainian community promoter, and Guy Gaa, Ray Hutylo, whose grandfather's farm was near Cassin and whose father played bridge with Mysak. The Ukrainians, says Mysak, "came here penniless, unknown, illiterate, and the 100 years since they settled here they've made a decent living, educated their children and achieved offices that very few other ethnic Canadians can equal."

Mysak's own parents, John and Elizabeth, retired from farming in the 1940s and moved to Cassin, where they eventually died. Diving outside town, Mysak steps at the basement of another Ukrainian family. The sagging poplar-log house was built before the turn of the century. The wide sideboard is a deepening grey, the wood chips as quick and cold, stamping the eyes with dust. "This is exactly like the house I was born in," says Mysak. And he just stands there nodding, nodding.

CHAPTER FIVE:

Striking it rich

The first white man to reach Alberta got there largely as a consequence. His name was Anthony Henday, and in the mid-18th century he pulled and walked 1,300 miles from Hudson Bay to find Indians willing to trade furs for blankets and tools. For the next two centuries, the vast expanse of rolling plains and shallow gullies across the Prairies to western Alberta continued to lure fur traders and administrators, like buffalo hunters, timber cutters, miners, farmers and oilmen. Those were bad times, too, like the Depression that impelled thousands of hungry people to cross the country in busses as a desperate search for work. In 1925, police and relief workers clashed in Regina and, that same year, William Lyon Mackenzie King became Prime Minister for the third time, extracting advice from a crystal ball. The Second World War abruptly ended the national odyssey and westerners became reacquainted with prosperity.

The years have dimmed the opportunities for wealth on a grand scale but, at midnight comes and goes in the bar, it is evident from the conversation that people still entertain the dream. Sharon George, 28, is from the Cowichan town of the Coast Salish before the British Columbia. She left home at 18 and lived on the streets, but community social service workers helped her go on to college. She has become a committed lottery player—

"I can't pass a store without playing scratch-and-win." If she was some day "Florida, I want to go to Florida. But I'd probably be more concerned with looking after my family. My mother's my mother. It's kind of a payoff for having her."

Others in the bar are less concerned about how they would spend a fortune. Brian Patrick Russell, 36, a professor from London, says "I'd go to the town of India. I'd go to China. Tibet. Antarctica." Gladys Minarik, who works in the corporate services division of the B.C. Telephone Co. in Vancouver, says "I'd build a big log house in the Okanagan Valley and go live down with my husband. Life has become a rat race. I'd grow root trees."

For hours in the darkness, Saskatchewan's wheel-and-potato beds, the world's largest, sweep past windows. The train stops between the Touchwood Hills and on past Kinsmen and Wrenn and Saskatchewan's Williams Lake, respectively, says "I'd build a big log house in the Okanagan Valley and go live down with my husband. Life has become a rat race. I'd grow root trees."

If she got rich, says Elaine Vermorel, a Winnipeg native who has lived

SEX AND SCANDAL IN ALBERTA

They pledged to rid the provincial government of corruption and build a new democracy based on Christian values, honesty, their leader, Alberta Premier John Brexton, assumed the United Farmers of Alberta as a reformer and scandal. When he came to power in 1925, the bookish lawyer Calgary lawyer and Methodist Sunday-school teacher was just 41 years old. But he was remarkably effective. He sold the government-owned railways on the eve of the Depression for \$55 million. Then, he convinced the federal government to cede control over natural resources. Returning from Ottawa after these negotiations, he was greeted at the Edmonton railway station by a band, fireworks and 2,000 cheering Albertans.



But in 1933, Vernon Macdonald, a 29-year-old conservative newspaperman, used the magazine for Brexton for a scandal. Brexton's details of his alleged boss fired the newspapers— "one of the most sensational court cases in the history of Canada," wrote The Edmonton Journal. The details, say, involved the women \$10,000 in damages. The trial judge refused to order the damage award, but the case wound its way through the appeal courts until, in 1940, the Privy Council in Britain ruled in Macdonald's favor. Brexton's political career was long over by then. Under public pressure, he resigned as premier in 1934. The following year, Social Credit's William (Bibi) Abernethy swept to power.



The westbound Canadian in Jasper Park: deer-car passengers follow their progress closely in guidebooks, like handball fans checking scorecards

never for help with wits or tax returns. "People have a problem," says 1989 Sgt. Bill Peterson, "they go to Walter." Another prominent resident describes Mysak as a character—and a sociologist theory too—but a man who continues to be a focus in the community.

Cassin has office, Main Street runs straight past deer sleep and dragtrains to the train station—Cassin's name is a combination of the first two letters in the words Canadian Northern Railway. It is an attractive community of employed house and only towns that is also continuously Ukrainian. Some 60 per cent of its 2,400 people share that heritage, with names like Woloshchuk, Hryciwuk and Tondyukovich, and they support snow-covered churches and restaurants that serve pierogies and cabbage rolls. There is also the 15-foot high statue of a Ukrainian girl in a red-and-white embroidered dress carrying a tray of bread and salt—the traditional form of welcome. "It was made by local craftsmen,"



Mount Robson: rising to a majestic 12,972 feet, it is the highest point in the Canadian Rockies

in Edmonton for 25 years. "I'd buy a big house, I mean a really big house, and I'd look after my eight children and my grandchildren. I've moved two times." Her second husband retired in 1981 on a disability pension after years of working as an oil rig as an operator and toolpush, industry jargon for a drilling foreman. Elsie Vermetas' another husband may be a long way from great wealth, but they have spent much of their lives in its shadow. For when it comes to striking it rich, nothing in the nation's history comes close to the wildness of Alberta.

● North American industry emerged from the Second World War eager to evaluate new prospects and seek new challenges. There were few companies more urgently in need of both than Imperial Oil Ltd. For 30 years, Imperial had been searching for oilfields across Alberta's southern prairie and, by 1946, had spent \$23 million to drill 139 holes that yielded nothing.

On the verge of abandoning exploration, Imperial's head-office executives in Toronto decided to make one last attempt. They asked company geologists where to look next for oil. The majority proposed a strip starting northwest of Edmonton and extending southeast as far as the Dracutcher. Imperial began leasing mineral rights to hundreds of thousands of acres. Seismic crews moved in, setting off small underground explosions and recording the shock waves to locate rock formations that might conceal oil. By summer's end, the geologists had detected something a mile beneath a township 25 km northwest of Edmonton and 13 km from an obscure village of about 1,900 inhabitants. The village was called Leduc.

Imperial negotiated leases with neighboring farmers, including Mike Turta, who agreed to rent five acres of land for \$250 a year—his estimate of the profit that crops would bring during the same period. The company summarized one of its most experienced—but luckless—foremen, Vernon (Dryhole) Hunter, who moved his rig, crews and 130-foot derricks to Turta's farm. On Nov. 30, the drill bit hit into the earth.

Day and night, week after week, 225-horsepower derrick cutters drove the rotary drill steadily deeper. Water gushes lashed the sea-trailless landscape, plunging snow against the derrick platform and the surrounding fields. Eyes watered and tears ran on cheeks. Inside their parkies and heavy jackets, the crews on the platform sweated as the steel bit reached 2,000 feet, then 3,000 and 4,000. Early in February, the drill core, hauled to the surface from a depth of more than 5,000 feet, contained porous limestone and traces of oil. The crew conducted more

tests and became convinced that only the tons of mud churned up by the drill lay in the way of a strike.

The product company organized a party. Five hundred people gathered on the wastewater site on the bitterly cold morning of Feb. 13, Alberta Mineral Resources Minister Nathan Tanner planned to turn a valve to start the oil flowing, but a bearing on the drilling gear had broken the night before and the crew could not get the mud out of the hole. It took 24 hours to repair the damage while Tanner and the other guests stomped their feet and shivered.

Then they drank, at last, something. They stopped, coughed and looked at the derrick. Oil worker John Funk felt the earth shake and became aware of a low rumbling that grew steadily louder. Suddenly, a hissing, roaring fountain of water, mud, gas and oil sprayed hundreds of feet into the air from the end of a pipe that ran to a pit a few hundred feet from the derrick.

Spectators and the oilfield hands laughed and cheered, throwing their hats in the air, shaking hands, slapping one another on the back. Truck driver Ben Olson, whose job was to move the derrick from place to place, forgot that he had left on the verge of freezing to death. Derrick worker Stan Smith reflected that farmers and city people had never seen a well come in before. Then he realized that he hadn't seen many himself.

The boom was an Olympic co-merged on Edmonton from Toronto and Vancouver, Oklahoma and Texas. Oil company agents bid against one another for leases that were often sold and resold for more and more money. By April, 1947, more than 6 million acres were tied up, and drilling crews, road builders and geologists poured into Leduc and neighboring villages. Railroad factories brought the portable 12-by-30-foot homes of itinerant worksters, their wives and children, and Leduc's merchants scrambled to accommodate customers clamoring for services. The Bank of Montreal stuffed dozens of new accounts, and the Royal Bank, driven by the smell of money, got permission to use the municipal council chamber and its quarters were away.

The statistics defied the boom. By 1954, the province had 15 times as many wells, yielding 20 times as much oil, as it had a decade earlier. The figures went on multiplying as the years passed and drill sites with names such as Atlantic, Golden Spike and Rochester became part of the oil landscape of the West. On July 22, 1974, its postwar exuberance, Leduc No. 1 was closed, more than 25 years after it had forever changed Alberta's landscape and way of life.

They are old men now, the survivors of the crews that punched a mile-deep hole into the earth under Mike Turta's farm 46 years ago. They stand around, hands in pockets, jabbing one another, joking stances, while they wait for Paul Lundsten, 75. Lundsten has called them together at the walled walled of Leduc No. 3 for reunions and photographs. When Lundsten arrives and gets out of the car, John Funk, 67, shouts: "Where the hell you been, Fin? We already got a thousand feet of pipe down!" The oil license plates are variations on the same link to the past: "LEDC 1," one reads; "LEDC 2," says another.

The 11 acres, dominated by a replacement derrick and drilling platform painted red, yellow and off-white, have been designated a historic site by the Alberta government. The Leduc/Dryhole Historical



Russian Prince.
You'll find him in all the best circles.

Orange juice, tonic, tomato juice... the vodka that gets around.

Society is hoping to collect more than \$1 million from the oil industry to build a permanent museum. Last year, 3,000 people came by to pick up souvenirs and stare at the derrick. "What exactly did she blow?" a viewer asks. "Blow the derrick's blow," says Leshko, somewhat teasingly. "You do it right, they don't blow. They just come in."

The photographs have been taken and they get into their cars and drive to nearby Devon, where they order coffee and sit at a long table in the Devon Inn. They talk about long-ago station firefighters, Saturday-night dances, the latest National Energy Program and the time they got drunk and stole the fire engine in Provost and went scurrying up and down the main street. They watched the truck right in front of Vernon Hunter's house, and Devolke had to write a cheque for the damages. "The mayor was so mad he wanted them all evicted from town," says Hunter's son, Don. Did they get into trouble in Devon, too?

"Nope," says Simon Granic, 68. "Back then, there was no Devon. There was nothing here. Just us." What about when Leshko came in, was there a bonus for the crew? "Hell, no," they chorus. Granic says, "Yeah, we did get a case of whiskey out of the rig." Ben Over, 73, remembers that they all drank to stay warm. "It was so damned cold, everybody had a bottle in their cars, or something. After the strike, I think that was one of the biggest drunks."

"What we want to do with the museum is showcase the oil industry," says Don Hunter, "to show the social and economic benefits the oil industry has given Alberta since 1947." To the visitor, it seems that the industry is already well showcased by the men who perspired and rained hell and forced Leshko to surrender its riches, and now nearly half a century later sit around a table drinking coffee and reminiscing.

CHAPTER SIX:

Dreaming of paradise

The Rockies begin about four hours west of Edmonton. They are what everyone has been waiting for, the featured attraction that makes all the scenery before, no matter how appealing, seem like one long warm-up act.

"The passengers back there go bananas," says Vic Centura, sitting at a padded swivel chair at the train's engine—or wait, as railroaders's parlance. "It's nice, but we get used to it after awhile. We worry about the animals, though—we never like to let the animals."

Centura, a very 55-year-old, is one of two engineers. The other, 38-year-old Steve Goddell, is at the controls but now, sitting before a dashboard fitted with hand-operated throttle, brake and reverse levers, Goddell calls out the messages flashed by coming signal lights and Centura repeats them, a practice designed to keep each other alert. The two men beside the Hudson River and plough into a postcard scene of tall pines, clear water and snowcapped peaks. It travels through a tunnel beneath Diavolo Point and, on the far side, a herd of bighorn sheep stands motionless on the rocks, as though posing for the paying customers back at the dome car. Entering Jasper Park.

"Dinner is a great way to see it, if you're not in a hurry," says Centura, who lives beside the tracks as a teenager in Edmonton and begins working in steam engines in 1955. "It would be white, white, get out of there." He looks at a white steam train in front of the engine and Goddell greets applies the brakes—the animal scampers off safely.

The train, doing 70 m.p.h., passes over a sensor that sets off a computerized voice telling crews that there are no hot axles or other problems; the device is known as Hector the Detective. Goddell points out a mountain that, he says, has "this big, huge fish—we call it Mount McIntosh." He laughs, and why not? he and Centura are getting paid to do a boy's Saturday job.

"I couldn't work side to side working on the railway," Goddell says, chucking the gauges. "I'm into Jasper at two o'clock in the afternoon, I grab my golf clubs and I'm off to the course."

"Fish," confirms Centura. "You try to work side to side after this—we will go right."

As the train enters the town of Jasper, where a Hudson tatters pole wanders over the station parking lot, a crowd of people has gathered—as

transfused as the sheep back up the line—to snap photos of the approaching Canadian.

"More people taking pictures," says Goddell dryly. "I wonder how many drivers I'm sitting in."

The Jasper stop completed, the windows finally opened for sightseeing, the train rolls towards Yellowhead Pass, the easiest route through the mountains. When the CPT close the more direct but difficult Kicking Horse and Rogers passes further south, it was left to the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern to chart the Yellowhead route in 1912, a heated track-laying race in which crews sometimes resorted to sabotage and more often to force. There were bad onsets early on: the GTP's president, American Charles Melville Ryan, died when the unstable Teton sank off Newfoundland. By 1919, both lines were bankrupt and had been absorbed into the federal government's new Canadian National Railway.

"It's just awesome," says Jeanne Barbeau as the train crosses into



The Wan family:
"This country is so beautiful and the weather is very suitable for my business"

British Columbia through a dazzling display of sheer rock surfaces and dining tables. The dome-car riders follow their progress closely in guidebooks, calling out the names of mountains or waterfalls, like hatched fur consulting scorecards. If any of them are bothered that Via stopped running the once-often-dramatic CPR route in 1990, no one is saying. Barbeau, 66, of Little Rock, Ark., flew all the way to Edmonton to ride the new Canadian to Vancouver.

"From Arkansas travel agents have

shown Canada to," says her husband, Jim, an English professor.

"We've seen the Rockies on Colorado post cards of buses," adds Jeanne, "but they don't compare to this—this is a phenomenal trip."

"Oh, I love trains," gushes Patricia Mason, leaping up from her pack-car seat to snap a picture of Mount Robson, which rises 12,972 feet—the highest point in the Canadian Rockies—and rarely gets its head out of the clouds. The 44-year-old Mason has come all the way from New York City, and will travel to Vancouver, Los Angeles and then Chicago, mostly by train, before returning home. "I'm Peggy's personal secretary," she

Which country has the best quality of life?

Canada has. And the world agrees.

The Human Development Report (1990) ranks Canada No. 1. Published by the United Nations Development Programme, the report is based on the life expectancy, education levels and purchasing power in 180 countries.

Canada
125 years to celebrate.

explains, "and basically all we do is travel." Her employer, 75-year-old Peggy Mulholland, who has had three husbands and four children, says, "I don't fly. We have back and forth across the ocean 22 times on the 642. And I love travel. But I don't fly." "It's more beautiful than I expected it to be," says Paula Roy, 38, an Ottawa marketing specialist making her first trip west. She is looking forward to visiting Vancouver, which, she says, "is kind of a place of dreams—people talk about it in a mystical way." "There's a different business culture, that's what I've heard," adds her husband, Michael, who is 33 and also is working. "They say people work for none of it." "And all the gardens are supposed to be as beautiful," says Paula.

In fact, the train is full of people who view British Columbia as a place of dreamers: people who, like settlers of old, have pulled up stakes to move west, looking for peace of mind and a piece of the action. "We sold our house and the agent told us his company had lost 40 agents to British Columbia for this year," says Kooky Roddy of Winnipeg, sitting in the bar car. Roddy, 39, is a painter and decorator, his wife, Vanessa, is a nurse's aide. They have two children and are about to move to Kamloops, B.C., where they hear work is plentiful. British Columbia, says the clan, boistered Roddy, "must be a more comfortable place to be—I have yet to meet a bad person from British Columbia."

John Wilcox is going to Kamloops, B.C. "In the last two years in Niagara Falls," he says, "I've had 14 weeks of work out of 184—I couldn't get a job pumping gas." The 39-year-old Wilcox is a hardy, curly-haired, lanky, glasses-wearing and high-school-level supply teacher. "A good friend and his wife moved out two years ago. He's bought a house, a truck and a bike and he's called me every week for the last two years to come out." Wilcox stands out the window. "It feels good to be on the road and out of Ontario. My first year through the Rockies—I wonder why I waited so long."

Later, other passengers sit over their prime rib or chicken breast, dipping into the art deco dining car. Most keep gazing at the landscape. One man videotapes his wife. A still photographer snaps pictures of the doors for an American travel magazine, as though the grandeur of the land were reflected on the faces of its admirers. Outside, the North Thompson River meanders on pebbles, its rippling reflecting white in the dazzling light. In the morning, just at daybreak, the scene is all mountains and lush greenery and the Fraser River is a fog thick as cotton. It was along the Fraser—which writer Hugh MacLennan called "the strongest of all the major rivers in America"—that glitzy dirt was deposited in 1858, because of a gold rush that culminated a few years later in the Cariboo farther north and brought thousands of Canadians, Americans and Chinese to British Columbia. Among them was Nova Scotia-born William Alexander Smith, who had changed his name to Amar de Caceres, or Loner of the Cariboo. He would eventually become the state prosecutor, acting a time of controversy that led to the illness of W. A. C. (Wacky) Bennett and William Vender Zeeb would carry on. The Fraser River was also the site of dangerous early building for the cns in the early 1840s. With labor provided by whites, natives and, above all, imported Chinese coolies, the canyon grew with the kind of strip-mining, the mark of coolie status, the criss of mass.

The fog burns off to reveal placid dairy farms in a valley where, in September, 1904, the same valley encouraged a rare phenomenon. An engineer had just pulled his train out of Mission station where he took a break up on the shoulder.

"Heads up," said Billy Miner, another engineer leaving his train in Canada's Pacific paradise. "Don't let your train get a hot air on your head will be burned."

The engineer, starting at Mission and two other massive gorges, stepped proudly. "In at your service, sir."

The Kamloops-born Miner, who eventually died in a Georgia prison, had his dream of fortune and fame: he made off with \$7,000 in Canada's first train robbery, was credited with solving the crime, "heads up" to the sociology of crime and was even immortalized in a 1983 film, *The Grey Fox*.

But the Vancouver suburbs, the city skyline appears, showing white. To the right lies Greater Vancouver and the two valleys called the Lower, while a small seagull, carrying containers from Victoria, plans a perfect blue dip. Vancouver is the traditional terminus, the place where the dreaming ends and the reality begins. And not only for the young who left the regions of Canada American drift dogs fled to the city during the Vietnam War, and others immigrants—from Hong Kong, the Philippines, India, Vietnam and elsewhere—have continued to arrive, adapting to the local scene even as they journey into it.

● The journey ends at a train station where new migrants from Manitoba and Ontario are greeted by a brown protective fringe. French and Japanese. Down at Grand Central, the two girls squawk out as they get in. Halifax. There are fishing boats, a cruise ship, a hotel built to look like a ship, with a royal suite for \$1,750 a night. Huge containers are nearby on the dock, bearing local lumber, furniture and green beans from Japan and Taiwan, bringing Asian-made TVs, auto parts and clothing to Canadian consumers.

British Columbians talk about feeling removed from the rest of Canada and its problems and, looking at the blue-grey mountains, it is easy to see why. "We feel as if we are disconnected from the rest of the government as Quebec does," said Vancouver Mayor Gordon Campbell. "One just happens to be a geographic separation, those happen to be cultural. Ontario is remote."

Canada as its 122nd birthday is a nation divided by culture and geography, cut by sheer exposure and isolation. No one doubts how far—and how fast—the country has moved from the time when French and English explorers traversed the land and the trading settlers equaled a house of it. But so many of Canada's current troubles were rooted in those distant beginnings. The French and English are still fighting the Plains of Abraham. The government is still trying to figure out how to bring down the cost of federal lands. The country still strips resources from the earth even as it



Harvard and downtown Vancouver: the traditional terminus, the place where dreaming ends for Canada's restless young and immigrants from Hong Kong, India and Vietnam

desires the change. Canadians no longer fear American invasion, but they do fear America's economic control and power. Culture. "The Americans don't have to come and take us over," Paul Connors, the retired teacher, had said on the train from Nova Scotia. "They already can as they go."

Canada is young and huge, with an adolescent uncertainty that underlies its politics. The federal government that found itself together with steel has gone on to help win two world wars, bring Newfoundland into the fold, send peacekeepers around the globe, host two Olympics and two world expositions. It has bled in Troubadours, its worst medical care for all, survived the 9/11 attack and endless-dragging hours of constitutional debate.

It flies its own Maple Leaf flag but still retains a shaky sense of strategy, its very existence seemingly up for grabs.

Yet it also harbors an intense love of the land, not just as it appears on the train window—a great gaping place to drift around—but as the most recent event. And in the country's multiethnic tension, for all its gliding, shortfalls, there is a certain self-sufficiency of peace. "It's a small town, very friendly," said Lian Tsou, a Vietnamese immigrant who runs a restaurant in the mostly Thai town of Okanagan, B.C. "We work in the forest and scale out people make such. They don't say, 'Who the hell are you?'"

The immigrants—black, brown, tan, white—steadily arrive by ship airport. The airport is the place to watch that parade, and it seems a fitting place to close.

It is early afternoon and the passengers from Cathy Pacific Flight 838 from Hong Kong push through the glass doors at Vancouver airport. The flight number is no accident: to the Chinese, it indicates prosperity and 8 means long life, the emphasis obviously, on prosperity. Among this group are some of British Columbia's most prominent newcomers, carrying more money than most Canadians have ever seen, driven by the impending 1997 deadline when China will take over Hong Kong from Britain. "The benefits to Canada in commerce," says David Scott, a vice-president of Hong Kong Bank who is greeting a business associate. "It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. The people who came to Canada earlier, my ancestors and everybody else's, were the cream of the crop at the time, left behind. These Chinese are the cream of the crop."

That is one way of looking at it. Another is that my least immigrant ways are likely to come to conflict, and the wealthy Hong Kong Chinese have started up resentment in a province with a well-documented streak of racial intolerance, even many members of the established Chinese community say that the new arrivals are too obsessed with money. But there is yet another way to look at the people from Hong Kong as immigrants like to say others before them, drawing big dreams, eager to please.

"We like Canada," says Mrs. Kim Chiu, who has already been here for 10 years. She is the wife of Johnny Yuen. He is 46, sitting in the airport's brightly lit immigration area with his wife and two children. He has answered all the questions, signed all the forms. "We want to invest money in a farm in Canada to grow Chinese asparagus," he says through an interpreter. "This country is so beautiful and the weather is very nice, very suitable for my business."

He smiles. So do his wife, daughter and son. Then, the immigration officials—a first-generation Italian and a translator who came from Hong Kong three years ago—shake the newcomers' hands. "Welcome to Canada," they say in Chinese.

Background: After the Second World War, Canada's Chinese population was small. In 1947, the Chinese Immigration Act was passed, which allowed Chinese immigrants to enter Canada. This led to a large influx of Chinese immigrants, particularly from Hong Kong and Taiwan. The Chinese population in Canada grew significantly, and by the 1980s, it was one of the fastest-growing ethnic groups in the country. The Chinese community in Canada is now diverse, with members from various backgrounds and professions. The Chinese Immigration Act has been revised several times, and the current law allows for a wide range of immigration pathways, including family reunification, employment, and investment.

THE CRUEL FATE OF THE JAPANESE

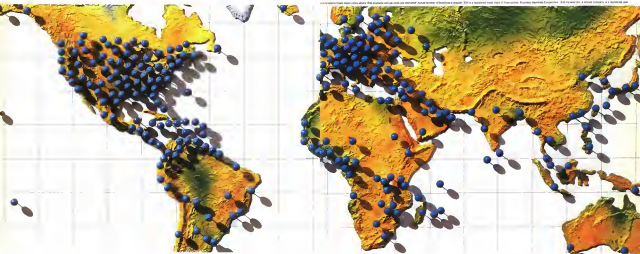
Even those Japanese immigrants first began to arrive in Canada in 1907, they and their Canadian-born children faced great discrimination. But the most notorious took a particularly cruel turn after Japanese imperial forces attacked Pearl Harbor and other Allied targets throughout the Pacific on Dec. 7, 1941, and Canadians declared war on Japan. Despite assurances from high-ranking military officers that the Japanese-Canadian community posed no serious threat to national security, the federal government ordered the evacuation of all people of Japanese origin who lived within 100 km of the Pacific coast.



Nearly 21,000 Japanese, 75 per cent of whom were Canadian-born, were taken from their homes, stripped of their possessions and sent to detention camps in the B.C. Interior, or were forced to labor on highly visible farms and sugar beet farms in Alberta and Manitoba.

At the end of the war, Japanese-Canadians were given the choice of moving to Japan or being sent to the Rocky Mountains in Ontario, Quebec and the Prairies. It was not until September, 1948, that the federal government apologized for the internment and awarded compensation to the victims of one of Canada's greatest national tragedies.

Thinking globally?



What you need today is international business machine.

Somehow the word "foreign" seems foreign these days. The world is smaller, so people are thinking bigger, beyond borders.

Yet cultures will always be different, and that's the paradox of international business—the need to be global and local at the same time.

At IBM we're old hands at it, and much of what we've learned can really help you.

Being local. We do business in over 130 countries, and our offices are staffed and run by local people. IBM Brazil is Brazilian, IBM Italy is Italian. So they understand not just your technical needs but your marketplace and, most likely, your industry.

Which can help you avoid costly (and sometimes embarrassing) mistakes.

Also, our local facilities manufacture—and customize—for local markets. So your software in Taiwan speaks Chinese, and your cash drawers in Canada have a special place for loonies.

Being global. Of course, your global operations can't be islands; you have to manage the whole, and we'll help you do it. Our branches may be local, but we're all on the same team, and we'll support you in a consistent way no matter where you go.

For example, Bata Industries Limited participates in our Selected International Accounts Program.

It helps them bridge cultural, legal and technical differences by providing a single point of contact that aligns IBM's worldwide presence with theirs.

We can also help you communicate, whether you have your own global network or hook into ours.

Canadian Pacific Forest Products Limited has found that the IBM Information Network makes it easier to connect for electronic mail, EDI and more. You can even pay for IBM in one currency.

To learn more, contact your IBM Marketing Representative or call 1-800-465-1234.

A RIVER OF DESTINY



MACKENZIE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE STILL DISTURBS NATIVES

John Blunden gazes out his kitchen window towards the broad, murky Mackenzie River and the snow-capped mountains beyond. "Everything is changing," says the 89-year-old elder from Fort Norman, a tiny Inuit community of 400 in the Northwest Territories 120 km south of the Arctic Circle. "The sun doesn't even rise up where it used to." For Blunden and his generation of natives, the world has indeed reversed course. The Inuit, who once survived by tracking caribou, moose, muskrat and other wildlife, now live year-round in comfortable government-built houses in communities like Fort Norman. Supermarket shelves have replaced dog teams as the favored means of transport; television and videos have usurped storytelling as the major source of entertainment. Like many other elders, Blunden worries that younger Inuit have lost the skills that

enabled their ancestors to survive for thousands of years in an unforgiving climate. "If hard times come and they have to go back to the bush," warns Blunden, "they'll freeze to death." The dramatic changes that Blunden has experienced in his lifetime are, in fact, rooted in a historic voyage that occurred two centuries ago. In 1780, Scottish-born explorer Alexander Mackenzie, seeking the elusive Northwest Passage to the Pacific, led a 49-day, 1,200-mile expedition that inadvertently ended at the Arctic Ocean's 1,044 journey finally took him to the sea. To achieve his aim, Mackenzie and his companions, the men who helped establish British (and later Canadian) sovereignty over a broad stretch of the North and Northwest. But to many natives, Mackenzie is the man who set in motion a chain of events that would bring disease, despair and depopulation to their isolated corner of the

continent. The final insult is that the river, known to the natives as the Deh Cho ("big river"), is named after him.

In the local native language, Slavey, Fort Norman is called Tsal-tsal—"where two rivers meet." And it is near that site, where the greenish-blue waters of the Great Bear River pour into the Mackenzie, that two vastly different cultures met. Mackenzie, setting out from Fort Chipewyan in what is now northern Alberta, travelled to the western arm of Great Slave Lake and then northwest along uncharted waters. Just a few miles upstream from the present community of Fort Norman he met the first of several small camps of Indians. For them, the 20-year-old Scot and his party were the first white men they had ever seen. They would be far from the last.

In Mackenzie's wake followed successive waves of explorers, fur traders, missionaries, the RCMP, government bureaucrats. Many, though by no means all, of the newcomers regarded the natives with the same mixture of condescension and derision that Mackenzie sometimes displayed. Writing in his journals, he described the few families of Slave and Dogrib Indians near Fort Norman as "an ugly dirty People... very clumsy & full of Scum." Then, just before resuming his journey, Mackenzie coerced one of the Indians into leaving his family to serve as a "companion"—a practice the explorer would follow at several points along the river.

Mackenzie left his argue that the explorer was simply a man of his time, that his prejudices were comparatively mild. And next summer, to commemorate the bicentennial of his voyage, a group of students from Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ont., will complete a four-year-long series of canoe expeditions that are retracing both of his trips. For students Denise, however, Mackenzie carries much of the same political baggage as Christopher Columbus. "We some people who believed they came from a superior race," complains Western Arctic MP Ethel Blondie, who was born and raised primarily in the bush country near Fort Norman. "Aboriginal people have always been disadvantaged by history."

Though scarcely mentioned in the explorer's own journals, natives played a key role in the expedition that left Fort Chipewyan on June 3, 1780. The natives' responsibilities included guiding, mending clothes and hunting for food. Among them was English Chief, who acted as an interpreter and intermediary. Mackenzie frequently called upon English Chief to persuade the Indians they encountered not to run away—or attack—and to give them information about possible routes to the Pacific Ocean.

A year before Mackenzie embarked on his journey, he had succeeded another early explorer, Peter Pond, as director of the North West Co.'s operations in the Athabasca district. Following a map drawn by Pond, Mackenzie and his crew spent most of June on an arduous journey through the rapids of the Slave River out to the western arm of the so-called Great Slave Lake. Pond gave, Pond's map indicated that the Pacific Ocean was a mere six paddling days to the west. That, it turned out, was wishful thinking at its worst.

For about 300 miles, the river took the western course that Pond had predicted. Then, suddenly, it turned sharply northwest. Mackenzie was shocked that he was going the wrong way. "I am much at a loss how to act," he wrote in his journal on July 12. "As it is evident these waters must empty themselves into the Northern Ocean." He decided to press ahead, "as it would surely peoples curiosity that not their intentions." Two days later, his party landed on Garry Island near the end of a delta where the river spills into the sea. Mackenzie's island is still guarded out of the ice-covered western Arctic Ocean. He was the first white man ever to do so.

That achievement was clearly lost on Mackenzie. Flattered by his

failure to discover the coveted commercial route to the Pacific, Mackenzie spent a good part of his tedious journey pressing the Indians he encountered for more information on an alternative westward route. What he learned both intrigued and annoyed him. Some Indians spoke of a mighty river on the other side of the western mountains that led into the "White Man's Lake" far to the northwest. But they also embellished their stories with what Mackenzie regarded as tall tales of a river inhabited by winged people who could talk with their eyes.

Mackenzie began to suspect that English Chief and the other natives in his party were concealing vital details of their conversations with the local Indians. But when they confronted them, the natives reacted angrily and threatened to abandon him, claiming Mackenzie eventually appeared English Chief over supper and "a drink or two." As he later confided in his journals, he had no choice but to go back his native companions. "I could not well [do] without them," he wrote.

The river country that Mackenzie had unwittingly discovered soon became the source of some of the worst, though not worst, pain in North America. The North West Co., which merged operations with the Hudson's Bay Co. in 1821, established trading posts all along the river, including one in Fort Norman in 1810. A few decades later, the early missionaries began to appear followed by the RCMP in the early 20th century. In 1901, the Deh Cho signed a treaty granting Ottawa an interest in their lands in exchange for such basic services as education and health care.

The services were sorely needed: the outposts had brought diseases that were foreign to the natives. In the late 19th century, a massive flu epidemic killed half of the Deh in the Mackenzie Valley and left many of the survivors gravely weakened. Outbreaks of tuberculosis—fatal if untreated—quickly followed. Ottawa responded by providing nursing stations and modern housing in settlement throughout the Northwest Territories. The government also took community schools, a development that encouraged families to move onto the settlements from the bush. Yet, families, family assets and old-age pensions replaced the harsh security of living off the land—but also led to a growing dependence on government. The old way of life was quickly disappearing. And many natives had grave concerns about what was taking its place.



John Blunden: If hard times come, they'll freeze to death.

Having on Harriet Gladie's living-room wall is a plaque from the commissioner of the Northwest Territories engraving her "50 years of dedication to the people of Fort Norman" as a tribute. Gladie, now 52, delivered her first baby in 1913 in the bush about 60 km south of Fort Norman. She was travelling at the time with her husband, an trader, and an elderly woman who had recently gone blind. When a local woman went into labor, the blind woman, a former midwife, taught Gladie through the delivery. From then on, families living in the bush would send a dog team for Gladie whenever an infant was due or a delivery time drew near. Despite the primitive conditions, no one then thought that life was particularly hard. "That," says Gladie, "was just the way things were."

Gladie, who learned as a young girl how to set snares and trap muskrats, teaches that there is a much sillier way among modern youth in Fort Norman. Those youths often are short-haired, often short-haired. "All those young people go out on roller skates, they should be working like we did," says Rose Norwigstad, 70. Spending most of the year in the bush, Norwigstad learned how to set snares, how to dry and smoke meat and fish, and how to make hand-knit clothes. The mother of 10 recalls that her two sons used to bleed from scraping diapers clean on a washboard. "We didn't have any Pampers," she says with a heavy laugh. Still, Norwigstad recalls those days fondly. "It was so much fun," she

says. "Everyone shared and got along so well." But life began to change in the 1940s, she adds, when many families moved into the settlement and alcohol became more accessible. Now, the spirit of sharing has largely disappeared. "It's like a ghost town to me," she says. "Nobody visits each other. And when you do, people are either playing cards or watching TV."

Many elders say that their people should return full-time to the bush. But to younger community leaders, such a prospect is unappealing. "Society has changed too much," says Jesse Neyelle, 46, who is Fort Norman's mayor and manager of the local Dease head. "People have learned to appreciate the conveniences such as houses and running water." Still, Neyelle says that he understands the fears and frustrations of the elders. "There is a complete communication breakdown between the

young. He got lost and ended up at the Arctic Ocean." He pauses for a moment, then adds: "We certainly don't like his name on our river."

Three years after he returned from the Arctic, Mackenzie embarked on his second attempt to reach the Pacific. This time he succeeded during the fall of 1792 and the spring and summer of 1793, he traced a daring 1,300-mile route across the Rockies and along the Peace, Farnup and McGeorge rivers to the Fraser River, then traveled to the Bella Coola River and the Pacific Ocean. In doing so, Mackenzie, who had already traveled by water from Montreal, became the first explorer to cross the continent north of Mexico.

By January, 1794, Mackenzie decided to leave the North for good. After several years of tracking for the North West Co. in Montreal, he returned to



SILENCING THE ALMIGHTY VOICE

In October, 1895, after a long struggle had left many North Americans largely ignorant under white rule, a Serrano Cree Indian disappeared in the last of the renegades. Born in Saskatchewan around 1874, Almighty Voice seemed ordinary in everything but name until, at 21, he was arrested by Sgt. Colin Colebrook of the North West Mounted Police for killing a neighbor's cow. That same night, he escaped from the lockup, crossing the frigid South Saskatchewan River and continuing on to the eastern and wilyful Shelly of Teasdale 500. A week later, Colebrook arrived—and Almighty Voice shot and killed him, then disappeared for a year and a half, despite a hefty \$500 reward for his capture.

During his time on the run, while Mounted continuously combed the vast prairie, the renegade Cree became a symbol of defiance in the native community. But on May 28, 1897, his adventure began to unravel when he was spotted near his home reserve—where he had been hiding all along. The next day, Mounted arrived, and Almighty Voice and two others retreated to a five-acre wooded bluff. Surrounded, and possessing no food or water and little ammunition, they managed to hold off the outnumbering posse until May 31, when all three were found dead—two of arrow wounds and one of a bullet. The event marked the end of 19th-century native resistance in Canada.



old and the young," he says. Many teenagers, he adds, are entering the life they see on television—some to the point of forming gangs that vandalize the community.

But the community's problems go beyond the destructive tendencies of a few rebellious teenagers, says Neyelle. The local school only goes up to Grade 8, after that, many young people, such as Jesse's daughter, must continue school in larger centers such as Yellowknife and Inuvik, simply drop-out. For those who do get a decent education, jobs remain scarce. Many people still hunt and trap for food to offset the high cost of living—a litre of milk in the local store costs \$7.50, a half of beef tenderloin \$3.35. But at the same time, says Neyelle, the efforts of southern-based anti-rights activists have helped make the traditional Dease livelihood increasingly unprofitable. "The situation seems hopeless," says the mayor, "and it will probably get worse before it gets better."

Sitting in the new base-of-operations office, where telephones, computer terminals and fax machines connect Fort Norman to the larger world, Neyelle is asked what he thinks of the explorer who, 200 years ago, set in motion the changes that have transformed the Dease's lives. "I think he was a poor explorer," he says with a

Fort Norman jobs remain scarce and many people still hunt and trap to offset the high cost of living

grimace. In 1812, at 48, Mackenzie returned to his native Scotland and married a teenage member of his clan. He fathered three children before falling victim to a degenerative

kidney disease that led to his death in 1830. Historians have been much kinder to Mackenzie than the native leaders have. There is even a 250-member Naskapi-Mackenzie Trail Association, based in Kelowna, B.C., dedicated to establishing a commemorative heritage route in his honor. "Mackenzie really has something to do with why we have a Canada-as-a-idea," says executive secretary John Woodworth, a retired Kelowna architect. "The occupying of the land by the people who followed Mackenzie helped create this country."

Woodworth says that he has enormous respect for native people. But he adds: "I get really tired of when I'm told by some natives that Mackenzie was just a tourist. Look at the crazy he went through nobody else did at and survived. I think he's absolutely transcendent." Unlike the two others that merge new Fort Norman, the two cultures that first confronted each other those two centuries ago have not found a common course.

BESAN BEGGMAN is Fort Norman

On Friday, June 12th, 1992, the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission approved Unitel's application to compete in the long distance telephone market.

Friday, June 12th, 1992.
A red letter day for Canadian long distance consumers.

Unitel

Competition brings out the best in us.
For details, call 1-800-668-6683



FLYING HIGH

BUSH PILOTS PLY THE RISKY NORTHERN SKIES

The spinning propeller fades to a shimmer and the postions glow a patch of white spray as John Peacock's Cessna 180 races across Schreiber Lake and lifts into the air. "Wings clear of the water," Peacock, 55, reports to the Whitehorse control tower as the craft climbs above the rolling aspen-covered Yukon River valley. Just 45 minutes later, the Cessna reaches the south shore of Lake Laberge, where legendary pilot Robert Service set "The Cremation of Sam McGee," and Peacock switches off the tower's radio frequency. "We're beyond civilization," he says as the last cabin door behind him. "Up here, you can't tell the difference between now and 1938. You can't see a thing that's newsworthy from here to here."

Radio and navigation systems, accurate maps and weather reports have taken some of the risk—and romance—out of northern flying. But Peacock and other bush pilots who still ply the sub-Arctic skies are living the legacy of the daring aviators who brought文明 to Canada's North—adventurers like Wilfred (Big) May. In the late 1930s and early 1950s, May and his fellow aviators pushed back the boundaries of Canada's last frontier, reconnoitering vast tracts of forbidding wilderness. They traveled

Groets after a crash, doctors cut off both legs below the knees.

freezing temperatures, delivered aid and life-saving medicine, scouted for minerals and traded peltries. And when they crashed in the white, unpopulated North, they had no way to contact the outside world.

May was born in Carberry, Man., in 1894. He joined the army during the First World War, shipped out to England, transferred to the Royal Flying Corps—and soon met history in the shape of a red triangle piloted by Manfred von Richthofen, the infamous Red Baron. The date was April 31, 1918, and May was on one of his last combat missions. In the midst of a dogfight, his guns jammed and he turned his Camel fighter to flee towards his own lines. The German ace, who had already downed 80 Allied planes, swooped after him. "I kept dodging, weaving, looping—doing every trick I knew," May recounted later. "Richthofen was giving me hell; after burst from his Spandau machine-gun." May skinned over the Allied line, with the Red Baron on his tail and May's squadron leader, Roy Brown, far behind them. May later said that it was Brown's gun that brought down the German pilot. But many bush pilots attribute the kill to Anishnaabe ground fire. May went on to down 13 enemy planes and returned to Edmonton after the war with a Distinguished Flying Cross.

In Canada, May, who got his nickname, Wop, from a young cousin who could not pronounce Wilfred, acquired an old biplane and began barnstorming, performing loops and dives before spellbound crowds. Once, he swooped to 19 feet above a baseball diamond to allow three-Edmonton Mayor Joe Clarke to throw an airborne pitch. "He was taking people for the thrill of their lives," says May's son, Denny, 57, who works for Scouts Canada in Edmonton. "Those were the fun days of flying."

May went on to win the prestigious McKen Trophy for a perilous mission. In December, 1938, a doctor visiting a Métis settlement near Fort Vermilion in northern Alberta dispatched a man with a dog team. His message: the community was on the brink of a deadly diphtheria epidemic. It took the musher two weeks to reach the closest telegraph office at Peace River, 135 miles to the south. But on Jan. 2, a day after the ink grins reached Edmonton, May and his partner, Vic Horsey, climbed aboard an open-cockpit biplane and set out with a shipment of antibiotics on the 300-mile journey. They flew over unfamiliar territory, through -35° C cold and snowstorms. And when they returned to Edmonton four days after their departure—May's hands so cold he could barely pry them off the controls—10,000 people greeted them as heroes. "I don't think he ever thought of himself as a hero," says Denny May, "just as someone who had a job to do."

May's last great adventure was the hunt for the Mad Trapper of Rat River. By the time May joined the chase on Feb. 3, 1930, Albert Johnson had eluded police for more than a month. He had wounded one RCMP officer who wanted his fortified cabin on the Rat River, near Athabasca in the Northwest Territories, and killed another. As Johnson headed over the mountains to the Yukon—carrying and dogging back on his tracks—he began ferrying food and merchandise to the police. "We were widely conscious over a mighty perilous country," May later wrote. "The slightest error in judgment would have meant a crack-up." The -43° C



Those far away vodkas with strange sounding names.



That Rocky Mountain water and Canadian Prairie Rye Grain.

Pure Alberta Vodka. Proud Canadian Vodka.

could be added, "those the marrow of one's bones."

On Feb. 14, May spotted the trapper's tracks on the Eagle River. Three days later, the posse ambushed around a hairpin bend and came face-to-face with his quarry. Johnson shot and wounded one man before dying in a hail of gunfire. May, circling overhead, landed his plane. Before flying, the wounded man to Adams in time to make his life, he stooped to look at the dead fugitive. "Johnson's legs were curled from his death in the most terrible manner I've ever seen on a man's back," May later wrote. "He'd never change. The ache cold will keep him there until he hangs through the centuries."

On June 23, 1862, May and his three 17-year-old sons set off on a hike to the Tuzigoots Cave in Utah. "It was a major hike," Denny May recalls. About half an hour along, May stopped. "He said to me, 'Take a picture to show people I got this far.' There he sat for some time and promised to never let me at the parking lot. When Denny May emerged from the cave, he found his father 200 m away, lying dead of a stroke. "He kept on going up rather than down," says Denny May. "He almost made it to the top."

Most of May's contemporaries have long since died, as well. But Connel (Pach) DeGroot, now 93 and living in Toronto, still remembers the early days. "Roy May and I had very private lives," says DeGroot.

Thrilling through old press clippings of his exploits like, for example, the first "World War" aerial seven sunny places and won a Distinguished Flying Cross. And he won the McKee trophy in 1929, a year before May was hit, as an unopposed flight armed with a map, large sections of which were marked "unexplored." DeGroot flew north from Winnipeg to Chatterfield Island, then west across the uncharted Barren Lands and back to Winnipeg, covering 4,000 miles in 37 hours of flying time over 12,000 miles of territory. "He would have taken at least 12 months by dog team. In those days," says DeGroot, "we had no radios in the airplanes and nobody to talk to anyway."



May during the hunt for the Mad Trapper. "We were working constantly over a mighty perilous country"

needed to land on unexplored ground. And helicopters have not seen the last of his plane's operations. But Grant and others keep on flying—because they love it, because it is what they know how to do, because even at the end of an era there is something to be said for living a legend.

MARY KENNEDY in Whitehorse

Even younger pilots have harrowing tales. At a Whitehorse museum, surrounded by photographs of Yukon's flying pioneers, 63-year-old Maurice (Moe) Grant recounts that in February, 1950, on a flight from Altn, B.C., to Whitehorse, he crashed on a windswept mountainside. He broke a foot and dislocated an ankle. The next morning, when the -23°C cold had defied the pass, he made his way through wind-deep snow to the true line. But the matches in his shirt pocket got soaked by his own sweat. "I realized I wasn't going to light a fire and I wasn't going to walk any further," Grant says. He lay down under a tree and reached for what would have been his father's birthday present. "I pulled out the scotch," he says, "and glugged my next move."

By the time he was rescued, after four days and five nights on the mountain, his feet were so badly frost-bitten that doctors had to cut both legs off below the knees. Grant, who once played May at a movie about the Mad Trapper, still has a private living room—in fact, he has cooked three plane seats that first accident. But now his small Piper Super Cub is equipped with a radio and an emergency locator transmitter that would signal a satellite if he goes down in the bush again. It is a reassuring thought—as he flies over a Canada he crashed out of Whitehorse in 1961. "Looks pretty barren, doesn't it?" he asks his passengers.

Banking his small aircraft sharply to the right, Grant turns toward Merril Lake and the headwaters of the Yukon River. "Roy May was what you call a real bush pilot," he says. "They were really out in the sticks in three days." Now, airports, even in remote communities, have reduced the need to land on unexplored ground. And helicopters have not seen the last of his plane's operations. But Grant and others keep on flying—because they love it, because it is what they know how to do, because even at the end of an era there is something to be said for living a legend.

CONTRAST PHOTO BY

The Constitutional Debate

A Straight Talking Guide for Canadians

The mood of Canadians in late 1991 was described by pollsters in a variety of ways, almost all of them negative. Canadians were said to be sour over the economic outlook, intolerant of the regional concerns of other citizens and distrustful of political leaders at all levels of government.

A dangerous cycle, it seems, is now under

way in Canada. It begins with the grave doubts people have about Canada's prospects. These doubts often encourage suspicion, prompting Canadians in one region of the country to grow sceptical of the views held by other regions. Suspicion, in turn, leads to an unwillingness to compromise on important issues — an attitude that is fast becoming the most serious stumbling block to resolving our national unity problem. Finally, doubt and anxiety over our ability to achieve lasting national unity contributes to additional economic uncertainty, causing the cycle to repeat itself.

We have the opportunity to break this cycle. The federal government's proposals, released in late September, received close scrutiny before the Special Joint Committee on a Renewed Canada. To assess all these proposals, a series of regional meetings were held

across the country in early 1992. Their purpose was to provide Canadians with a forum to express their views on such key constitutional issues as strengthening the economic union, Senate reform, the division of powers and the distinct society clause. Following these meetings, the Special Joint Committee filed its report on February 28.

Recent public polls have suggested that a small majority of Canadians wants an acceptable compromise that will break the current unity deadlock. Indeed, there is the opportunity for a "win/win" outcome to this painful debate. Long-standing constitutional issues are up for discussion, as well as a broad package of economic reforms — reforms that would strengthen the way in which the Canadian economy operates and performs.

The fact that many of these reforms received little initial support among participants at the regional constitutional conferences in no way lessens their importance. Nor does it eliminate the pressing need to continue to work toward their implementation. If even some of them are agreed upon, all Canadians will be better positioned for stronger economic growth in the coming years.



THE MOSES OF THE HIGH ARCTIC

A young girl growing up in northeastern Greenland, Niemann Harper recalls hearing stories about how Greenlanders, an Inuk people from Canada's Eastern Arctic, led a bold 2,800-km expedition exploring along the forbidding coasts of Baffin and Ellesmere islands and across the sea ice to the northern coast of Greenland 120 years ago. That expedition is widely credited with saving Greenland's isolated Polar Eskimos from possible extinction. "I thought it was the last of Eskimos that they would travel that way," says Harper, now 45. "I didn't know anything about Canadian Eskimos. The word seemed so far away from here."

By most accounts, Qullissuaq's journey began in the late 1860s, when he was accused of using his Shamanic powers to murder several people on Baffin Island. After fleeing to Devon Island, the Shaman heard

tales about the Eskimos across the sea. Inevitably, history mentions that Qullissuaq lured the Greenlanders by sending his sons on journeys through the air. This, like some of the tales of the Arctic, is believed to be a folktale. "Do you know the dream for your country?" he asked them. "Do you know the dream to see an eagle people?"

After about six years, Qullissuaq and his followers finally crossed Smith Sound into Greenland. There, near Itik, they encountered the Polar Eskimos. For a variety of reasons, including an epidemic that is believed to have killed most of their elders, the Greenlanders had lost many traditional and vital skills. The newcomers taught them how to erect better snow huts, to hunt reindeer with bows and arrows and to spear salmon. After six years, Qullissuaq decided to lead his party home. He died during the

first winter of the enterprise, and his bones lay out among the remaining survivors. Some starved to death; others migrated to Canada. A few members eventually returned to Greenland on foot—they had eaten all their dogs to survive.

Despite ongoing sailing, the expedition had a lasting impact. New representatives of the 900 Polar Eskimos who still live in Greenland say that they are determined to maintain their traditional culture. While many Canadian kids had long abandoned the dog sled for faster but more convenient snowmobiles, the Polar Eskimos have preserved their speedier mode of travel with snow sleds. They are also placing greater emphasis on teaching their native language in schools. One hundred and thirty years after the Baffin boat took their survival tale across the frozen seas, the Greenlanders may have some lessons of their own to impart.

BRIAN BERNARD

This CIBC publication is a straightforward examination of Canada's constitutional debate. It was produced for CIBC employees to encourage informed discussion.

Why should we worry about national unity when the economy is facing such problems?

A growing number of Canadians are asking themselves this very question. In a recent poll conducted by Maclean's magazine and Decima Research, respondents agreed by a three-to-one margin that the recession was a more pressing issue than national unity.

The Canadian economy is indeed going through hard times. Our recovery from the 1990-91 recession has been slower and more painful than expected. Personal and business bankruptcies have both been hitting record highs. Provincial welfare rolls are growing daily. And in 1991, unemployment averaged over 10 per cent. As a result of all this, 1.4 to 1.5 million Canadians are currently out of work.

Canada's long-term economic challenges are also a cause for concern. Our productivity growth lags behind that of the world's most industrialized countries. Spending on research and development is less than half of what most other advanced nations spend, thereby hampering

our ability to develop new products and services. And workplace training and technological education are below that of many of our competitors, which robs workers — and the country — of the skills needed to prosper and compete in an increasingly technological world.

It is a mistake, however, to argue that because Canada faces serious economic problems, national unity is less important. Such an argument fails to recognize the close connection between political unity and economic health.

For example, in its most recent set of national unity proposals, the federal government has made several constitutional recommendations — such as the removal of interprovincial trade barriers — which are specifically designed to improve economic performance.

The elimination of these barriers would help make Canadian businesses more competitive both internally and in world markets, make it easier for goods, services, skilled workers and professionals to move between provinces and enhance the overall efficiency of Canada's internal market. This is a clear case of how constitutional reform can affect an economy — and do so in a positive manner.

The reverse is also true — that is, political disintegration, or even the appearance of disintegration, can trigger serious economic penalties.

A bitter struggle over the Constitution — regardless of whether or not the country remains intact — could prompt foreign investors to question Canada's future political stability and therefore its attractiveness as a place to invest. This would be unfortunate. Foreign investment contributes to Canadian competitiveness by helping us finance new manufacturing facilities, develop new processes and purchase new equipment. It also contributes to financing our capital needs, including those generated by our fiscal deficits. Loss of faith in our ability to remain united could drive many investors — domestic as well as foreign — to take their money out of Canada, demand higher interest rates on the money they do invest here, or not invest here at all. The consequences of such actions are not pleasant to contemplate. Interest rates would go up. Efforts to reduce deficits would be thwarted. Capital costs would rise. Investment

in new plants and equipment would decline. And job growth — now at a standstill — could continue to be adversely affected.

But the relationship between economic and constitutional concerns involves more than simply the loss or preservation of investor confidence. A whole host of urgent economic issues and our ability to deal with them effectively — from unemployment to productivity, from training to the deficit — are affected and jeopardized by Canada's current constitutional crisis. That's because the longer we are mired in constitutional debate and controversy, the more we risk neglecting the economic problems this country so desperately needs to solve.

At the same time, however, those problems will not be satisfactorily dealt with unless we first take care of the national unity question. Time and again, Canada's history has shown that while national unity issues may lie dormant for a while, they never wholly disappear.

The way out of this dilemma is not to dismiss the need to resolve our constitutional problems or to pretend they are unrelated to economic issues. Rather, the approach we should take is one which recognizes the intimate connection between national unity and the economy and which seeks to achieve a quick, effective and fair resolution — one which all Canadians can live with. Only then will we be able to devote our full energies to the economic challenges we need to meet.

What's so great about Canada, anyway?

People from other countries frequently marvel at Canada's achievements. Yet they are puzzled by the fact that so many Canadians take Canada for granted. Indeed, Canadians seem to have an ingrained habit of belittling themselves

and their country. Even in these difficult economic times, we should remember that ours is a most favored nation.

We have the seventh largest economy in the world. Canadians enjoy the second highest standard of living of any country, trailing only the United States and ahead of such nations as Germany and Japan. According to international ratings, Canada is regularly ranked among the top five countries in terms of competitiveness — admittedly, largely on the basis of our wealth of natural resources.

The United Nations Human Development Index, which summarizes a country's relative strengths in national income, literacy and longevity, ranks Canada second among the world's countries, just after Japan. Moreover, across a great range of undertakings — from international aid to peacekeeping efforts — Canada is a highly respected nation.

Yes, social problems such as poverty exist in Canada and we are only too familiar with our economic difficulties. These must be addressed.

But we must also put them in perspective. Canadian cities and streets are still safe relative to those in the U.S. and elsewhere. The quality and scope of our social services is the envy of the world. Many of our institutions and professions are universally admired.

It was Canadians who discovered insulin; Canadians who built one of the world's best energy, transportation and communications infrastructures, and Canadians who created a nation where the French language and culture can thrive despite being surrounded by more than 200 million people who speak English. It was Canadians who fashioned one of the most tolerant and equitable societies on earth.

It's vital that we work to correct our economic problems and resolve our constitutional difficulties. But as we do so, it's equally important that we do not lose sight of our strengths, achievements and potential as a nation.

There's a lot of talk about Canada as an "economic union." What does it mean?

An economic union occurs when all parts of a country agree to let goods, services, labor and capital move relatively freely and easily within their borders. This freedom of movement generally improves efficiency and living standards.

Despite some restrictions that exist among the provinces, Canada is an economic union because goods and services, labor and capital can move anywhere inside its national boundaries.

There are, however, greater and lesser degrees of economic union. The European Community (EC), for instance, is moving toward an economic union. This effort has generated much comment, excitement and even admiration around the world. But it is important to remember that the EC still has a long way to go before it reaches the level of economic union Canada has already achieved.

At present, for example, EC countries still use their own individual currencies, while Canada has long had a common currency. In many respects, therefore, Canada already has a strong economic union. Of course, that economic union might be considerably weakened in the event of Quebec's separation from the rest of Canada. In that case, instead of being a potential model for what the EC is trying to achieve, Canada would be seen as adopting a less efficient economic arrangement.

Even without the threat of separation, however, Canada's economic union must often endure factors which impair its economic efficiency. For instance, situations exist where the products made in one part of Canada — beer, for example — cannot be sold in another part.

In addition, several governments give preferential treatment to local suppliers, buying their

services rather than those of a more qualified, but out-of-province competitor. Certain seemingly harmless provincial standards or qualifications, moreover, can sometimes seriously restrict the sale of out-of-province goods or the employment of out-of-province workers. In each case, these restrictions reduce the efficiency of the Canadian economy and add to the underlying costs to consumers or taxpayers. Estimates of the benefits to be gained by removing these restrictions range as high as 1.5 per cent of GDP, or about \$1,500 for a family of four.

The government of Canada's constitutional proposals include recommendations for improving the economic union. Some people have questioned the methods proposed to achieve this goal. Others think the economic benefits to be gained are exaggerated. Despite these doubts, the need to enhance Canada's economic union, particularly in the face of growing international competition, is beyond dispute.

If economic union is working, why do Quebecers want to restructure their political relationship with Ottawa?

The British North America Act of 1867 (the BNA Act), later renamed the 1867 Constitution Act, created a new nation composed of four provinces. Ontario and Quebec, which had since 1840 been united as one colony, were split into two provinces. French Canadians, who had settled in New France more than 250 years before, had mixed feelings about this new reality. They were uneasy that the BNA Act made French Canada part of a larger nation but confident that the guarantees built into the new constitution, together with the return of the provincial capital to Quebec City, would help them preserve their language, religion and social/cultural values.

Over the years, these mixed feelings continued. French Canadians remained concerned about their future as a French-speaking society within an increasingly English-speaking North America. Responding to this concern, the provincial government throughout the 1960s took an increasingly active role in the social and economic life of the province. As a result, Quebec society changed radically. The creation of Hydro-Québec and the Caisse de dépôt et placement, the establishment of the Quebec pension plan operating in parallel with the Canada Pension Plan, and the continued consolidation of a separate personal and corporate income tax system are some of the significant economic changes which occurred during this period.

These economic transformations were reinforced by parallel changes and developments in education, the arts and business. This cultural flourishing contributed greatly to the affirmation and definition of Quebec as a distinct society.

At the same time, French Canadians realized that they should have greater control over their political future as well as those government policies which help determine that future.

The people of Quebec are keenly aware of the difficulties of preserving a distinct French-speaking culture of six million on a continent where more than 800 million people speak English. Given that Quebec's language and culture have helped contribute to the richness and uniqueness of Canada, many Quebecers feel that it is appropriate that these contributions be valued and preserved.

As a consequence, Quebecers generally look to the provincial government to ensure that the province remains distinct. In all of their requests to the federal government, successive Quebec gov-

ernments have sought to advance similar goals and aspirations. These are:

1. Quebecers want to be acknowledged as different and respected as such. They want the "distinct society" clause to be officially recognized, once and for all, as a part of Canada's reality.

2. Quebecers want to remain part of Canada, provided they feel welcome, and so long as they can control the conditions necessary to their future.

In 1986, Quebec maintained that these goals would be satisfied if Canada's Constitution were to grant the following:

1. Recognition of Quebec as a distinct society;
2. Increased powers to control immigration into the province;
3. Limitations on federal spending in areas of exclusive provincial jurisdiction;
4. A recognition of the right to veto any constitutional change, and;
5. Quebec participation in the appointment of Supreme Court justices.

Quebecers feel that being just one among 10 provinces is not working, since such an arrangement provides no guarantee for the future preservation of a French-speaking Quebec in Canada. The demands of the Quebec government, therefore, have changed since the demise of the Meech Lake Accord. With the publication of the Allaire Report in 1990, Quebec has focused on a significant shift in responsibilities from Ottawa to Quebec City as a means to guarantee the preservation of Quebec culture and language.

Where the current constitutional debate will end up depends, in part, on all Canadians recognizing that Quebec is serious and wishes to preserve its future as a distinct (French language, civil law and different cultural values) society within a renewed Canadian federation.

Quebecers know the difficulties of preserving a distinct culture

Quebecers are asking the rest of Canada to recognize the province's right to decide its own future. They understand that the 1992 provincial referendum will mark a significant point in that decision making process.

Quebec has its demands, what does the rest of Canada want?

Quebec considers its constitutional demands necessary to ensure the preservation of its unique cultural identity. This sentiment is reinforced by the fact that many Quebecers feel they were left out of the 1982 constitutional agreement.

But what about the rest of Canada? What does it want in this current constitutional round?

At the outset, it is important to note that there is no "rest of Canada," "English Canada," or any other monolithic group that exists outside Quebec. Canada is a nation of different regions, multiple heritages and diverse values. To some people, the constitutional debate seems only a matter of Quebec demanding rights and the rest of the country deciding whether or not to accept those demands. In fact, there is no generally accepted or universal bloc of opinion outside Quebec. More so than even Quebec, the "rest of Canada" is characterized by a diversity of views and positions.

In terms of constitutional issues, this diversity is quite apparent.

For example, in Ontario the idea of having a "social charter" as part of the Constitution has become a high priority for the provincial government. For many westerners and some residents of Atlantic Canada, on the other hand, forming a "Triple-E" Senate is a key demand. For others, a critical issue is allowing "average Canadians" a voice in the process of constitutional renewal. And in British Columbia, there is a desire for greater "disentanglement" — that is, more responsibility

for the provinces and a diminished role for the federal government.

There's also a diversity of viewpoints concerning the more specific constitutional issue of decentralization. Calls by some people for a greater transfer of federal powers to the provinces are met with concerns from others who question the ability of smaller provinces to assume these powers. Can smaller provinces assure universal access to social programs, for instance? There is also the question of "national standards" — that is, will less affluent provinces be able to ensure the same quality of service that characterized federally-run social programs?

Also, there is the matter of Meech Lake and its aftermath. It is important to remember that the Meech Lake Accord, while not overwhelmingly supported by Canadians outside Quebec, nevertheless represented to many an acceptable resolution of the national unity question. It is not totally accurate to maintain, as many have in Quebec, that the failure of the Meech Lake Accord represented English Canada's rejection of Quebec. Indeed, the accord required unanimous support from all 10 provinces. Between 1987 and 1990, all but Manitoba voted for the accord. Even Newfoundland initially passed the accord prior to reversing its decision after the election of a new provincial government. The response which the majority of provinces gave to Meech Lake, therefore, can hardly be called a "rejection" of Quebec's concerns by the "rest of Canada."

Other Quebecers admit there is diversity of opinion in the rest of Canada, but see it as evidence of confusion, indecision and apathy. This frustrates Quebecers who seek to initiate a dialogue on constitutional renewal.

This perception — erroneous but still common — has implications for the progress of our constitutional negotiations. It could, for instance, increasingly disillusion and disappoint those Quebecers who genuinely want to negotiate a deal but who feel that the "rest of Canada" is

too fragmented to put forth a coherent bargaining position.

What seems critical here is that Canadians in all provinces at least try to forge a consensus on the major issues, to acknowledge that not all those issues can be presented in simple "black-and-white" terms and to recognize that a meaningful resolution of the constitutional question will only be possible if views from all parts of the country are heard.

How do the concerns of Canada's aboriginal peoples relate to the constitutional negotiations?

Canada's aboriginal citizens have been governed under the provisions of the Indian Act, first passed by Parliament in 1876. Since that time, relations between Canada's first nations and both federal and provincial governments have become increasingly strained. This is because such issues as treaty rights, land claims, and the "inherent" right to self-government have dominated the agenda of many native groups.

In pressing these claims, Canada's first nations refer back to their relationship with the British Crown, which seemed to recognize Canada's native populations as "nations" in their own right. The British North America Act of 1867 granted the federal government authority over Indians and their lands. For more than a century, virtually every aspect of Indian life was controlled by the federal government. Canada's native population did not even get the right to vote in federal elections until 1960.

By the time the Constitution Act of 1982 came into force, several provisions were included for changing the relationship between aboriginals and the federal government. Section 35 of the act recognizes existing aboriginal and treaty rights, including land claims, and extends this recognition to the Indian, Inuit and Métis peoples.

Several attempts between 1982 and 1987 were made to clarify these provisions. By 1987, provincial, federal and aboriginal representatives were unable to progress further in resolving the issues surrounding land claims and other existing aboriginal rights. Indeed, the broader issue of aboriginal land claims will probably continue to evolve regardless of future constitutional developments.

The lack of aboriginal input into the 1982 Constitution Act and a similar exclusion from the 1987 Meech Lake Accord led to a significant increase in aboriginal concern over the process of constitutional reform. This concern came to a head in Manitoba, where the provincial legislature was prevented from reviewing the provisions of the accord by the actions of a single aboriginal representative.

That action simply highlighted the fact that Canada's first nations were determined not to be excluded from the decision-making process.

All parties generally agree that when it comes to the rights of native people the provisions of the Constitution Act of 1982 are inadequate. At present, however, the major stumbling block to moving beyond the 1982 Constitution Act lies in the natives' claim for recognition of the "inherent" right to self-government and the federal and provincial governments' uncertainty about how this would affect the application of existing Canadian laws to Canada's first peoples. Clearing this hurdle will not be easy, as was demonstrated by the claim made in February 1992 by Ovide Mercredi, Grand Chief of the Assembly of First Nations, that native peoples constitute a "distinct society" just as much as Quebec society does.

As it stands now, the federal government has proposed recognizing the aboriginal right to self-government within the Canadian federation. This right would be subject to the Charter of Rights and Freedoms and would be further defined by aboriginal groups, by Ottawa and by the provinces and territories. It could be delayed for up to 10 years. Finally, a committee may be established to review the definition of the right itself.

What kinds of institutional reforms could emerge from the constitutional debate?

Many constitutional issues represent causes and beliefs which are critically important to a number of Canadians. Balance is the key. Constitutional debate is very important. But it should not overshadow the need for action on the Canadian economy.

On issues of social policy, language, economic and regional development, groups in society look to their federal and provincial governments for support and reinforcement. But when many Canadians observe Canada's political structures, they fail to see an adequate reflection of either their personal values or regional realities. Part of the reason for this can be found in the demographic inequities that characterize some of our political institutions.

The House of Commons, as an elected body, provides for representation by population. The most populous parts of the country get the most seats. With the exception of the more heavily populated provinces of Ontario and Quebec, most of Canada's regions maintain that this structure ensures their needs are not going to be met at the federal level.

Various individuals and groups have suggested that the Canadian Senate has the potential to redress these grievances. Originally, the Senate was intended to act as a counter-weight to the more populist mandate of the House of Commons.

In 1867, with the creation of an appointed Senate for Canada, two provisions were established. The first is that appointments to the Senate were to be made on a regional basis. Today, as a result of this provision, Ontario, Quebec and the West each have 24 senators. The Atlantic provinces have 30 and the territories have one representative each.

The second provision was that an appointed Senate was to be a body that could restrain the excesses of the democratically elected representatives in the Commons. By the early 20th century, however, this latter concept had long outlived its relevance and credibility.

To complicate matters, an appointed Senate, while providing for regional representation, has rarely employed the powers granted to it under the existing Constitution to challenge the elected House of Commons. Thus, whatever potential the Senate may once have had to act as a voice for regional concerns has long since faded away.

For this reason, many Canadians in both the west and the Atlantic provinces are now calling for a Triple-E Senate — elected, equal and effective. Roughly based on the Senate of the United States, this body would be properly

Many are calling for a "Triple-E" Senate that's elected, equal and effective

elected. It would be composed of an equal number of representatives from all provinces and the territories, and it would have the power to initiate and approve legislation originating in the Commons.

Critics of the plan maintain that such an institution would create problems. The existence of an upper House equal to the House of Commons might, it is said, sometimes lead to a legislative stalemate between the two bodies.

In addition, there are concerns that a Triple-E Senate would allow a province like Prince

Edward Island, with its relatively small population, to have the same Senate representation as British Columbia, Ontario or Quebec — an arrangement many consider unfair.

While debate around the need to reform our federal structures continues, the key question is how can Canadians ensure that voices from all regions of this country receive fair treatment in the discussion and formulation of public policy. An elected Senate, for many Canadians, is the vehicle to accomplish this task.

In its most recent proposals, Ottawa has suggested that some accommodation be made toward an elected Senate. Ottawa has proposed the creation of an elected body that would allow for a stronger regional voice than now exists at the federal level. Most legislation would still require the support of both the House and the Senate. A reformed Senate, however, would have the power only to delay, not override, legislation considered to be of "national importance."

The Senate, moreover, could not veto legislation dealing with taxation and spending. To this extent, the new Senate's powers would be more restricted than those of the current Senate.

In addition to Senate reform, it has also been suggested that the House of Commons itself needs some radical surgery. Proposals have been put forth that would require elected members of Parliament to represent the views of their constituents far more accurately and vigorously than they do now — which is often simply to vote exclusively along rigid party lines. Other suggestions for House reform include politically reconfiguring Canada into five regions and then electing representatives to both the House and the Senate from these regions. There is also strong feeling in some quarters that more women and aboriginals should be elected to both the House of Commons and the Senate.

Ottawa has also suggested yet another reform — the inclusion of an additional level of authority in the form of a so-called Council of

Federation. This council would be composed of representatives from the federal, provincial and territorial governments and would have responsibility to decide issues of intergovernmental co-ordination and collaboration.

A focal point for the concerns of Canadians, the reform of our representative institutions has been one of the major issues in the constitutional debate.

What does "distinct society" status mean for Quebec?

Perhaps no one issue has been so hotly debated among Canadians as the issue of "distinct society" status for Quebec. Supporters of the concept note that it is simply an affirmation of the obvious. Since the passage of the Quebec Act in 1774, the Roman Catholic religion, the French system of civil law and the French language have characterized Quebec society. This reality has been consistently recognized in law.

Legislation governing Canada, both before and since Confederation, has granted distinctive rights to Quebec. By the mid-19th century, language had grown into the one issue considered essential to protect those rights. And by 1867, language and culture had become so important that they were prominent factors in the creation of the British North America Act, which united the colonies of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Opponents of a distinct society constitutional clause fear it will give special powers to the Quebec government. They believe that, as a result, Quebec law would not be subject to the guarantees of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Similarly, they fear that distinct society status will give Quebec greater powers than other provinces.

In considering the issue of provincial equality it is important to remember, that in many respects Canadian provinces are far from equal in relation to one another. They are not uniform, for instance, in terms of customs, rights or services. Parents in Ontario are able to send their children to either public or separate school systems. This is not true for all provinces. Similarly, while access to our national health care system is universal, the services that each province offers its citizens are not identical. Thus, while equality is a goal of many Canadians, significant differences exist among provinces — differences shaped by the historical, regional and cultural realities that defined each province at the time it joined the Canadian federation.

In recognition of this fact, the federal government's proposals recommend that the distinct reality of Quebec society be acknowledged. This distinct society includes Quebec's civil law tradition, its language and its unique culture. In addition, the proposals recommend that it is the responsibility of all governments to preserve Canada's linguistic majorities and minorities and that Quebec has a special responsibility to preserve and promote its own distinct culture.

Some in Quebec see these recommendations as giving to Quebec less than the Meech Lake Accord offered. On the other hand, some opponents of the distinct society provision, as it was described in the Meech Lake document, think that this new proposal addresses many of their concerns.

Ottawa's proposals recognize the distinct reality of Quebec

the Constitution Act of 1982, there was no way to amend the Canadian Constitution other than by an act of the British parliament. This inability to change the fundamental law of Canada was one of the driving forces behind then-prime minister Pierre Trudeau's many attempts to "patriate" the BNA Act throughout the 1970s.

With the passage of the Constitution Act in 1982, six different amending formulas were introduced into the Canadian Constitution. Of these, the most significant are:

1. Unanimous consent of the federal government and all provincial governments is required for any change to the monarchy, the Supreme Court and the status of official languages in Canada.

2. Representation to the House of Commons, the selection and powers of the Senate, the establishment of new provinces and minor changes to the Supreme Court require the support of seven of the provinces representing 50 per cent of the population of Canada. This is usually referred to as the 7/50 rule.

Most of the federal government's recent constitutional proposals require the support of seven provinces with 50 per cent of the population. In the case of Meech Lake, the unanimous consent of all the provinces was required within three years. When the provinces of Manitoba and Newfoundland did not ratify the accord, these proposed amendments died.

Neither the Constitution Act of 1982 nor the Meech Lake Accord of 1987 provided for any form of popular participation in new constitutional proposals. Since the downfall of the Meech Lake initiative, much debate has occurred in Canada over the difference between elite and popular input into the constitutional process. This has prompted many Canadians to urge the government to pass a referendum law that would give all Canadians the right to vote on new constitutional structures.

The role of a referendum to ratify or bind the future actions of the federal government has not yet been determined. It is also uncertain how a referendum would function, considering that most of the current constitutional proposals require the approval of provincial legislatures and not the provincial population.

The federal government has at times suggested and at other times backed away from the issue of a national referendum. But legislation providing for a referendum may be introduced into the House of Commons later this year.

In the meantime, the decision to hold a series of regional conferences on the major issues for debate has provided some degree of popular input into the constitutional process that is now under way.

How is the division of powers being affected by the constitutional debate?

All federations divide powers among the various levels of government. In Canada, the federal government and the provinces are each responsible for a different range of government, social and economic services.

Under the 1867 BNA Act, the federal government was responsible for such areas as aboriginal peoples, criminal law, national defence,

weights and measures, banking, the national debt, the post office, the regulation of trade and commerce, taxation, the provision of equalization payments to the provinces and the making of laws for the "peace, order and good government" of the country.

The provinces were responsible for health, education, justice, property and civil rights. They also have control over natural resources, the incorporation of provincial companies and contract law.

The BNA Act also provided for several areas of joint responsibility. Today, these responsibilities are shared in such areas as agriculture, immigration, the environment and pensions.

Wherever the Constitution is silent, the federal government is granted the "residual" power to legislate on matters affecting the country as a whole. The provinces have residual powers over purely local or provincial matters. The powers each level of government exercises are determined by the Constitution. These powers, however, were established some 125 years ago and may not accurately reflect the realities of governing Canada in the late 20th century.

Among the most prominent issues that have been raised over the past several years are the search for greater authority by several provinces, including Quebec, the management of new areas of responsibility (e.g., telecommunications) and the use of the so-called federal spending power.

To some extent, the Meech Lake Accord addressed the division of powers issue. It provided for provincial input regarding both the appointment of new senators and the issue of Quebec's approval of Supreme Court appointments. In addition, the accord put certain limitations on federal spending in areas of provincial jurisdiction.

A more extensive transfer of powers was suggested in early 1991 with the release of the Quebec Liberal party's own report on constitutional issues. Known as the Allaire Report, it recommended that Quebec take over some 22 areas of jurisdic-

Are referendums likely to replace old constitutional amending formulas?

The way Canada changes its Constitution lies at the root of many divisive debates between the federal government and the provinces. Prior to

tion from the federal government, leaving only defence, customs, currency and equalization payments as Ottawa's responsibility.

In contrast, the federal government's latest proposals recommend that control of certain traditional areas of federal responsibility — such as tourism, forestry, n. . . ng, recreation, housing and municipal affairs — could be turned over to provincial governments.

In addition, Ottawa would transfer elements of manpower training, immigration and broadcasting to the provinces. Finally, Ottawa has suggested it would exercise its spending power in areas of provincial jurisdiction only with support of seven of the provinces with 50 per cent of the Canadian population.

Ultimately, however, the question of which level of government provides which specific service is less an issue than that of the need for federal and provincial governments to co-operate — not compete — with each other in giving Canadians the means to create and participate in an increasingly efficient and productive economy.

There's been talk of including a "social charter" in the Constitution. What is it and what would it mean?

Although a social charter was not among the original proposals offered by the federal government, its presence in the Constitution is an idea that has received considerable support from a number of groups.

Advocates of a social charter argue that Canada's historical commitment to values such as universal access to health care, public education and social security is an essential part of our national identity. They have urged that this commitment be protected by formal inclusion in the Constitution.

Critics of this proposal say that a constitution is not an appropriate vehicle for defining so-

cial policy. They maintain that the courts would have difficulty in interpreting the charter and in relating it to future legislation, and that the charter itself might limit the power of future governments.

Some supporters of the social charter have acknowledged these problems. To overcome them, they suggest that the charter take the form of a declaration of commitment — a statement that is without legal force but which nevertheless carries considerable moral authority as an affirmation of Canada's most cherished social principles.

Many women's groups want their concerns addressed. What's in the debate for women?

Long after the failure of the Meech Lake Accord, the image of 11 males sitting in a closed room and deciding the fate of an entire nation persists.

Women, as well as men, saw this as a symbol of how women have been excluded from Canada's political decision-making process. As a result, renewed demands were made to change the situation.

In the course of the current constitutional debate, it has been repeatedly suggested that women be allowed to make a greater contribution to the issues under discussion and to the areas these issues affect.

This message was perhaps most effectively put forth in the discussion on parliamentary representation. It was pointed out that women form a majority in Canada — about 52 per cent of the population — but that only a small proportion of elected officials are female.

It was further argued that since women face considerable obstacles to getting elected — ringing from subtle biases against women who run for public office to the constraints imposed by family responsibilities — they should be ac-

corded special treatment as a means of overcoming these obstacles.

Other women argued that they would prefer to be judged and to succeed on their own merits rather than be given special treatment.

While there appears to be no easy resolution to this debate, it is clear that the time has come to give the issue of employment equity in the political arena the same attention and importance it has in the business sector.

Is there anything positive to come from this debate on national unity?

Canada's constitutional debate has produced a number of positive results.

The failure of the Meech Lake Accord in June 1990, for example, demonstrated to many the defects of a procedure that excluded the opinions of "ordinary" Canadians from the constitutional decision-making process. Had such opinions been actively sought, the accord itself may have had a better chance of success.

As a consequence, the discussions which have taken place since Meech Lake — such as the Spicer Commission and the series of public conferences on the federal government's constitutional proposals — have encouraged a greater degree of public participation. This emphasis on popular input and open proceedings is certainly a worthwhile development, especially if it influences areas of the political process that have been out of tune with the public mood.

The debate over constitutional renewal has also helped focus attention on several other key issues, many of which have been either neglected or only partially understood in the popular mind.

Benefiting from comprehensive media coverage, many Canadians now have at least the opportunity to better grasp a number

of diverse yet constitutionally relevant topics. These topics include: the West's desire for a Triple-E Senate; the damaging economic effects of interprovincial trade barriers and the need to reduce and even eliminate them; the needless duplication of some government programs and services; the political aspirations of native peoples; the delicate and complex social and economic relationships between Canada's regions; and even the nature of monetary policy...to name only a few.

Moreover, by familiarizing themselves with these and other issues, many Canadians have acquired a deeper appreciation not only of the complexity and importance of constitutional change but also of the rich regional and cultural diversity of Canada itself.

The current constitutional debate has sometimes been accused of fostering dissunity in the nation. Perhaps this is true if it is used as an occasion for promoting inflexible positions, self-serving ideas and intolerant opinions.

But if approached with a desire to learn and to compromise, then that debate offers a major opportunity to rebuild this country along lines that truly reflect its unique character and that assist Canadians in understanding one another.

Where do we go from here?

Although the timing has come into question lately, the Quebec government says that it still intends to hold a popular referendum on the sovereignty issue this October. The issue is sufficiently sensitive that it is impossible to predict the results at this time. Some polls, however, have indicated that at least two-thirds of Quebec residents believe that separation is likely to happen if a new constitutional arrangement is not agreed upon.

Our present Constitution has never been ratified by Quebec

There are several forms that this new arrangement could take. The ones most frequently mentioned are:

1. Asymmetrical federalism: this arrangement would allow certain powers and responsibilities to be transferred from the federal government to those provinces that consider such powers essential to their economic, political and cultural well-being. Provinces that do not want such powers can allow them to remain in the hands of the federal government.

Such an arrangement would allow Quebec to have more control over its own internal affairs while at the same time allowing those provinces that want to retain a strong central government system to do so.

2. Decentralization: the transfer of certain powers from the federal government to all the provinces. Elements of decentralization can be found in the federal government's recent package of constitutional proposals. It includes recommendations to make labor market training a wholly provincial responsibility. It also includes recommendations to withdraw or curtail federal involvement in such areas as tourism, forestry, mining and recreation.

Decentralization in one form or another has long been part of Canada's political history. Quebec has traditionally been a strong proponent of the concept. And so has Alberta on occasion and British Columbia as well. Other provinces, however, such as those in Atlantic Canada, are generally uncomfortable with the

idea on the grounds that decentralization would force them to perform services and assume responsibilities they cannot financially afford.

3. The status quo: in other words, Canada's present constitutional arrangement — the patriated Constitution of April 1982, including a Charter of Rights and Freedoms, an elected Parliament with representation based on population, an unelected Senate with little real power, and so on.

Even though Canada's present Constitution has been in effect for nearly 10 years, it has never been ratified by Quebec, a province where roughly one-quarter of all Canadians live.

Most parties involved in the current constitutional debate admit that the status quo is not an acceptable solution to our constitutional problem. Indeed, many would argue that it is one of the major causes of that problem.

4. Separation: the term is self-explanatory. Quebec would secede from the rest of Canada and form an independent nation.

An opportunity to advance our national legacy

Canadians can prevent separation

If, however, Canadians allow constitutional issues to lead them down the path of anger, suspicion, stubbornness, frustration and apathy, then separation is a real possibility. The danger — and the tragedy — here is that separation might come about not because most Canadians choose or want it, but because we simply allowed it to happen.

There is an additional danger to contemplate. Some Canadians believe that Quebec and the "rest of Canada" would be able to survive quite nicely without each other.

"Let Quebec go," certain people say. "We are going," say some Quebecers. Both groups base their sentiments on the assumption that a fractured Canada would be as economically prosperous as a united Canada.

That is a patently false assumption. Those who advocate or accept the division of Canada are deluding both themselves and others if they think that such divisions can be accomplished without great social and economic cost.

In the event of separation, a strong case can be made that the "new" governments of Canada and Quebec would face considerable difficulties in financing their debts and deficits. And they would likely encounter increasing problems in their ability to stay globally competitive.

Canada's excessive debt and its inability to fully finance that debt domestically have made Canadians more dependent than ever on foreign investment and foreign confidence — especially confidence in our political stability. By the same token, demand for our natural resources has declined and our position as an industrial power has deteriorated in the face of intense global competition. All these things have made national co-

operation and collective endeavor essential factors in any drive for competitive success.

Today, more than ever, all parts of Canada need each other and need to support each other.

A country's constitution is never perfect. From time to time it has to be modified and adjusted to meet the evolving requirements of the society it is designed to benefit. What is exceptional in Canada's case is that throughout our history we have consistently and successfully addressed the challenges of constitutional change in ways that enhanced — not undermined — economic security, human rights, political stability and social fairness. And we have done so without revolution, secession or civil war.

Today, Canadians have yet another opportunity to preserve and even advance that legacy. We must seize that opportunity and demand that our politicians and leaders work toward a constitutional solution that is acceptable and fair to everyone — not just one or two regions or groups — and that the result of that solution is not a nation that is dismembered, dismal and feeble, but one that is united, strong, and confident of itself and of its future. ■

THE RIGHT STUFF

A NEW GENERATION PREPARES TO REACH FOR THE STARS

When Julie Payette, a Montreal computer engineer, learned on June 9 that she was one of Canada's four newest astronauts, she dealt with her intense relief in her usual confided manner: by doing "bricks." Bricks, used in training for the gripping tasks that she anticipates, consist of running a kilometer as fast as possible, cycling at top speed for three minutes—then repeating these steps three times. "At the end, your legs feel like bricks," says Payette, "but it clears your mind completely." Payette's

discipline will serve her well when she and her three new colleagues report next week to the Canadian Space Agency in Ottawa to begin astronaut training. "It was not an easy task," says MacDonald Evans, chairman of the agency's selection committee. "But in the end, the committee chose the four who had the best mix of characteristics and capabilities. They are an outstanding bunch."

Payette, along with Calgary physician Robert Stewart, Toronto physicist Daryl Williams and Maj. Chris Hadfield—a Milton, Ont., test pilot on exchange with the U.S. navy—is following in the path of other Canadian high-fliers. In 1968, John McDermid, working with engineer Alexander Graham Bell near Baddeck, N.S., piloted the first flight in Canada aboard the Silver Dart. Toronto's A. V. Roe Co. of Canada developed the first strap-in-seated aircraft to break the sound barrier without rocket power, in 1953—the Avro C-119. And 32 years later, Marc Garneau became the first Canadian in space, followed last January by Roberta Bondar, who returned to Earth to a hero's welcome and is now lecturing and doing research.

In their mid-life star trek, two of Canada's next generation of astronauts may go where no Canadian has gone before. As payload specialists, Garneau and Bondar performed their designated experiments inside a shuttle. But later this month, Canada's space agency will choose two of Canada's new astronauts to go to space headquarters in Russia, where in August they will begin the two-to-four-year training program to become mission specialists. In that capacity, they would perform a wide range of duties, including retrieving satellites during a space walk. They would also operate the Canadarm—a remote-controlled device developed by Canadian researchers that was first employed aboard a U.S. space shuttle in 1982—which can manipulate payloads weighing up to 36,000 kg.

Depending upon when they fly, Canada's astronauts may arrive on shuttle missions, help build space station Freedom starting in 1996 or orbit on board Freedom for up to three months. "Being mission specialists gives us career astronaut status," says Hadfield, "and makes us eligible to fly on more than one mission." The astronauts not selected

for Houston will continue their training in Canada, and may fly on missions offered by other countries with space programs.

The new foursome, selected from among 6,539 applicants, clearly has the right stuff. Payette, 38, who is single, graduated with a masters of applied science in computer engineering from the University of Toronto in 1990. A concert pianist, soprano soloist and chorister, she worked for Bell Northern Research developing voice applications for computers before being selected for the space program. She shares her

musical flair with Stewart, a 37-year-old associate professor and chairman of exploration geophysics at the University of Calgary—who plays flute and oboe—and in chief Stewart was also part of a 1976 Canadian expedition to the Himalayas in Nepal, and volunteers as an instructor with the Alberta Association for Disabled Students.

Williams, who is married to an Air Canada pilot, Cindy Fraser, was born in Saskatchewan but grew up in Montreal, where he earned his doctor of medicine and master of surgery degrees at McGill University. Now acting director of emergency services at Toronto's Sunnybrook Health Sciences Centre, he started scuba diving at 13, and took up skydiving until a medical school dean requested that he stop. "I wanted to be an astronaut when I was a kid, but thought that as a Canadian I didn't stand a chance," says the 37-year-old Williams. "Then, last fall I heard rumors that the space agency might be recruiting, and I sent my résumé in even before they advertised."

Hadfield, who earned a masters of aviation systems degree from the University of Toronto, has been on an exchange program at the U.S. Naval Test Facility in Patuxent, Md., for the past three years. In May, he was named U.S. navy test pilot of the year. The 38-year-old Hadfield—who, with his wife, Helen, has two boys and a girl aged 5 to 8—says that he too had "camped the fire" by Michael Collins, who stayed aboard Apollo 11 while Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin made their historic moon walk on July 20, 1969. "Collins was a superb test pilot," says Hadfield, "and a wonderful writer."

The new astronauts say that they want to help bring science and technology down to earth for three fellow Canadians. But all wanted to do the muscle of lessor themselves. "My worship is a little blind and I don't want to be worshipped," says Payette. "This is an opportunity to contribute." Canada's newest astronaut arrives is preparing to rise, but their feet are clearly planted on the ground.

BARBARA WICKENS



This publication is also available in French on request from Corporate Communications and Public Affairs, Commerce Court Postal Station, Toronto, Ontario M5L 1A2

Copyright 1992, CIBC



Payette: "More worship is a little blind and I don't want to be worshipped"

Photo: CIBC

MARATHON MAN OF HOPE

FOR FIVE MONTHS IN 1980,
CANADIANS FOLLOWED TERRY FOX'S
HEROIC FUND-RAISING RUN

When the Moodie family moved from North Vancouver to Prince Edward Island in 1964, they made a point of interrupting their cross-country drive to stop at Thunder Bay, Ont., to see the memorial to Terry Fox. Like millions of people across Canada, and indeed around the world, they had closely followed the heroic attempt by the one-legged young man from Port Castellan, B.C., to run the breadth of the nation in 1980 to raise money for cancer research. Kathleen Moodie recalls the lovely sunset that September evening on the westward shore of Lake Superior and the pictures that she and her husband, Danny, took at the Fox memorial. "We of course had no idea at the time," says Kathleen. "That we were going to be so involved by all of this excitement." The Moodie family moved back to North Vancouver two years later—and in 1986, just four days before Christmas, doctors discovered a large malignant tumor over Tim Moodie's heart.

Terry Fox was already a hero to the 10-year-old boy who suddenly found himself at the anniversary site of Vancouver's Children's Hospital undergoing massive chemotherapy. Doctors "didn't expect him to see Christmas," recalls his mother, but, incredibly, the tumor completely disappeared after one month of treatment. The chemotherapy continued for two years, and last June, a few days before his Grade 10 year ended, Tim's regular checkup again showed no signs of cancer.

At the distinguished table of the Moodie's North Vancouver home, Tim downs off the scrapbook that chronicles his diagnosis and treatment. With obvious pride, the blond teenager, who will be 18 in August, points to a picture of himself firing the starting gun to the 1988 Vancouver Terry Fox Run and to a letter thanking him for raising \$1,000 as pledges by running 10 km on his birthday. "We talked him out of people about Terry," he says, "and they think it's great, too, to be able to have someone to look up to and not just down to something." Adds Tim: "Every year, every dollar raised brings us that much closer to a cure."

Feeling a cure was Terry Fox's dream. After losing his right leg—an amputation above the knee—to cancer when he was 18 years old, the Simon Fraser University student and athlete decided to run across Canada to raise funds for research. "I am not a doctor," he said in his first appeal for financial support. "But I believe in miracles. I have a wish." When he first started training on his plastic-and-metal artificial leg, Fox could barely manage one lap of a 400-m track. Sixteen months and 5,054 km



Port: I am not a doctor. But I believe in miracles. I have to!

later, he was ready. On April 13, 1980, he dipped his artificial leg into the Atlantic Ocean at St. John's, Nfld., and began what he called the Marathon of Hope.

For an entire generation of Canadians, five months in 1980 remain an unforgettable time of anguish and heart-wrenching emotion. Each evening, an almost every regional and national television network, his program was shared. His distinctive top-and-run, his headstone face stoically composed, his tumble of curly hair, his eyes fixed on the horizon—Terry Fox became a member of nearly every Canadian family. Thousands of people lined the route, pledges poured in: the song that Terry Fox played on the radio. Then, on Sept. 1, on the Thunder Bay bridge leading to West River Road after 143 days and 5,242 km—fully two-thirds of the way towards his goal of Port Castellan, B.C., where he would dip his artificial limb into the Pacific—Terry Fox had to stop. The cancer that claimed his leg had spread to his lungs. He died on June 28, 1981, a month short of his 23rd birthday.

Fox's effort raised an astonishing \$26 million. And co-ordinated by his family, particularly his mother, Betty, Terry Fox Run have been held across the country on the second Sunday after Labor Day ever since, in symbolically carry on where he had to stop. That first September of 1981, there were 700 runs across Canada involving more than 300,000 people who raised \$5.5 million. Last year, there were 2,600 runs involving 500,000 people who raised \$7.5 million. In September, the money raised by Terry Fox and those who have run in his name is expected to top \$100 million in accordance with his wishes, the funds go towards cancer research as identified by the National Cancer Institute of Canada.

Five months before his death, Fox spoke with Maclean's about the concept of becoming. He said that if there was anything that made him different from others, it was his "determination," and that it derived from a very evil experience. Said Fox: "In the clinic, when I lost my leg, I had to listen to doctors tell people they had a 35-per-cent chance of living, and them to hear that person tell their family. My heart became larger during that time." And while he ran—while people now run in his name, when they make their donations—the hearts of millions grew larger because of Terry Fox. As the inscription on his gravestone in the municipal cemetery in Port Castellan reads: "He made his too-short life into a sensation of courage and hope."

HAL QUINN in Vancouver

"Business before pleasure"

was what you
always used to say.



Things change.

It happens. Life progresses, attitudes change; even yours. But as you've grown older, you've grown wiser too. Even now, when you're in a comfortable position to enjoy the luxuries of life you've never lost sight of the need to be practical. With Chrysler Dynasty LE, our engineers have created an environment of luxury traditionally reserved for the most expensive automobiles.

The comforting reassur-

ance of a driver's side air

bag. The power of our 3.3 litre sequential multi-point fuel-injected V-6 engine. And the convenience of air conditioning, tilt steering

and cruise control plus power windows and door locks. All encased in a stylish, classical frame. You'll also enjoy the comfort of the

Chrysler Dynasty LE \$19,100* Industry's first

Owner's Choice Protection Plan: your choice of warranty coverage between 7 years/115,000 km on the powertrain, or 3 years/60,000 km bumper-to-bumper, depending on your driving needs.¹ Chrysler Dynesty LE, surprisingly down-to-earth. You knew all along that if things did change, they'd be for the better.

CHRYSLER

All you have to do is drive ONE.

*MSRP. Excludes freight and P.D.T. option package plus delivery and taxes. MSRP shown excludes taxes. Dealer price may vary. Dealer may not be the best of the best.

RUNAWAY AMERICAN SLAVES FOUND SANCTUARY IN 19TH-CENTURY CANADA

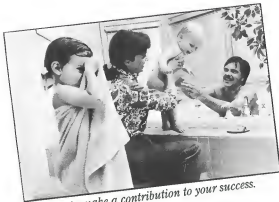
—Gloria Tietzow

A woman with dark hair, wearing a bright yellow short-sleeved shirt and a dark skirt with a colorful floral pattern, is sitting on a white picket fence. She is leaning her right arm on the fence post and looking towards the camera. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with greenery and a clear sky.

ANDREW DILSKI is *Co-Gen*



ANDREW BULSKI is *Chairman*



We'd like to make a contribution to your success.

Are you committed to keeping your professional life running smoothly so you can pursue precious personal goals?

Chartered Accountants are dedicated to helping you maintain this critical balance. Our scope of services goes beyond accounting, auditing and tax to strategic planning, profitability improvement, computerization and more. A CA brings the broadest possible perspective to your business based on knowledge acquired through a rigorous and unmatched education, combined with unparalleled experience.

Our independence, objectivity and integrity distinctly qualify us to deliver the best possible advice. What's more, the standards we set for preparing and reporting information are the basis for financial accountability in Canada.

All of this ensures that, no matter what your business size, a CA will help you realize your goals. Allow us to contribute to your achievement.



Chartered
Accountants
of Canada

1-800-963-0622 Resumes/Requests We'd like to hear from you.

THE VICTORY OF 'CALAMITY NELL'

McCLUNG HELPED WIN THE VOTE FOR WOMEN

Inside Alberta's towering sandstone legislature building, at the far end of the east-wing hallway, hangs a photograph of a handsome middle-aged woman with curly hair, a strong chin and tiny, determined lips. In her day, critics called Nellie McClung a "lady terror" or "Calamity Nell." Admirers called her a heroine. But for the campaign to win the vote for women, became one of the first women elected to the Alberta legislature and helped wage a court battle to prove that Canadian women were legally "persons." Meanwhile, she married, raised five children, published 16 books and delivered 100 speeches across Canada and the United States. To Elaine McCoy, now Alberta's 65-year-old minister responsible for women's issues, McClung is "a role model" whose commitment to social change is as relevant today as it was two generations ago.

During the battle for women's suffrage, McClung argued that she vote would usher in a new era of equality and justice that in the years before her death in 1921, she wrote of her disappointment at the slow pace of change. In fact, it was not until the late 1960s that a new wave of feminism targeted onto the national scene with a message as radical as McClung's had been in her time. McCoy was at the University of Alberta by then—a ambitious young law student convinced that all barriers to women's advancement had crumbled. "I thought that the doors were open," says McCoy. "I was naive. Here I am 23 years later, and there's still a wage gap, there's still sexual harassment and family violence. We don't have true equality. We've achieved all of those things."

And yet, so much has changed since 1875, when McClung was born in Chatsworth, Ont., and women—lumped in with horses and cattle—were still denied the right to vote. McClung's family moved to an isolated homestead in southern Manitoba where she was six years old. Pioneer life shaped her fiercely independent spirit and later inspired her literary, homespun novels. After finishing the eighth



McClung: a commitment to social change that is still relevant

grade, she taught school in Macrae, Man., where she met and married Wesley McClung, a pharmacist. "They had a very happy marriage," says Elaine McCoy, the couple's 65-year-old granddaughter, who owns a Toronto public relations firm. "Wesley had been brought up by a Presbyterian woman and he was very proud of Nellie."

Wesley McClung's niece, Anne, was an actress. Nellie soon joined her in the theatre scene, campaigning for universal

suffrage in the belief that women's external matrics would compel them to let the demons abroad as soon as they won the vote. Opponents of women's suffrage argued that politics would take women away from their duties at home, and they often accused McClung of neglecting her family. "I wish you could see the proportion of my mail that is to me to go home and mend my husband's socks," she wrote a friend. Still, McClung's natural respectability, her pretty hair and witty speeches made her more socially acceptable than some of her more radical colleagues.

In 1911, when the McClungs moved to Winnipeg, Nellie's political horizons expanded. Already a skilled activist, she began campaigning for better factory conditions and women's rights to family property. During Manitoba's 1914 election campaign, she played a leading role in the battle to oust Conservative Premier Edmund Munn, who had rejected women's suffrage. She staged the grassroots and took part in a popular mock parliament in which she played premier to a fictitious delegation of men. "Man is made for something higher and better than voting," she told the delegates, mimicking Munn's tone. "Politics is a waste, men, and something else means something better—broken families, and broken vows."

The McClungs had moved to Edmonton by the time the new Liberal government gave Manitoba women the vote in 1916. Saskatchewan and Alberta followed the same year; British Columbia and Ontario in 1917, Nova Scotia and the federal government in 1918. "More has happened in the last four years and a half," McClung wrote in 1919, "than in the 400 years that preceded that time." In 1921, McClung won a seat in the Alberta legislature as a member of the Liberal opposition. She crusaded for women's rights and prohibition. When the prohibition campaign failed, wrote *The Edmonton Journal*, she "accorred" the government with acerbated and bitter tongue.

Later, she joined four other women to fight the Sarnia Prison Case. Under the British North America Act, only "persons" could sit on the Senate, and the Supreme Court of Canada ruled in 1928 that that did not include women. Unhappily, the first women took the case to the Privy Council in Britain—and won. Later, McClung served on the CBC's first board of governors and was a delegate to the League of Nations in 1936. She continued writing until her death in 1951, at 77.

After helping to bring the vote to more than half of the Canadian population, McClung was largely forgotten until a feminist revival in the 1960s. "It's been two steps forward and one step back," says 85-year-old Alberta Liberal MLA Betty Hewes. Women now, she adds, must win the battle where the early suffragists left off. "I feel some obligation to them because of what they accomplished for me. I feel some duty to live up to their legacy."

MARY NEMETH in Edmonton

TYCOONS IN PROGRESS

QUEBEC'S BOMBARDIER TURNS SNOW INTO PROFIT

When Benoit is filled with champagne when he recalls that last time that he flew an airplane. Even though Benoit is chairman of Bombardier Inc., a Montreal-based transportation conglomerate that owns four airline companies and manufactures some of the delectable jets in the world, he does not fly any of them. On a clear summer day in 1970, Benoit, who was working towards his pilot's licence, took a small plane for a practice flight. The plane's wheels had just left the runway when Benoit decided to re-adjust his seat. Without thinking, he reached down and released a lever. To his horror, the seat slipped backwards to the rear of the cockpit. Flummied straight to the seat, Benoit scooted forward, desperately trying to reach the controls and keep the plane from crashing. "I was just high enough off the ground," he says, laughing sheepishly. "No fall squad!" The experience convinced Benoit, an accountant by training, that he was not cautious enough to fly a plane. But he was bold enough to build one of Canada's few truly international corporations—a quintessentially Canadian company that turned snow into profit.

In the 33 years that Benoit has been running Bombardier, he has transformed a modest automobile-manufacturing firm started by his father-in-law as a toy garage in Valcourt, Que., into a \$3-billion conglomerate with more than 26,700 employees and manufacturing and aerospace operations around the world. He has also led in the best traditions of Canadian business: Pub and beaver pelts, minerals and forests—those were the sources of wealth for the country's earliest entrepreneurs, and for some of the current ones. Other people have gotten rich supplying the nation with oil, gold, diamonds and furs, and—when whisky and beer. But as the country has grown more sophisticated, service companies have sprouted and Canadians have become expert at banking and insurance—Canada graduates more actuaries per capita than any other nation. Benoit has broken stereotypes of politeness and reserve. Canada has unleashed a string of colorful, confident tycoons, including such newspaper barons as Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Thompson of Fleet and Conrad Black.

It was Joseph Armand Bombardier, however, who introduced working classy Canadians. As a boy in the 1920s, the mechanically inclined Bombardier spent his spare time tinkering



with small toys and machines. At 15, he built a crude snowmobile on narrow runners powered by an old Ford motorcar engine. Although his father, a farmer and merchant, wanted his eldest son to be a priest, young Bombardier persisted. He learned English in order to take correspondence courses in electrical engineering and mechanics. Eventually, in 1926, when Bombardier was 19, his father relented and built a small gas station for his son in Valcourt. Bombardier married and settled into a successful business. But he spent the few winter months, when few automobiles were running, trying to perfect a snowmobile. His determination grew even stronger when his two-year-old son died tragically in January, 1934, from a boat accident—snow had

Bombardier taking over where his avocentric father-in-law left off. As heir of the country's first truly international corporation first into mass transit, then into the aerospace industry

closed the roads and prevented Bombardier from getting the child to the nearest hospital in Sherbrooke.

Three years later, Bombardier produced the first working model of the snowmobile with commercial potential. It was an awkward-looking, tail-fine vehicle that could carry 15 people and was able to travel over otherwise impassable snow because of its distinctive track wheels at the back and skis at the front. Fifty years ago in July, Bombardier formed a company to manufacture the vehicles. Soon the infant firm was selling them across Canada—family doctors were using the most rugged customers—and exporting them to other snow-covered countries, establishing the tradition of looking abroad for business opportunities. But by the end of the

decade, snowmobiles were beginning to open roads in the winter and the big assemblies were no longer needed. Armand Bombardier went back to the drawing board and modified his machine for other uses. He developed a skidding tractor for traversing northern swamps and a forestry tractor used in the logging industry. It was the first of many times that Bombardier would prove to be an adaptable company.

In 1959, Bombardier finally produced the vehicle that he had dreamed of as a boy, the small recreational Ski-Doo. He actually called it the Ski-Dog, but the tail fell off the "g" on a prototype and the new name stuck. Ski-Doo replaced dog traces as the vehicle of choice in Northern Canada, and in the South they used to create a new winter sport. Meanwhile, Benoit, who had married Bombardier's daughter Claire while they were attending the University of Sherbrooke's master's of commerce program, was over her father, as well, after he successfully turned around a money-losing sawmill in 1962. Bombardier introduced snow-skiers to his company's rear-drive ski in 1964. Two years later, at 38, Benoit became president.

The company continued to turn out snowmobiles, building a sound financial base through the boom years of Ski-Dooing—until the energy crisis of 1973. When snowmobile sales plummeted after the first big energy crisis, Benoit decided, like Armand Bombardier before him, that the firm needed to change course. It was the end of the first phase of the company's history. "We were looking for where we could diversify to use the talents, the working and tooling that we had developed in the organization," says Benoit. "And we wanted one that wouldn't follow the same business cycle as our recreational vehicles."

In 1974, the conglomerate, centered the manufacturing business by winning a contract to produce subway cars for Montreal. Over the next several years, the company saw contracts to supply new-line subway cars in Canada, the United States and Mexico. Then, in 1982, the firm was awarded what Benoit calls "the order of the century," looking out its outraged American competitors to supply 855 subway cars to New York City. Earlier this year, Bombardier continued its expansion into mass transit, buying some assets of U.S.R.C. from the Ontario government.

The firm's next move was into the aerospace industry, begun in 1966 when Bombardier bought Canadair Ltd., a government-owned aircraft manufacturer that made business jets and amphibious aircraft. "After about a year, we were looking for a third leg," says Benoit. "But we would not have been in aerospace if the Canadian opportunity hadn't come up, because we could not have afforded it." The Canadair acquisition was soon followed by the purchases of other financially troubled aircraft companies, Short Bros. Inc. of Northern Ireland in 1989, Learjet Inc. of Wichita, Kan., in 1990, and de Havilland of Toronto early this year. Learjet was the only contract bought from governments or with government assistance. Last year, Bombardier's aerospace division accounted for the bulk of its \$167.7 million profit.

Analysts who follow Bombardier rate its skill at striking deals with government. One Toronto financial analyst, who asked to create an anonymous, says: "Other people, when they go to buy something like Shorts or de Havilland, look at the assets and say, 'What am I prepared to pay for this?' Bombardier takes the thing on its head and says, 'What is the government trying to achieve and how much should I change them to meet their policy objectives?'" Some analysts contend that Bombardier has bought valuable companies at low prices. "A lot of the strategic moves they've made are just about to pay off," says Fred Schilling, an analyst with Northern Thomson Inc. in Montreal. "The key is that all their acquisitions were made very cheaply. If you buy at 16 cents on the dollar, all you're making is a dime. And if you can turn it very cheap, it can be worth a dollar."

Others say that the company has assembled a collection of chronic money-losers that cannot be turned around. In fact, few Canadian companies have prospered by working closely with government. Horacio Manktelow, author of *Northern Enterprise*, a history of 500 years of Canadian business, compares Bombardier to the A. V. Roe Co. of Canada, which built a prototype of the jet airplane but never actually developed it, and designed the ill-fated Avro Arrow fighter aircraft in the 1950s. "Bombardier, like Avro, is a company that has thrived on doing the government's bidding," says Manktelow. "You can also get sloppy and incompetent."

Now, Benoit is leading his firm in a difficult problem: He is co-chairman of a coalition of Quebec businessmen who are agitating us in favor of federalism. But it was a controversial federal government decision to award a maintenance contract on the C-18 aircraft in 1986 to Bombardier's Canadian subsidiary, which is a Winnipeg company that contributed to the U.S. opposition to the March 1987 constitutional agreement. Benoit's support for federalism is not surprising; his company relies on contracts from the federal government and other provinces. As well, he points out, Canada is one of the highest standards of living in the world. "When you're in the top, it's easier to go from it to it to go up," says Benoit. "Quebec has been so much to Canada and Canada has been an asset to Quebec. It would be a grave mistake for us to destroy that overnight." For Benoit, who knows how to build a company, recklessly skidding across a supply chain business.

RENEA DALGLISH in Montreal

DISCOVERIES FROM 'A' TO 'Z'

In the fall of 1998, Canadian physician Frederick Banting concerned a research project aimed at reducing the interrelationships of the pancreas. He received support from University of Toronto physiology Prof. John Macleod, who gave him advice, laboratory space and a vibrant assistant named Charles Best. The initial experiments by Banting and Best at the summer of 1921 convinced Macleod to expand the project, and by the next spring a team of researchers including Macleod, Banting, Best and Frederick Lewis (Bill) Collip—discovered the pancreatic hormone they called insulin. Insulin's production of, or reduced sensitivity to, insulin was shown to result in diabetes mellitus, an often fatal disorder. Banting and Macleod shared the Nobel Prize for physiology or medicine in 1923.

Canadians have been credited with scores of other discoveries and inventions. From 'A' (the acb) made an battery-less radio—Edward Rogers of Toronto, 1920) to 'Z' (the zipper—Gideon Sundback in St. Catharines, Ont., 1906). Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone at Brantford, Ont., in 1876. A sampling of others:



Basketball: James Naughton, at a Springfield, Mass., YMCA, 1891.

Kermess: with Abraham Grier in Halifax, 1855.

Pinkies: Theodore Drake, Alva Brown and Frederick Tait in Toronto, 1890.

Prized baseball glove: Arthur Irwin, while playing for the Princeton Corp., in 1894.

Point roller: Toronto credit clerk Norman Borden, 1900.

Steam-operated foghorns: Robert Foster at Saint John, N.B., 1855.



TROOPS IN THE STREETS

THE 'OCTOBER CRISIS' SHOOK THE NATION

Early on the morning of Oct. 5, 1970, the doorbell rang in the handsome grey-stucco house on Ruepath Crescent in Montreal and a man looked down from the steps on the steps outside. When he asked what they wanted, one replied that they had a parcel for her employee, British Trade commissioner James Cross. But before she could respond, they barged past her, abducted Cross at gunpoint from his bedroom and fled with him in a rented car. Five days later, gunmen wearing wigs and fake mustaches watched Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte off his front lawn while he played ball with a nephew. The kidnappers were members of the revolutionary—and separatist—Front de libération du Québec (FLQ), which for seven years had been blowing up Montreal-area mailboxes to publicize its demand for Quebec independence. The high-level abductions etched the FLQ's supporters, paraded the well-to-do, who suddenly saw themselves as potential targets, and marked the beginning of what came to be known as the "October Crisis"—one of the ugliest domestic episodes in Canadian history.

Before it ended nearly three months later, the kidnappers committed murder and 6,000 troops imposed martial law on Montreal with barbed wire and bayonets. The thirty federal government, enacting to a little-known law giving it the power to rule by decree, suspended civil rights—as action that still provokes debate among legal scholars. Cross, now 70 and living with his wife near the English south coast town of Lymington, says that his abduction reflected the revolutionary theory "that it doesn't really matter what violent action you take, the fact of the violent

Soldiers in Montreal during the 1970 emergency: an ugly episode

action itself creates a momentum which loses the limits that held the society together." Only hours after seeing the then 48-year-old Cross, the terrorists demanded the release of several Quebec prison inmates known to be extreme separatist supporters. The demands were ignored and, on Oct. 30, the FLQ grabbed Laporte. Two days later, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau ordered the army to protect key sites in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec City. When he was criticized for that, Trudeau replied: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. All I can say is: Go on and defend." But Prime Minister Trudeau was still not reassured. On Oct. 30, Trudeau responded to the Quebec leader's appeal for tougher action by invoking the War Measures Act. The radical 1914 law, never before used in peacetime, severely limited protection against arbitrary search, seizure and arrest.

Police were quick to act, arresting without charge more than 450 writers, teachers, publishers, entertainers, academics and labor leaders. Most were released within a few days. The arrests outraged many Canadians, including provincial and municipal politicians, authors, performers, teachers and trade union members. Scores helped pay for newspaper ads deploring the curtailment of civil rights. Jérôme Choquette, then Boccassa's justice minister and now a Montreal trial lawyer, says that "the War Measures Act opened the door to abuses being committed, but something had to be done to calm the people down." Yet it was not enough to save Laporte. Shortly after midnight on Oct. 18, police responding to a tip found his body in the trunk of an abandoned car near St-Hubert airport; he had been strangled with the chain of a religious medal he always wore.

Laporte's death brightened fears for Cross's safety, but about two weeks later police found the north-end Montreal region where he was being held. The kidnappers released him on Dec. 3—58 days after he was taken hostage—when the federal government agreed to let them fly to asylum in Cuba and gave them a motorcycle escort to the airport. Finding Laporte's killers took little longer: police finally tracked them to a rented home 32 km from Montreal, where they were flushed from an upstairs tunnel built as a hiding place.

The four—Paul and Jacques Rose, Bernard Lortie and Francis Simard—drew prison terms of from eight years to life. But all had either completed their sentences or been pardoned by the end of 1982. Four of the six Cross kidnappers—Jacques Lacombe, Jacques and Louise Corcoran-Trudel and Marc Carbonneau—served exile in Cuba and Spain and returned home to stand trial. Each served less than two years.

Gérard Pélissier, secretary of state in Trudeau's Liberal cabinet at the time of the kidnappings, says that the FLQ left no legacy. "Nobody in Quebec wants to eliminate what these guys did," says Pélissier. "There were many people who were ready to support me at a distance, but at the moment they associated Laporte, all sympathy disappeared. It was the end." It may have been the end of popular support for revolutionary violence in Quebec. But the memory of its passing will long remain with James Cross, the heady of Pierre Laporte—and a nation that discovered it was not immune to terror.

RAE CORELLI

The world's most popular scotch.



A MAN OF THE PEOPLE

QUEBECERS REMEMBER RENE LEVESQUE FONDLY

In the unimpeachable slang of Quebec's French-speaking strata, he was called *Tat-Pat*—"Little Baby." It is not the least of names that normally reserves hostile images just for most of those who habitually used the nickname—René Lévesque was always more than a hero. Although he was widely respected for the depth of his convictions and the breadth of his accomplishment, it was the genuine affection of the crowd that set him apart from his contemporaries. The great mass of ordinary Quebecers did not merely admire the pint-sized figure with the shiny pate; they scrarily liked the man. "Over the years, he managed to create a mirror-like personal bond between himself and his people," recalls Louis Bernard, a longtime political ally for "It may well have been his last enduring quality."

It was certainly his most enduring. For Lévesque's first political campaign touch not only reduced a personal animosity in the wake of the avowedly hostile man, it also imparted the legacy that he bequeathed Quebecers after his sudden death in 1985, at 66: "He restored our pride and our self-confidence," says Paris Québécois, Vice-President Bernard Landry, a key recruit and confidante that underlie the current separatist drive at the province. And while Quebecers rejected the sovereignty option in a 1980 referendum, they are again preparing to vote on their future—evidence that Lévesque's dream lives on, and continues to exasperate tensions between French and English Canada.

Politica aside, it is Lévesque's awe-of-the-people persona that Quebecers romanticize, and that runs through all of his many vocations, linking the otherwise disjointed, sometimes contradictory chapters in his life. First aside his job as a war correspondent with a last soldier's view of conflicts in Europe and Korea. His rise to prominence as a TV commentator



Lévesque from the battlefields of Europe, a hunted of violence

who brought the world outside Quebec into living rooms across the province. The resulting fame helped to launch his political career, which fell into two distinct epochs—one federalist, the other separatist, his both rooted in a respect for the individual Quebecer.

As a cabinet minister and later as premier, Lévesque abolished political patronage, established an effective and service, introduced real political power to French-speakers and women, broke the English-speaking business class's stronghold on the province's economy and, at least, diminished the political influence of the *fin de siècle* by channeling nationalist energies into legitimate parliamentary action. These, and other measures, were attempts that, according to Landry University political theorist Liane Dion, led to "modernism and democra-

tize Quebec." Said Dion: "Nobody owed him—just because, in short, not the independence, not even the political party he founded. The people knew that. It's why they loved him."

Not everyone loved Lévesque. Of course, he was, after all, the man who in 1968 almost singlehandedly created the separatist PQ, an accomplishment that won few admirers outside of Quebec's nationalists. He led his *Jeune* to victory in the 1976 and 1981. These two governments were the first ever in Quebec expressly dedicated to sovereignty-association. It was a development that stirred Canadian elites, particularly in the opposition to the organization to reorganize the Constitution moved to a successful outcome in 1981. "He was brilliant, charming and energetic," recalls former Minister to Premier Peter Lougheed, who faced Lévesque during those talks. "But the problem for me, very frankly, was that over-general knowledge that I was dealing with someone who wanted to tear my country apart."

It took Lévesque some time to arrive at that position. A native of New Carlisle, then a predominantly English-speaking village in the Gaspé, he was regarded as the son of a lawyer father. But, an indifferent student, he dropped out of Laval University's law school after 21 years of study. The year was 1943, was now raging in Europe and Lévesque decided to take a firsthand look. He swapped a job with the French-legal governor of the United States Office of War Information, who put him in a U.S. army uniform and shipped him overseas in a radio correspondent.

The war took Lévesque to battle-scarred London, through the Rhine Offensive and the liberation of Dachau. It kindled in him the abhorrence of violence. It also gave him his trademark raspy voice—the result of untreated laryngitis. After returning to Montreal in

late 1945, he joined Radio-Canada, the French-language arm of the CBC. For the next dozen years, and with contemporaries as Pierre Trudeau and Wilfrid Laurier struggled against the heavy hand of Minister Duplessis's Union Nationale government, Lévesque's columns were international.

He covered the Korean War for Radio-Canada, where his reports from the isolated combat zone were, and later won immense celebrity in the media and led to *Point à Point*, or *On Target*, a weekly TV review of international affairs. Rarely did he show interest in the gathering nuclear storm at home: "We were all fighting Duplessis like mad," remembers Pelletier, "but René was fighting to influence Canadian foreign policy."

All that changed late in 1948, after Radio-Canada went on strike. The work action gave rise to a symbol of resurgent French-Canadian nationalism. It galvanized Quebec's intellectual class, transforming Lévesque from a nationalist bystander into an ardent participant. His leading role in the strike led to an invitation from Jean Lesage to run as a candidate for the provincial Liberal party. In 1956, Lesage's Liberals overcame the Union Nationale, and Lévesque, who had won the Montreal/Laurier riding by 139 votes, entered the cabinet of the government that would launch what became known as Quebec's Quiet Revolution.

That movement derived much of its force from the policies that Lévesque outlined—in particular the ruthless elimination of pork barrel patronage.

and the nationalization of the province's electrical companies to form Hydro-Québec. "Lévesque owned the quiet part of the Quiet Revolution, but the revolutionary part belonged to Lesage," said Bernard, who went on to serve as a key liaison architect of the two even more revolutionary governments that Lévesque eventually led.

Lévesque formed the Parti Québécois in 1968, after leaving the provincial Liberal the previous year when they refused to endorse his call for a sovereign Quebec. English Canada: "It came to the conclusion that a *féderation* was not the best way to organize relations between French and English Canada because it would only lead to never-ending conflict." Whatever the justification, it was an effort that history will surely note.

History's judgment on what Lévesque did with that power is another matter. The record of his two plebeian governments is certainly mixed. It was indisputed that gave Quebec Bill 101, a widely criticized language law. At the same time, however, the very creation of the PQ gave the independence movement a legal claim to respect its prerogatives, culminating in the 1980 referendum. As well, Lévesque, despite his own bitter disappointment, did not hesitate to accept the results of the 1980 vote. It was a popular rebuff, after all. And at that report, Lévesque never deviated. He remained in the voice of his people.

HARRY CAME in Montreal

POET, LAWYER AND CRUSADER

The lefty and cerebral McGill University legal scholar was, on several counts, an unlikely courtroom crusader. At 47, Frank Scott had never before argued in court and was not even sure if his brother's trial was worth putting up. In addition, his opponent was the most powerful man in Quebec at the time—Gilles Melançon, Premier Maurice Duplessis.

In 1946, the notorious Duplessis had convicted the liquor license of Montreal restaurateur Frank Boncompagni, a Jewish's witness who had testified that for 300 fellow members of his faith accused of sedition. Scott decided that the case was just—and for the next 13 years he fought for Boncompagni. Finally, in 1959, the Supreme Court of Canada decided in Boncompagni's favor. "This was a landmark constitutional importance," says William Lefebvre, law professor emeritus at Queen's University, "one that reinforced the principle of rule of law."

That decision was just one of many highlights in the career of a 20th-century Renaissance man whose former Supreme Court clerk patron (then London described as "a Jewish figure"). An eminent poet—his 1941 *Collected Poems* won a Governor General's Award—Scott was also a co-founder of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which later became the New Democratic Party. The bilingual member of the 1960 Royal Commission on Bilingualism-Biculturalism, was also commended by French-speaking Quebecers

as one of the province's few anglophone opinion leaders to understand their aspirations. And he was a constitutional expert. He taught as the Constitution scholar in earlier Governor General's Award for nomination in 1970.

Scott was also involved in the lives of former prime minister Pierre Trudeau, who once wrote that from his contacts with Scott, "I absorbed much of my constitutional thinking." Scott had known Trudeau since the early 1940s, and once travelled with him for a month in the Far North. It was on that 1946 trip that Scott explained the younger man in verse, describing a Trudeau especially shrewdly as a raging river as "a man testing his strength against the strength of his country."

In 1968, Scott urged Trudeau to run for the leadership of the Liberal party. They shared a vision of a bilingual Canada with a strong central government in which minorities were protected. Those views resonated to Scott's support of Trudeau's 1970 association of the *Wig* Movement Act. The stand he took there—as well as his dogged opposition to Quebec language laws—has, he argues, shaped the province's English minority—lost him many friends among Quebec nationalists. But others claimed that Scott resembled—until his death in 2003—true to himself and to his vision of the country he served so long and so well.

GLEN ALLEN

REBELLION—CANADIAN-STYLE



MacKenzie's Toronto house: a scene from his rebellion

It was year was 1837. A rebellion smoldered in the continent, an employment of armed and organized governments ruled both Upper and Lower Canada. In that troubled climate, French-Canadians, roused by such nationalist leaders as Louis-Joseph Papineau, rebelled against colonial rule. In late November, after briefly repelling British forces at St-Denis, the Patriots suffered a crushing defeat. Those rebels not killed were beaten and marched to a Montreal prison.

In Upper Canada, William Lyon Mackenzie, the fierce journalist and reformer who dreamed of establishing responsible government, harbored his countrymen to hold common cause with the Patriots. Just after 6 p.m. on Dec. 5, he led about 600 rebels—armed with a few rifles, shotguns and pikes—down Toronto's Yonge Street. City defenders lined up, rebels fired back—and both sides fled. The battle for Toronto was over. But Mackenzie's memory lives on—the city now operates his Victorian farmhouse as a museum.

Patriote rebellions continued through 1838, but British forces suppressed them. Just before he was hanged on Dec. 18, 1838, one of the rebels wrote, "My friends and my children shall be better days; they shall be free."

A 'TERRIFIC' PAINTER

CARR'S POWERFUL CANVASES HAVE WON BELATED RECOGNITION

You have got to meet success halfway. I wanted it to come all the way, so we never shook hands.

—Emily Carr

For the past two decades, success has not only met Emily Carr, it has enthusiastically embraced her. For most of her life, Carr, who died in 1945 at 73, sought solitude and only hinted that public recognition would be welcome. She lived in self-imposed isolation in and around her birthplace of Victoria, and she was considered a regional artist at best—dismissed as a curious rustic at worst. But with a rekindling of Canadian nationalism following the country's Centennial in 1967, Carr and her art enjoyed a belated celebration that draws no signs of diminishing. Part of her resurgence can be attributed to the rise of feminism and a growing awareness of native culture, one of her prime subjects. But Ann Macnair, a Vancouver art historian who did her master's thesis on Carr, declares: "The underlying fact is that she was a really terrific painter."

In fact, Carr is now widely acknowledged as one of Canada's best painters ever. Her work—in styles ranging from realistic to instinctively expressive—features detailed renderings of West Coast Indian totem poles and powerful canvases depicting the rain forests and seas. While her art was overlooked by the accounts of the Group of Seven in the late 1930s and 1950s, it now commands the same attention—and prices. Ian Thom, curator of the Vancouver Art Gallery, which houses nearly 300 of her works and regularly displays 50, says that "Carr's paintings sell in the \$50,000 to \$100,000 range, and often for considerably higher than that." At an auction in Toronto in 1987, Carr's *In a Creek* went for \$250,000.

The life and work of Carr are remarkable at any level, particularly because of the social strictures that she fought against. Carr was one of nine children of her English immigrant parents, Richard and Emily. Three boys died in infancy, and a brother, Richard, at 23, of tuberculosis. Her father operated a successful wholesale grocery and liquor business in Victoria. Stern and authoritarian, he raised Emily and her four sisters very much in the strict and proper Victorian manner of the time. Her mother died in 1888, when Emily was 14, and two years later her father died, so well, so much to the eyes of her overbearing older sister, Edith, who had taken charge of the family, as to pursue her interest in drawing. Emily made a fateful decision

in 1890, she enrolled in the California School of Design in San Francisco. In the Victorian age, young ladies from well-off families were expected to learn something about art as part of their finishing. But in Macnair's view, she actually became an artist as "she started on a slippery slope down." Breaking totally from what was fully expected of her—marriage and motherhood—Carr followed her heart, mind and gut. That journey took her to the Westminster School of Art in London and the Académie Colarossi in Paris—but always back to Victoria, where she continued, and affirmed, Victorian sensibilities. She swam, rode on her own and rode horses—not automobile, but like a man. Carr wrote that she had not become "an English lass with nice ways. I was more so than ever, past that."

From skulking trips to remote West Coast Indian villages, Carr produced numerous canvases depicting totem poles. In 1927, because of her subject matter and the fact that she worked at the edge of the economy, Carr was included in a National Gallery exhibit of regional and native art in Ottawa. During a side trip to Toronto, she met with some members of the Group of Seven, most importantly Lawren Harris. The acknowledged leader of the group said to Carr: "You are one of us." Explains Thom: "Harris was a major influence, first at that he convinced her that what she was doing was good." As well, with Thom, Harris "drastically changed her whole approach to three-dimensional space—prior to her meeting Harris, her paintings were essentially flat and did not have a sense of volume."

What followed over the last 15 years of her life was an immensely creative, copacetic time, that produced some of her most impressive works, including *Big Waves* (1933) and *Color* (1942). Carr also wrote three apologetic books during these years, and her collection of short stories, *What Followed General's Award*. But while painting renewed her first love, she was widely regarded as just a regional artist and, by the 1940s, her accomplishments were overshadowed by the emergence of abstract expressionism. As a result, it was left to the next generation to rediscover her. Says Morrison: "Now, her importance as an artist can be assessed without any of the categorizing that went on before." A sensitive personality and artist, Emily Carr can be categorized as a Canadian treasure.

BAL QUINN in Victoria



Carr's *Haida Village*: confronting Victorian sensibilities to follow her heart, mind and gut



No matter what you've got on your plate this July 1st, we hope you'll find time to celebrate Canada's 125th birthday.



Quality is Job 1. It's working.



POETRY AND PATRIOTISM

STOMPIN' TOM CHRONICLES THE NATIONAL DREAM

His trademarks include a black cowboy hat, bushy grey sideburns and a built-up plywood plank, which, he says, "keeps me from stomping stage corners to flat shit." And since he first appeared onstage in 1964, Stompin' Tom Cochrane has been a down-home chronicler of the Canadian dream, singing the nation's praises in knock-knocking songs delivered with a country twang. A fierce nationalist, he left the music scene for 13 years, beginning in 1978, to protest what he called the industry's "constant procession of all things American." But Cochrane resumed his career three years ago, and last month released his 37th album, *Believe in Your Country*. "I love my country," he says, quaffing a Mission Grolsch. "I don't think people should think I'm an asshole just because I do."

Wearing his patriotism on the fringed sleeve of his leather jacket, Cochrane writes of the nation's heroes, the offbeat charms of its cities and towns, and the dignity of its working men

and women. Among his most famous compositions is *Big Joe Medeiros*, the portrait of a lumberjack from the Ottawa Valley whose story, Cochrane claims, was stolen by American mythmakers and transformed into the tale of Paul Bunyan. Another signature tune is *Shady Saturday Night*, a celebration of beer-drinking revelry. Music columnist Ian *The Morning Song*, about a love affair between a Prince Edward Island potato and a Leominster, Ont., tomato, and *(You May Think It's) Goochy* (but *The Man on the Moon Is a Kneede*).

But behind the tomatoes and the potatoes and the singer's taste for corn lies a genuine concern for his country. "I think we're finding right now that things are a little tough," says Cochrane, who lives in southern Ontario with his wife, Lisa, and their 16-year-old son, Tom Jr. "And so everybody wants to go up and run it," he says, arguing, Canadians should "think about what holds them together." Such sentiments have earned him the admiration of other

entertainers. "He helps to keep us all a little more Canadian," says country singer George Fox of Cochrane, 43. "So many people are so worried so badly to warm up to foreign patrons, but there are very few moments they can do that. Tom's music provides those moments."

Cochrane traces his love of music to his mother. "She used to stand in front of the mirror with a brush in a guitar and play all the cowboy songs," she says. "The singer recalls of his early years in Saint John, N.B. Because his mother was an unmarried transient, authorities put her in an orphanage when he was 6, and two years later with a farming family in Stouffville, Ont. When, at 13, he moved back to Saint John to work on the docks, he converted a fellow boarding house tenant to teach him to play guitar—"holding the door," he recalled, "so all the other boarders wouldn't kill me."

At 18, Cochrane embarked on a three-year hitchhiking trip across North America, working as a grave digger and a tobacco picker among other jobs. Then, on an October night in 1964 at the Maple Leaf Hotel in Toronto, Ont., he launched his career when, as retired bartender Guyan Leveson recalls, he "walked in with the clothes on his back, a guitar over his shoulder, and a needle stick in a beer." His performance that night led to a 14-month stint at the tavern, and made Cochrane a local legend.

For the next 12 years, Cochrane travelled the country, performing in bars, sports arenas and high schools, often writing stories about the area to draw new fans. But once his career flourished, his nationalism kept him at odds with the music industry. And in 1978, he renounced his citizenship, partly to protest what he said was the refusal of Canadian radio stations to showcase "authentically Canadian music"—songs not just by Canadians, but also about them. That same day, he packed his six *June Awards* into a cardboard box and sent them to the Toronto offices of the Canadian Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, which, he said, was honoring too many "border jumpers."

In recent years, Cochrane has begun to slowly edge back into the spotlight. In 1998, he signed a contract with British-owned Capital Records of Canada, and in 1999 he cohosted a 70-date national tour. Still, he continues to be troubled by industry attitudes. "If they would just play more Canadian music, and I don't have to be my music," one young people would wake up with a tune in their minds about Montreal or Vancouver or some Canadian that has done some great deed."

In the meantime, Cochrane attends to continuing his unique blend of poetry and patriotism. "I've been thinking about it a lot," says the singer, "but that's nothing if I don't make them as proud of their country as I am." Passing to take a puff on his cigarette, he smiles and says, "Well, I use myself as perfectly normal—well, almost perfectly normal."

VICTOR UTTER



Canadians celebrating a goal in early conference that bordered on cakewalk

HE SCORES!

THE GOAL THAT SAVED A NATION'S HONOR

The picture was transmitted via satellite from a poorly lit arena in Moscow into the living rooms, classrooms and basements of Canada. But in an instant on Sept. 28, 1972, distant figures wearing stylized maple leaves presented Canadians with one of the most vivid images of the country's history. With only 34 seconds remaining in Game 6 of the first Canada-Russia hockey summit, Canada left-winger Paul Henderson peaced on a loose puck just outside the Soviet crest and fired a low shot just upwind of Soviet goaltender Vladimir Yartsev. The goal gave Canada a 6-5 victory in the decisive game of the series and ignited a spontaneous nationwide celebration. "I don't think I've ever felt as extremely proud to be Canadian," says Henderson.

In 1973, Canadians suffered from the same identity crisis that they do now, but at least they knew where they stood in hockey at the time. Hockey was their game. By tuning in to Foster Hewitt on radio, and later to TV broadcasts, tens of thousands of rapt sports sharers a common experience. Generations of kids in backyard rinks imitated Newby Laidlaw or Gary Lefker, Cyclone Taylor or Bobby Orr. Only in Canada could the inspiration of a hockey player spark a cult, as was the case in Montreal when Clarence Campbell launched the "Rocket," Maurice Richard, near the end of the 1953 season for striking a lineman, sending a fiery mob on a window-smashing rampage.

Against that backdrop, a nation looked for its reflection and the Soviets with confidence that

bordered on cakewalk. After repeated humiliations at the Olympics and world championships, Canada was finally deploying its best—its professionals—to trouble the Communists. But it was Team Canada that was humbled in Game 1 on about Sept. 3 in Montreal. Contrary to mounting reports, the Soviets could shoot and crashhauled the rough going, and triumphed 7-3. In four games in Canada, the Soviets won twice and tied once, and when they took Game 5, the first of four games in Moscow, Canada's self-appointed naysay as hockey's best seemed to be over. "I don't think there was one guy who thought we were going to win," says Hugh Gadsden, 47, of St. Andrews, N.B., one of 3,000 Canadian fans who travelled to Moscow for the last four games. "We had to win three straight games, and they were a machine."

But something changed after Game 5. The Soviets left prey to their own neurosis—"swimming in glory," Timbak called it. The Canadians, meanwhile, became a team, winning 3-2 in Game 6 and 4-3 in Game 7 before Henderson's goal capped the heroic comeback. Right-winger Yves Gosselin says that the victory changed the players. "It was not planned, but on the airplane as we left Russia everybody got up and sang O Canada," says Gosselin, now a Montreal restaurateur. "It was like we suddenly realized how lucky we were to love here." For one shining moment, all Canadians shared the feeling.

JAMES DRACON

THE RISE AND FALL OF A RACER

Tom Longboat's life was a tragic circle. Born on the Six Nations reserve near Brantford, Ont., in 1880, the Oneida Indian burst into prominence as a 19-year-old in the "Academy of the Big Game" in Hamilton. Sporting a drop-cotton bathing suit, cheap rubber sneakers and an armband, deliberate stride, he beat 40-to-1 odds and thrashed John Marsh of Britain by a full three minutes. Longboat won nine other races and soon became a national hero. But at the same time, the so-called *Bonnie Mercury* had acquired a taste for booze and cigars, drinking only when it suited him. And while his future lay



win the 1906 Olympic marathon in London was merely a glitch on an otherwise glittering night, it proved a portentous warning at 25, the world's fastest long-distance runner was on his way down.

After the Olympics, Longboat performed remarkably as a professional, earning \$17,000 in winnings in three years. But his heavy drinking had become a family legacy. His contract was sold from promoter to promoter and, in 1911, he was arrested for public drunkenness. Then, in 1914, he relapsed to fight in the First World War, and was later reported to be dead. But at war's end, he arrived home unscathed—only to find that his wife had committed suicide, and with nothing to fall back on, Longboat wound up working as a garbage collector, and three years later, on his home reserve in 1949, Tom Longboat's memoirs tie to the top had been watched only by the spend of his fall from grace.

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

Laura Secord WARNED THE BRITISH OF AN AMERICAN ATTACK

On a sunny midweek morning, the Niagara River below Queenston, Ont., is peaceful and deserted, except for a few fishermen casting far speckled trout on the Canadian side. As he scans the river, William Severn, curator of the Niagara Historical Society Museum, describes a time when the surrounding countryside was a war zone. He locates the narrow strip of shoreline where American soldiers landed during the War of 1812, and he identifies the British positions used to shell the invading troops. In that long-peaceful corner, British Maj. Gen. Isaac Brock was killed while leading an uphill charge, winning immediate fame among the soldiers of Upper Canada. But contemporary Canadians, however, the more well-known figure from that war is not a soldier at all, but a woman whose name is now synonymous with chocolate. Although Laura Secord's bravery went largely unrecognized in her own day, says Severn, she gained more importance after Confederation because it was urgent as a nation to have heroes.

A Loyalist, a pioneer and a mother of five children, Secord earned her place in Canadian history by walking 30 km on June 25, 1812, to warn British Lt. James FitzGibbon of an impending American attack. Although FitzGibbon's Indian allies may already have tipped him off, there is no doubting Secord's courage in a war in which the Americans ultimately failed to achieve their end: conquering Canada. The route of her daylong trek has been wiped out by agricultural and urban development. But her Queenston home, which she shared with her husband, James, and their children, has survived. It is now a museum, refurbished and opened during the summer tourist season by Laura Secord Inc., the Scarborough, Ont.-based chocolate and ice-cream company that adopted her name when it was founded in 1952. In a separate building, wholesome-looking students in long skirts and frilly blouses sell the firm's products.

Secord's heroism, however, need no supplanting. At the time, American soldiers had been seen riding the British ship on the Niagara River and were set to advance farther into Upper Canada. Most Queenston families had been forced to provide lodgings for the American soldiers. While preparing dinner for her American guests, Secord, then 37 years old, overheard their discussing a surprise attack on FitzGibbon and 50 British troops stationed at the house of merchant and miller James DeCew on the Niagara Riverbank.

The next morning, Secord set out on her walk, wearing an ankle-length skirt and soft leather slippers. The popular story is that she took a



The Secord house: a turn skirt, mismatched feet—and a canny sniffer that keeps her memory alive

cow to find the Americans into believing that she was merely on a domestic errand. Otherwise, historians say that Secord never imagined a cow—that it would have been a baneful addition to the Second line. She certainly had plenty to lose. American soldiers on patrol—men, wolves or rattlesnakes. According to Severn, she barely followed a crude dirt road from Queenston to the nearby village of St. David's, and then on to Stephen's Corners, now the busy intersection of St. Paul and Ontario streets in downtown St. Catharines.

From there, says Severn, she followed Twelve Mile Creek up the escarpment to the DeCew residence. Much of the land along the final leg of her journey was cleared but for the most part succeeded. It now contains a mix of housing—mostly early-20th-century houses, postwar bungalows and 1960s-style executive houses.

Secord is believed to have reached her destination late in the evening of June 25. By then, she was exhausted. Her skirt was torn, her slippers gone and her feet badly blistered. Severn says that the DeCew residence was a two-story limestone structure with two rooms on each floor separated by a center hallway and staircase. Ontario Halls has saved the property since the ground-floor walls are still standing.

1942, but only portions of the Americans followed through on their plans to attack FitzGibbon, but he was well prepared. He convinced his Indian allies, Coughenawaug and Mohawk warriors, to ambush the 500 American soldiers, saving his own troops as a second line of defense. The Indians attacked and the Americans retreated, a skirmish that has come to be known as the Battle of Beaver Dams. A general battle in the War of 1812, it stemmed the American advance into the Niagara Peninsula.

During her own lifetime, Secord received little or no recognition for her bravery. Her reputation began to grow around the time of her death in 1868 at age 93. "Later historians looked at her deed and said this was urgent and deserves recognition," says Severn. A century after her heroism, Toronto citysmaker Frank O'Connor chose her name for his Young Starred chocolate shop. Over the years, the Laura Secord company has grown, acquired other confectioners and undergone several ownership changes. Currently, the Swiss-based conglomerate Nestlé is owner. Laura Secord Inc. and its 200 outlets across Canada. All the firms keep alive the name of the woman who, in the mode of a spy and critical thinker war, took a treacherous walk in the woods.

D'ARCY JEROME in Queenston

EATON'S CANADIAN CELEBRATION

Bringing out the best in Canada

If Timothy Eaton were here for Eaton's Canadian Celebration, he'd see that his company hasn't forgotten a key lesson: the Canadians we buy from are the same Canadians who buy from us.

He'd also see that his Eaton Value policy still applies: competitive prices every day and a revolutionary guarantee.

'Goods Satisfactory or Money Refunded'.



During Canada's 125th birthday, our Canadian Celebration features products made in Canada by Canadians, all competitively priced every day. Just look for our 'Canadian Made' symbol.

And Eaton's will continue to buy Canadian. That way our customers can too. Because together we make Canada work.

Canada 125



EATON'S
We are Canada's department store

THE UNSUNG SEAMEN

THE MERCHANT NAVY LIVED IN CONSTANT DANGER

These nightmare battles in the northern dark were fraught with intense communications, perished reports, no sensors but the naked eye and ears, sudden yanks of disaster and panicked calls for help, the clash of depth charges and the sound and flash of gunfire, circling search planes, rockets flaring, star shells burning in the sky, and the underwater thump and soaring glides that told of torpedoes striking home.

The Battle of the Atlantic as described in *The Sea Is Our Galleys*, by Tony Germon.

Some were barely into their teens, others in their 70s, and they did not always have to go away to fight. Instead, the fury of the Second World War came home to Canada's merchant seamen in the form of deadly German U-boats cruising the depths of the St. Lawrence River and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or heavily armed Nazi ships scouring the Atlantic coast. Further away, in sea-

tings ranging from the freezing waters near Murmansk in the Soviet Union to the African coast near the equator, the 12,000 men and women of Canada's merchant navy ferried desperately needed supplies of food, weapons and gas and oil to other Allied countries. And although they were never formally part of Canada's armed forces, they were in the thick of some of the war's most critical clashes. The biggest was the Battle of the Atlantic, which raged from 1939 until 1943, as the Allies and Nazis fought for control of the ocean. As an average of one in four Commonwealth merchant seamen died in that struggle, which—in terms of importance in Canadian military history—more Canadians took with the battles of Tientsin and Vimy Ridge in the First World War, D-Day and D-Day in the Second.

In 1941, when the Nazis had overrun mainland Europe, supplies from North America represented Britain's last hope for survival.

One Canadian merchant ship could carry enough food to feed 253,000 people for a week, along with clothing, fuel and weapons. Rear Admiral Leonard Murray, who commanded Canada's regular navy forces on the Atlantic coast during the war, declared: "The real winners at the Battle of the Atlantic were not the armies or air forces, but the Allied merchant seamen." The British, Australian and U.S. governments eventually awarded their merchant seamen the full recognition and benefits given to other veterans. And in June, the Canadian Parliament passed a bill that gave veterans' benefits to 3,200 of the estimated 5,000 Canadian seamen of the country's wartime merchant fleet.

Since the war, successive Liberal and Conservative governments had rejected plans for recognition on the grounds that the merchant navy was a civilian outfit that operated under different conditions from the military. The new legislation, introduced by Veterans Affairs Minister Gertrude Meenan and supported by all political parties, gives merchant seamen access to military hospitals, government-paid medical care at home and increased pension benefits. "It is time that we recognize the great contribution these men made," said Conservative Senator Jack McLeod, who led the battle on Parliament Hill. Earle Wagner, a 69-year-old retired captain and merchant navy veteran who now lives in Halifax, says that "we are grateful that this finally got done." But he adds:

"Observed at the war memorial: 'We do not want more men than other veterans, but we do want less'."

"We cannot forget that this took a bloody toll."

And many veterans claim that the legislation is inadequate: it caters only to those who served on the "bad seas," which does not include Canadian waters. But 17 merchant navy ships—23 Allied ships in all—were sunk in the Gulf of St. Lawrence by U-boats that traveled to within 120 miles of Quebec City. "In the early stages of the war," says Foster Gracie, a historian at Carleton University, "everywhere these ships sailed were dangerous waters." The statistics support that claim. Of Canadian merchant ships were sunk and 1,145 of the 12,000 seamen died at sea. (By comparison, the regular navy, with 106,000 members, lost 24 vessels and 2,004 men.)

At the start of the war in 1939, the merchant seamen were a motley group. They ranged from 15-year-old boys in a suit in their 70s who could barely swim, to Paul Brink, a 65-year-old retired veteran in Dartmouth, N.S., recalls that some crewmen had been rejected by the regular forces, because they were "feeble," or had a finger missing, or were color blind. After conscription was imposed in 1942, Ottawa—recognizing the importance of the merchant navy—gave drubbed the chance of joining in or one of the other forces.

Many of the merchant ships did not inspire confidence. Arthur Germon says they were "crudest old coal-burners" that "splashed smoke and were susceptible to breakdowns"—and often

had a top speed of only six knots, or seven miles per hour. If a ship lagged far behind the rest of its convoy, it was seldom possible to load for it. Instead, some ships carried only four each gun for defense, manned by untrained gunners who learned on the job. By contrast, the Nazi raiders that attacked the ships had twice as many guns and, with their 8-inch main guns, almost 1½ times the range. If a ship was sunk in the freezing water, the crew often perished in minutes as the freezing water. Although the Nazis took prisoners early in the war, later—under instructions from Adolf Hitler—they began machine-gunning crews in the water. Some Allied crews did the same to Nazi stragglers ship.

For those who were not prisoners, their chances for survival did not appear much better. Gordon Olmstead was a 24-year-old radio operator aboard the M.V. Agata when, on March 23, 1941, the Nazi cruiser *Kormoran* fired on his ship. The Agata surrendered and the attackers took the crew prisoner. For Olmstead, that was the start of four years in a prisoner of war in Germany—a period in which he lived in stints cramped and filthy conditions, and saw fellow prisoners beaten and starved, and sometimes shot by guards.

More than 20 years later, Olmstead, now 75 and a resident of Niagara, Ont., says that he still lives with the anguish he experienced. In 1958, he founded the Canadian Maritime Veterans Association, made up of the surviving 100, and their wives, to pressure the federal government for recognition. Since then, he has written hundreds of letters to MPs and the department of veterans affairs. And every year on Remembrance Day, he has put on his Maritime Blues, his two medals and his beret to go to the war memorial in Ottawa—where he and his shipmates were not formally acknowledged. Olmstead, a slim, erect figure, says, "I go there to think of those of us who made it, and the costs who did not."

This year, when the New 11 ceremony takes place, Olmstead and other merchant marine veterans expect to participate. And by then, they hope, there will be a book of remembrance dedicated to them in the Peace Tower, alongside similar books now in place for casualties from the army, navy, and air force. But Olmstead and other veterans, whose numbers are decreasing, worry about delay in doing so. "We do not want courtiers to other veterans," declares Olmstead. "But we do not want less." Forty-seven years after war's end, the merchant seamen must to know that they are not, and be remembered, in peace.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH in Ottawa

HISTORY NOTEBOOK



THE BOY HERO FROM STONEWALL

He was a boy from Stonewall, Minn., a month shy of his 13th birthday. But on March 27, 1918, Alan Arnett McLeod became a war hero. He was flying a slow two-seater biplane across a meadow to strike German troops at Bryn-or-Gemma in France when his gunner, Arthur Hammond, shot down an enemy plane flying below him. That attracted the attention of eight enemy airplanes. The Germans swooped after them. In the dogfight that followed, McLeod discovered the bomber to allow Hammond to shoot down three planes before a bullet penetrated his gas tank and set it on fire. McLeod tumbled out onto the wing. "Controlling the plane from the side," wrote the *London Gazette*, "and by sidestepping strongly, [McLeod] kept the flames in one side, thus enabling the observer to continue firing."

McLeod suffered five bullet wounds, his gunner six. When the plane crash-landed in an area's lake, McLeod dragged the nearly unconscious Hammond away from the burning wreckage. Still under enemy fire, McLeod suffered another wound before pulling Hammond to within a short distance of British lines, where he collapsed. McLeod became the youngest of three Canadian First World War pilots to be awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest Commonwealth decoration for gallantry. The sport several months in hospital before returning to Winnipeg, where he died of pneumonia on Nov. 6, 1918.

'I WILL NEVER FORGET'

Dec. 6, 1917, began actually enough for John Tappan. The 19-year-old apprentice pipe fitter was working in the engine room of a ship anchored along the Halifax waterfront when someone yelled that two vessels had collided in the narrows of the harbor. Rushing on deck, he saw the freighter *Isis* and the unloading French mailboat ship *Mont Blanc* drifting apart. The last thing Tappan remembers was watching the crew members of the *Mont Blanc*, loaded with 2,946 tons of TNT and other explosives, shudder ship. Then, at 9:16 a.m., the *Mont Blanc* exploded. The shock waves hurled Tappan down a corridor into the interior of the ship on which he was working. "When I regained my senses, I noticed all of the buttons on my vest had been blown off," recalls Tappan, now a 69-year-old retiree living with his son and daughter-in-law in Halifax. Coming back on deck, he discovered that four teammates he had known of his co-workers were dead. And as Tappan looked out upon the wreckage of the ship's north end, he began to grasp the full extent of the catastrophe.

The Halifax explosion was the largest man-made blast before the atomic age—and the worst disaster ever seen in Canada, all told. It killed 1,806 people, left another 9,000 injured and 6,000 homeless. When the fire gone fully was completed, 1,600 buildings had been

destroyed and 12,000 badly damaged—most of them in Halifax's working-class north end, which was virtually leveled by the explosion.

Yet the terrible tragedy also produced acts of selfless sacrifice and heroism. Halifax telegrapher Vincent Coleman died at his keyboard while tapping out a warning to an incoming passenger train that the mailboat ship was on fire. Many other Halifaxians also rose to the occasion. As Tappan and two of his co-workers made their way to work, changing from their boat to another that was next to the dock, they found a group of dockworkers struggling to help afloat in the icy waters. "I don't think they would have survived long if we hadn't come along," explains Tappan.

All the same, there was little else Tappan and the others could do as they picked their way through the rubble of the dockyard and hauled to the trapped ones and women crying for help from inside the collapsed buildings. Today, 75 years after the calamity, the details of the message on that terrible day remain etched in Tappan's mind. "The people to me were I saw. I have trouble remembering certain things," he says. "But there are some things that I will never forget." And even as the men and women who actually witnessed the explosion shrink in number, it is unlikely that Halifax itself will ever forget its day of destruction.

JOHN DEWORT in Halifax



WARRIORS FOR PEACE

'YOU COME TO TAKE SATISFACTION IN SMALL VICTORIES'

Daylight was fading, and, as small-arms fire continued to crackle overhead and mortar shells landed less than 100 m away, there was still no sign of the sun. It was early April in the northern Bosnian town of Darceva, and Canadian Forces Capt. David Holt was "just about to toast" as another day of trying to stop the peace in the former Yugoslav republic was ending in frustration.

Holt had led a group of European Community peacekeepers out to find a bus in order to help 66 Mad children escape from the basement of their group home, where they had been trapped for three days by the ethnic fighting. "The Croatian soldiers were using the bus as a shield," recalls the 56-year-old soldier from his home in Lake, Germany. "Neither side would stop shooting." Finally, the soldiers appeared driving a bus, which they had commandeered from a nearby Red Cross station. Between bursts of artillery fire, Holt directed the bus down a street and parked it in front of

the home. "The kids were screaming and some of them were literally thrown on the bus," he said. "But we got them out."

Pvt. Holt, who had never been in a live battle before 34 years with the Canadian Forces, recalls of his four-month-long peacekeeping tour with the European Community's mission in Yugoslavia that "with similar wounding, if you, experience, 'how are people who have been helped or helped,'" he said, "and you come to take satisfaction in small victories just convincing two sides to go a day without shooting or helping civilians get out of danger."

It is a job that Canadians have been doing, and in many cases pioneering, around the world since the end of the Second World War. Over 50,000 Canadians have served in peacekeeping assignments from the thin air of the Kashmir mountains to the bald desert of Iran. Eighty-three have died while serving. And on their shoulders, Canadians have proudly adopted an international identity well-suited to the Cana-

as *Way, as noble-minded soldiers of peace*.

If that label has a face stamped upon it, it bears the soft, content features of Lester B. Pearson. A business minister who later became Canada's 14th prime minister, Pearson was responsible for the metamorphosis of peacekeeping into its modern form. Canadian soldiers had been monitoring study peace treaties under the United Nations banner ever since Gen. Canad's officers used an observer force along the Indo-Pakistan border in 1949. And Canada was also a member of observer missions outside the United Nations, notably the mix of countries that helplessly watched and recorded Indonesian's descent into total war in the 1950s. But it was Pearson who, in 1966, proposed the creation of a new peacekeeping force to secure and supervise a ceasefire in the Suez region after war broke out between Egypt and the armies of Israel, Britain and France. The proposal of establishing a "neutral force as a bulwark against aggression"



Canadian peacekeepers in Yugoslavia since Pearson proposed a 'force'

was his the 1967 Nobel Peace Prize.

As new flash points emerged, Pearson's formula for containing conflict became the international community's all-of-the-tools-for-conflict. Over the next quarter of a century, peacekeepers supervised civil wars in such countries as the Congo, Cyprus and Lebanon. Those missions were armed with good intentions. But because peacekeepers usually carry only light arms for protection and are sworn not to intervene in the fighting, most missions have had limited success. In Cyprus, Canada and other UN peacekeepers have been keeping warring Turks and Greeks apart for 28 years, with little sign of a lasting peace that would allow them to withdraw.

The soldiers charged with minding the often fragile peace agreements have encountered mixed success on the ground, as well. Some towns could be peacefully kept, others lost with hidden dangers. During the 1984 Turkish invasion of Cyprus, which ousted Canadian troops in the conflict, peacekeeper Charles Berger was one of two Canadians to die, shot by a sniper as he tried to feed livestock that had been abandoned by fleeing refugees. At times, Canadians in their UN blue berets have been branded as spies of the enemy. Gen. George Balfour, who served in peacekeeping missions over four decades, recalls women spitting and throwing rocks at Canadian soldiers in the mid-1980s as they set up along the so-called Green Line separating Turks and Greeks in Cyprus. But there have also been warm welcomes. Disarmament of warring children in damaged Gyorban town last April, a quantitative Canadian Lapland of Roum, Qar, "warmed back and said: 'Don't those smiles make you feel good all over?'"

Pearson was aware of the burdens of peace-

keeping, even as he nudged Canada into the role of chief cheerleader and eager participant in such missions. He was the first to call for the United Nations to create a standing military force—well-financed, well-armed and ready to move into trouble spots quickly without worrying about being supplies and support. The UN Emergency Force sent to the Suez had not brought about lasting peace, Pearson acknowledged in an Oslo lecture in 1971 Nobel lecture. But he warned "If, on that foundation, we do not build something more permanent and stronger, we will again have a repeat of opportunities and setbacks as usual."

Such a force has yet to emerge. Now, even with the United Nations embracing an more ambitious peacekeeping mission in the chaotic killing grounds of Bosnia and Cambodia, peacekeeping missions are assembled from scratch, appropriating whatever equipment is readily available. Canadian infantrymen patrolling in Croatia last spring discovered to their disgust that their green-tooled communications equipment was a relic compared with the state-of-the-art gear used by Serb and Croat soldiers.

Despite the dangers, peacekeeping is a challenge Canada still willingly embraces as a cause worthy of their middle-power status. Col. Donald Ethell, Canada's most decorated peacekeeper, says "Any Canadian who spends time as an observer, training, helping, exchanging prisoners or moving refugees comes home a loving individual." Now, the issue is whether the international community will respond with the financial and moral commitment to allow peacekeeping to evolve into a more formidable force. "The price tag to that we prepare the peace is tremendous, quite," Pearson solemnly told his Nobel audience in 1967, "and for peace has started programs."

BRUCE WALLACE in Darceva, Croatia

A DARING DIPLOMAT

There is something in the striped shirt beneath the black suit, something in the trademark bowtie, grey curls and hairline crease that hints at the unconventional. Even before his remarkable date with history, Kenneth Taylor was known as a colorful character in the conservative grey ranks of the foreign service. But

little in his background could have prepared the Calgary native for the high-risk political drama that unfolded after his appointment as Canada's ambassador to Iran. When Islamic revolutionaries seized the U.S. Embassy in Tehran on Nov. 4, 1979, and took its diplomats hostage, Taylor and the Canadian Embassy's immigration counsellor granted refuge to six Americans. And when Taylor whisked the fugitives out of the country 82 perilous days later, he was hailed as a full-blown hero. "Every day was a different speech, a different award, a different speech," he recalls. "It was fairly busy, exotic stuff."

Taylor, now 57, still recalls the exhilaration that greeted his return from Tehran. He was awarded the U.S. Congressional Gold Medal, the Order of Canada and the keys to a dozen U.S. cities. "It was an odd period," Taylor says. The Vietnam War still weighed heavily on the American psyche, the Soviets had just invaded Afghanistan and,

suddenly, a Third World power was holding Americans hostage. Taylor was the graduate of a nation desperately seeking something to celebrate. Although he was already serving in Canada, says Taylor, "it was a more contained response. In Canada, there are limits, after all, whereas in the United States you just go for broke."

Taylor served as Ottawa's casual general in New York City until 1984, when he went to work for the multinational food giant Nestlé Foods Inc., later IRI-Milco, earning up to \$600,000 a year as a senior vice-president. Four years later, after Nestlé management lost a takeover battle, he walked away with an \$80-million settlement and ownership of his \$22-million Manhattan townhouse.

Since then, he has launched a public affairs firm. He sits on the boards of three companies and has been hired by the Canadian Macdonald Society to promote that republic's independence from Yugoslavia. Still, there is no denying that the applause has faded. "At moments of crisis," says the former diplomat, "you try to understand that we can't use great big wounding options." And Taylor well knows that his past heroics are also a lead of trap. "No matter how well I do something else," he says, "that people will vaguely remember me for was the incident in Tehran."

MARY MEYER



Taylor: "It was fairly busy, exotic stuff"

'BEARING WITNESS' ON THE HIGH SEAS

Jon and Maude Bobbin were enjoying a leisurely Sunday-morning breakfast at their "breakover" house. It was Feb. 8, 1970. Just a few months earlier, Jan, a native New Yorker, along with fellow expatriate American Irving Stone and Van cover-born, low student Paul Cook, had formed the band's "Make a Wave Committee" to protest American underground nuclear tests off the Atlantic Islands. As Bobbin, now 65, recalls, "Maude suggested that we do something like some Bobbin had done in the early 1950s—and a boat into a tent.



Bobbin: Birth of a movement

area to bear witness." At that moment, a reporter phoned to ask what the group was up to. "I just said we were going to shatter a boat and try to stop the tests," says Bobbin. "The next day, it was in the paper."

Glided to follow through on the mission, the committee organized a food-raising concert and hired a boat, the *Phyllis Corbett*, which set sail for the Atlantic Islands on Sept. 15, 1971. By then, the group had already received word from the U.S. Navy that the boat was not to be allowed to land. So the first day—when, in part, led in 1972 to the end of U.S. atomic testing off Alaska—Greecepeace has grown into an international force with its headquarters in Amsterdam. 1,100 full-time staff and a worldwide membership of five million. It has helped to bring about many notable, if often controversial, changes, including the end of French atmospheric nuclear tests over the Pacific and the European Community's ban on the export of high-wind-power ships.

A brisk spring wind whistles past the white stucco house, perched on a hill high above the St. Lawrence River in Béarnet, near Québec City, Canada, as fire crackling in the wood stove casts a warm glow over the pine walls. Elizabeth Carrier, clad in a corduroy shirt tucked into blue jeans, nestles into her sofa—resting in her refuge from the sweat and misery of a war-torn world. "I was soiled up," says the 40-year-old nurse, just a week after returning from the battlefields of Croatia. "It is as quiet here, so nice to get away from the shelling." But after working on 14 relief missions over the past 15 years, mostly for the Red Cross, Carrier cannot bring herself to stay at home. "I've tried to stop many times," says Carrier. But again and again, she has found herself drawn to the adventure and challenge of aiding the victims of yet another tragedy. "You would think that I would get a hard heart, looking at people suffering all the time," she says. "But when I watch TV and I see a report on a war or a drought, I just feel so sad, I really feel a rush to go."

They are extraordinary people, the estimated 5,000 Canadians who go abroad each year in aid workers. Political or religious idealists, or restless adventure-junkies, they forsake their bright light in a peaceful land to return to war zones and disaster-stricken regions. The most famous was Norman Bethune, a flamboyant surgeon who treated Montreal's poor in the early 1930s before his frustrated crusade for socialist medicine convinced him to commit to aid. In 1936, that conviction propelled him into the midst of the Spanish Civil War, where he organized the first-ever battlefield mobile blood-transfusion service—and then to China to aid Communist forces. There, he died of a septicemia wound he sustained while working in a blood processing in 1939.

But Bethune's legacy lives on in people like Carrier, who is among Canada's longest-serving Red Cross workers. "Everybody knows about Elizabeth," says 43-year-old Sheldah Perchick of Ottawa, a nurse who worked with Carrier in Baghdad. "She's so cool and so steady and so dedicated to alleviating suffering."

Inspired by an uncle who died in Africa as a priest, Carrier says that she yearned to travel to the continent for as long as she can remember. A few years after nursing school, she was hired by the Canadian International Development Corporation in Senegal. "I remember when I first arrived in the capital, Dakar," Carrier says. "I would sit on a bench in the middle of the city and just watch the people. They were very colorful, very proud. I was fascinated." The idea of relief work never faded. From the Senegalese desert, Carrier's work took her to such far-flung countries as Cameroon, Ethiopia, Sri Lanka and Iraq. Some would say she's a reckless courage. In February 1999, as the Soviet Union prepared to pull the last of its troops out of Af-

ABOVE AND BEYOND

**A NURSE LEAVES PEACE
BEHIND TO HELP PEOPLE
IN DISTANT CONFLICTS**



Carrier, at home in Béarnet, revels in her refuge from the misery of a war-torn world

otherwise you become very annoying." Carrier, who spent her work, usually by the Canadian Red Cross Society, says that she bought her house in Béarnet in 1984 to give herself a place to call home. But life beyond Canada's comfortable borders beckoned her even there. Memories of her journeys abroad every week—Amphibious made of guards from Senegal, leather cushions from Chad, spears from Uganda—Next time, says Carrier, she would like to help resettle refugees in Cambodia. "I never did this job thinking I would change the world," she says. "I don't because I like it, it's a challenge, and I appreciate a job that allows me to be useful. I like to think that at some time I was useful."

MARY McNEIL in Béarnet

ghanistan and foreigners scrambled to flee before the expected onslaught of Mujahideen rebels, Carrier flew into the capital, Kabul. "It was evening," she recalls. Every day after the 9 a.m. curfew, Carrier sheltered with other Red Cross workers in a reinforced bunker to await the rebel attack that never came. "There was a guy with us who was a good cook," she says. "He whiled the whole world was sleeping around us, we were having this party."

At times, fighting flared. "Sometimes there was a lot of shelling at night and I would put in my earplugs," she says. "But places like Lebanon you don't dare do that, because where you have a call to go to the shelter, you don't want to be left behind."

When danger did not show up from the sky, it often lay scattered on the ground. In Chad, Carrier travelled 500 km with three truckloads of food to set up a feeding centre for malnourished children in a remote village. About every 20 km, the convoy picked up loads to guide them through the deadly land mines. Sometimes, the guides disappeared among themselves, and the convoy had to take its chances.

Much of the work is inspiring, Carrier says. In Croatia, she treated injured relatives and visited political prisoners. "When you hear the defenceless say they are so happy to see you—that they are sure they will not disappear because you came to see them—you know why you got up in the morning."

But there are other images, snapshots of suffering marked indelibly on her memory: an immovable elderly woman who sat at Carrier's feet when she learned that her son had been killed; nursing children drinking the disinfectant used to clean a barrel of porridge. At the feeding centre in Chad, mothers took ribbon tags from their weakest children to give to the ones with a better chance of survival.

Each time she returns home between missions, Carrier says, it is difficult to adjust to Canada's prosperity. "The hardest thing is to be sympathetic to people who complain about things you think are not important at all." But she adds: "I don't moralize—"



The rules of the game begin with knowing the value of protection

Wayne Gretzky certainly knows the value of protection. If he didn't, you wouldn't see the legendary number 99 on the ice.

You don't have to be a hockey hero, however, to realize the importance of protection in your life.

It begins with selecting the right kind of insurance.

That's Zurich Canada. To millions of Canadians, Zurich is to insurance what Wayne Gretzky is to hockey. They are perfectionists with a strong sense of professionalism and consistency.

Policyholders have nothing short of praise for Zurich's fast, fair claims service. Insurance brokers like Zurich's worldwide financial strength and stability.

You'll like Zurich for the sense of fair play. People who know the value of protection, know the value of Zurich Canada.

ZURICH CANADA
We'll be there when you need us



OF CHILI AND HOPE

STEVENSON IS 'REGINA'S MOTHER TERESA'

Three times a week, like clockwork, the snow uttering begins a few minutes before noon. The doors fly open and young people begin streaming into the Albert Scott Community Centre in north-central Regina. They range from preschoolers to high schoolers, almost all are natives and most come from five schools in the area's lower income neighborhood. As they reach the counter, each child gets a glass of freshly boiled banana, a glass of instant orange juice or milk and the choice of soup or hot chili.



Behind the counter, running a huge net of boiling chili, is a woman who is affectionately called Mother Teresa of Regina, a woman who represents the spirit of community self-help across the country—and who once had to rely on a school program to feed her own family. "You have no idea," says Theresa Stevenson, "how a lunch program for youngsters can help so kindly stretch its money for food."

Founded in 1986, Stevenson's Chili for Children has grown from a personal crusade into a community success story that on average feeds 300 underprivileged youngsters a day. It provides a vital service in Saskatchewan, where more than 26 per cent of children live in poverty (only Manitoba's easily 23 per cent ranks worse among provinces). And Stevenson's aid goes beyond filling empty stomachs. "I can't tell you how much this means to us," says Jay, a single mother of five who declined to give her name. "The kids are talking about Theresa and that she'll share to help you and give advice. She can be really outspoken for poor people."

For all her outspokenness, the 65-year-old Stevenson, a Saskatchewan Indian, has a gentle grandmotherly air and speaks in soft tones. Her face is creased from smiling, and tears well in her eyes when she explains that, 17 years ago, she and her husband, Dick, could not find work on the Cowanston Reserve, about 150 km east of Regina. They were forced to leave their three young sons with her husband's parents while they moved to Wolf Point, Mont., to look for jobs. Six months later, when the family employment as a housekeeper and he got work on the railroad, they went for their boys. "Our youngest was 2A and didn't know us

any more," says Stevenson. "I remember how my husband cried when the kids came, and our son asked, 'Why is that man crying?'"

With her husband working and Theresa Stevenson unable to return home at night, her children became regulars at the local school's lunch program. When the family moved to a poor Regina neighborhood in 1979, Theresa began talking about starting a similar program. Finally, she learned that a local school principal was concerned because many of his students were not eating



Stevenson serving her specialty: children 'blissies' right before your eyes

lunch. "It was all I needed to hear," she says. With the help of \$1,600 in donations from local churches and the board of education, Stevenson started serving bowls of chili at noon. Today, she operates on an annual budget of about \$40,000, with more than half provided by city and provincial grants, the rest by donations. She has also created a "Chili for Kids" campaign, gathering donated garments to help make the cold winter more bearable for children. "Theresa Stevenson's program is really a great example of what's going on in the area," says Stewart MacPellan, former executive director of Western University, an organization that runs an after-school food service. "It's a place to go where someone cares about you."

For Stevenson, the greatest satisfaction is in watching children grow strong and healthy. As she puts it, "They blossom right before your eyes."

DALE KESLER in Regina



THE 'DOCTOR' OF LABRADOR

To Newfoundlanders, he was known simply as the "Doctor." But Sir Wilfred Grenfell was as much a missionary and social reformer as he was a physician. When the red-tiled, stately residence in St. John's first reached Labrador as a hospital ship in the summer of 1892, his goal was to provide medical assistance to the thousands of poverty-stricken people who fished off the Labrador coast each summer. Guided by what he saw, Grenfell ended up devoting the rest of his life to providing medical attention to, and improving the living conditions of, the people of Labrador and northern Newfoundland.

Grenfell's tireless efforts were responsible for the construction of hospitals, nursing stations, schools, educational programs and co-operatives. As a result, in his day he became a world-famous figure, one who was able to attract thousands of volunteers from around the world to help at the stations that he founded. In 1962, the centenary of his arrival in Labrador, Grenfell's biographer, Ronald Rempel, says that the pioneering missionary doctor is becoming "a fuzzy figure" in most Newfoundlanders. At the same time, his legacy lives on in the Grenfell Regional Health Services hospital, health centres and nursing stations that dot the tiny outposts of northern Newfoundland and Labrador, which he has irreversibly changed for the better.

MASTER TOMORROW'S REAL ESTATE WORLD TODAY

NYU's Master of Science in Real Estate

New York University's School of Continuing Education, over the past four years, has developed a unique graduate professional program leading to the degree of Master of Science in Real Estate.

The program is taught in a structured graduate environment at NYU's distinguished Real Estate Institute. The faculty is comprised of New York's leading real estate experts joined by eminent academicians.

The 38-credit curriculum includes several areas of specialization: the development process, real estate investment and asset management, valuation and analysis, land use and assessment, and international real estate markets.

FREE OPEN HOUSES

You are invited to attend our free open houses at NYU's Midtown Center, 11 West 42nd Street, 4th Floor, on the following dates:

Wednesday, Aug. 12, 5:45-7 p.m.

Thursday, Sept. 17, 5:45-7 p.m.

Tuesday, Oct. 13, 5:45-7 p.m.

For more information please call 212-790-1335. Or send in the coupon.



New York University/Midtown
Real Estate Institute
Graduate Studies
11 West 42nd Street, 4th Floor
New York, NY 10036

Please send me more information about the Master of Science in Real Estate

Name _____

Home Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Telephone (Home) _____

Office _____

New York University is an affirmative action/equal opportunity institution.
© 1989 NYU School of Continuing Education



School of Continuing Education

OTTAWA'S BAD BOY

Clyde Wells seemed calm and collected as he sipped tea in his tasteful St. John's office last week. Dressed conservatively in a blue pinstripe suit, crisp white shirt and red paisley tie, the cheery-faced Liberal Newfoundland premier showed few signs of the energy-draining bout of fits that beddogged him in recent days—or of the immense pressure being exerted on him to abandon his objections to the anticipated national unity agreement. But in spite of his composure, Wells was clearly feeling the stress as he prepared to travel to Ottawa for an informal first ministers' meeting early this week. The former constitutional lawyer told *Maclean's* that he is troubled by the possibility that he will be seen as the main obstacle to a resolution of Canada's constitutional crisis—a perception that the federal Conservative government is attempting to foster. "You can't help but ask yourself, 'Am I in taking this or that position—or just being obstinate or stubborn?'" he said. Wells provided his own answer: "My objective has only been to ensure that we put in place a constitutional structure that provides for a balanced treatment for all."

To many Canadians, that commitment to principle has made Wells a natural look-behind-a-man-of-integrity swelling to flow in clarifying political challenges. Since his steadfast opposition to the Meech Lake accord, which as large part helped to kill the constitutional deal in June, 1990, thousands of letters and boxes of support have poured into his office. If anything, the flow of mail has increased during the current constitutional negotiations, as Ottawans have watched an attempt to compromise the 34-year-old premier to abandon some of his positions, especially his resistance to the need for an elected, equal and effective Senate and his blocking opposition to Quebec's demand for a veto over future constitutional change. But convincing Wells to compromise will not be easy. Noted Brian Peckford, a former Newfoundland premier who can work in an extraordinary consultation in St. John's: "He is an extremely strong-willed person who will never change his mind if he believes in a position."

Wells's unshakable position on the Constitution was forged during his history and political science studies at Memorial University in St.

CLYDE WELLS'S STEADFAST VIEWS ON NATIONAL UNITY PROVOKE BOTH ANGER AND ADMIRATION

John's and later at Dalhousie University law school in Halifax. It hardened during his years as a highly paid lawyer at Newfoundland. Indeed, he says that his stand throughout the constitutional debate has been grounded in the belief that all Canadians are equal—and that there should be no special powers for any constituent parts of the federation. That view largely explains why Wells remains one of the strongest proponents of the so-called Triple E Senate. In fact, he remains firmly opposed to any other proposal for reforming the upper chamber, including one now under consideration that would give weighted votes to the more populous provinces. Declares Wells: "To suggest that a member from

one province have two or three times the voting power as a member from another province is just horrendous."

Even more troublesome from Ottawa's point of view is Wells's unshaking opposition to a Quebec veto—a basic condition of Premier Robert Bourassa. Most of the constitutional changes now under consideration—including Senate reform—require the approval of Ottawa and seven provinces controlling 50 per cent of the population, and could be effected without Wells's support. (But a provincial veto to require unanimity among the provinces and Ottawa.) In fact, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney says that

Wells is "intelligent, effective and equal." *Maclean's* fully respected anger, stating that Clark and other Alberta Conservatives are not threatened by the interests of their home province.

Wells has purchased 122 million worth of advertising space on outdoor billboards and has ordered across Canada. The right word of campaign is not in his September and October, the first busy time for a national unity referendum.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK
"In the end, the Parliament of Canada must speak for all Canadians."

—Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, as *St. John's* is prepared to proceed with its own constitutional reform package.



Wells: 'Newfoundland compromised and compromised and compromised'

he is prepared to introduce a constitutional package in Parliament on July 15 if the current round of first ministers' discussions fail.

But Wells told *Maclean's* that he can go some way towards mending Quebec's concerns. He is willing, he says, to give that province extra voting powers in a reformed Senate on constitutional changes involving culture, language or civil law. He adds that he can never agree to an outright veto for Quebec alone, or even a veto for all of the provinces. Declares Wells: "One can get the country or one group votes privileged position, then everyone else seeks to use the same standard and says, how much can I get for me and so on and so forth is best for the nation and the people."

The determined premier has other concerns, as well. Although he says that he advocates bilingual self-government, he is critical of the tentative and largely undefined agreement reached during recent negotiations to enhance the right to self-government in the Constitution. Said Wells: "You can't have an ethical right that is wandering around with Aboriginal peoples wherever they happen to be in the country at any point in time. It has to be limited to some land base."

Other politicians and officials across the country are also expressing private reservations about some aspects of the national unity package announced last by Constitutional Affairs Minister Joe Clark, the provinces and

Aboriginal groups. Noted former Ottawa premier David Peterson, who was a proponent of the Meech Lake accord and is now practicing law in Toronto: "There are lots of thoughtful people looking at various parts of the proposals—and not liking various parts." But he disagrees the hard, and Peterson, for one, says that the current constitutional statements could have been avoided if the Meech accord had been approved. As for his stance, he says the blame squarely on Wells's shoulders. "My complaint with Wells is that he caused this whole God-damned mess," Peterson says. "I do not expect Clyde will ever change his mind or ever admit that he was wrong, but everyone else in the room understood the consequences of the failure of Meech."

Wells's critics now maintain that his unwillingness to compromise may ultimately doom a new agreement. And there is no disputing that Wells's refusal to bend has caused his legal and political career. In 1986, he resigned from Newfoundland Premier Joseph Smallwood's cabinet because he disagreed with aspects of Smallwood's plan to industrialize the province. A decade later, Wells again showed his independent streak when, as a member of the Canadian Bar Association's constitutional committee, he dissented from its proposal that the Senate be replaced with a body appointed by the provinces.

For his part, the premier denies that he has

National Notes

A TAKING VERDICT

The Supreme Court of Canada ruled that the 16-month-old federal Goods and Services Tax is legally valid. The court rejected arguments by Alberta, Ontario and British Columbia that Ottawa had interfered in areas of provincial jurisdiction by imposing the seven-per-cent tax.

POLAR AIRLIFT

The first unsupported Canadian polar trek ended when Richard Weber, 35, a mechanical engineer from Chatham, Ont., and Michael Maklakov, 26, a surgeon from central Russia, were airlifted to safety six days after they came within 25 km of reaching the North Pole on skis. The spring ice breaking prevented them from being the first expedition to complete a round trip to the North Pole without the aid of dogsleds or air supply drops.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

One of the country's largest and oldest museums, the Art Gallery of Ontario, said that it will shut down for seven months, laying off more than half of its 445-person staff, in response to underfunding from the province. The gallery said that it needed an additional \$4 million to cover the costs of a pay-equity program and a wage settlement.

A VEGETARIAN PUMP

Vegetable farmers claimed tens of billions, cabbage and potatoes on the steps of the B.C. legislature in Victoria to dramatize their claims that American farmers are driving them out of business by selling products at unfairly low prices.

SENTENCING GARDEN

Quebec Court Judge Raymond Berger sentenced Michel Cheffings, the 33-year-old son of Liberal Leader Jean Cheffings, to three years in prison for sexually assaulting a woman in May, 1990. Berger said that Cheffings—free to appeal—had treated his victim, who was associated at the time of the assault, as an object "which he manipulated at will." Cheffings is eligible for parole in one year.

THE PLAN OF ABORTION

An independent review commissioned by the Northwest Territories government substantiated most of the claims of 14 Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal women who said that they had endured excruciating pain after receiving infertile or no abortion for abortions conducted at St. John's Hospital. While the review committee made several recommendations for improving procedures, it found no evidence of professional malpractice.



CANADA WATCH

Prime Minister Brian Mulroney intervened in the national unity debate by declaring his intention to reject Parliament's 12 in a number of new constitutional package. Mulroney said that the package potentially will be based on a consensus reached at a meeting this week with the premiers, but added that he will not allow it to be used as a basis for a referendum, in other developments.

Aboriginal Affairs Minister Joe Clark said that Alberta Premier Don Getty was putting national unity at risk with his insistence on a

A WEB OF HATE

THE CANADIANS WITH THE UN PEACEKEEPING FORCE IN CROATIA SHAPE A SERIES OF CEASEFIRES

Artillery shells and sniper fire continued to bludgeen the Bosnian capital of Sarajevo last week, deadly explosions from the shattering of the Yugoslav federation. United Nations negotiators still struggled to convince the warring Serb, Croat and Muslim militaries to open the city's airport and to humanitarian aid could be flown in. About 250 km northwest in the Croatian town of Daruvar, 600 Canadian Forces peacekeepers, who had been winding the uneasy truce in that country, would in turn for the fighting in Sarajevo to stop so that they could help reopen the airport. Maclean's Executive Bureau Chief Andrew Phillips was with the Canadians in Croatia. His report:

On a road just outside the devastated city of Vukovar, Canadian Forces Col. Claude Lapointe was doing his bit for international goodwill. Lapointe, a 39-year-old native of Grosse Pointe, N.B., is one of 1,200 Canadians helping to keep the peace in Croatia. And sincerely, his good will gesture last week was to tear down a house—or at least what was left of the house after a three-month-long battle between Serbs and Croatian forces last fall and replace Vukovar with little more than a pile of rubble. Many minutes, Lapointe deftly cleared away the remains of the structure with his armored engineering vehicle, a cross between an earth-mover and a tank. "Now the people can rebuild," he said. "It's one way we can help make us popular."

The owner of the house, a grizzled old man named Rado Sisk, thanked Lapointe profusely for his help. But the Canadians are not always received so warmly at the time. On the way to the site, Lapointe had spent half a dozen of his men laid up under the hot sun in get-go because Vukovar is on a part of eastern Croatia that is controlled by Serbian forces, the city is



Canadians on patrol south of Daruvar: 'no question that the honeymoon is over'

subjected to sanctions against Serbia that have dried up local food supplies. Drivers waiting as long as three hours for their meagre monthly ration of gasoline give Lapointe's white-powder tank, with its UN markings and blue UN flag, a soft look. "Sometimes they give me the finger," he said. "The situation don't exactly make us popular."

After almost three months of monitoring the uneasy truce in Croatia, the Canadians, along with peacekeepers from a dozen other countries, now point to a steady decline in fighting and the movement of hostile troops out of designated "no-fire" zones. "Years that were all but deserted when the blue-helmed UN soldiers arrived in early April are now

hampered by activity. But the peacekeepers, stationed in the town of Daruvar, have also watched helplessly as the ethnic conflicts that tore apart Croatia spread to neighboring Bosnia. Prompted by that country's decision last March to secede from the crumbling Yugoslav federation, fighting erupted last week in Sarajevo, Bosnia's once-picturesque capital, drawing plans to send 300 Canadian troops to take control of the city's airport. Instead, the Canadians, most of them from the Royal Canadian 22nd Regiment (the War Dogs), remained in place at their base.

The Canadians have also witnessed rising tensions—and some hostility—directed at the UN force, both from Serbs and Croats.

Many Serbs question how the same organization that sent soldiers to protect them could impose trade sanctions against Serbia alone. Some Croats, too, express increasing anger at the UN presence and in particular at the Canadian troops who, they maintain, favor the Serbs. "There's no question that the honeymoon is over," said Lt-Col. Michel Gauthier, 36, an Ottawa native who is commander of the Fourth Canadian Engineering Regiment, a force of 287 soldiers who provide support for the entire UN peacekeeping operation in Cro-

at solutions in sight." Gauthier's lies include dozens of complaints from Serbs that they have been fired from their jobs or had their property seized by Croatian authorities, complaints similar to those of Croats in Serb-controlled areas.

Equally depressing for the peacekeepers is the web of rumors and mistrust that surrounds their activities. In all areas, the Canadians are still greeted mainly by waves and smiles as they drive through the lush, green countryside of eastern Croatia. But in some parts of Croatia now controlled by Serbian forces, Croatian soldiers have been refused access to restaurants because the owners resent the UN embargo, which cut trade links between Serbia and the rest of the world on May 30.

Across Croat-controlled areas, the Canadians find themselves the targets of bitter criticism from at least some local people. They accuse Canadian soldiers—without any proof—of smuggling food, beer and weapons across the ceasefire line to Serbian soldiers. Croatian soldiers have even stopped Canadian army vehicles from crossing the line on the grounds that the Canadians are taking goods to the other side. "We are very angry at the Canadians," said a Croatian commander in the devastated town of Palince, who gave his name only as Nikola. "We don't understand why they are helping our enemies."

Other local people, including a vocal women's group with the unlikely name of Fortuna of Love, accused the Canadians of funneling money to the Serbs by renting apartments from them and having them to work at their camp at Daruvar. "When the soldiers came to Daruvar, we welcomed them and gave them cookies," said Vesna Debevec, a schoolteacher and local leader of the group. "But there wasn't any more cookies. They should be helping the victims, not the aggressors. And if the Serbs who are the aggressors," added a woman in their thirties of complaints are allegations of sexual assault on a local girl by a 28-year-old corporal from the Royal Canadian Regiment. An army legal expert from the regiment's base in Leier, Germany, is investigating the charges.

The accusations are troubling for the Canadians, but also a sign of the deep mistrust among local people that makes any political settlement to the conflict so unlikely. Canadian armies deny the smugging charges, saying that they are simply because the engineers regularly take a few minutes out of their work when stationed on the Serbian side of the line. And the Canadians say that they do not check the ethnic background of the people they live or rest from.

At the bottom of the controversy, the Canadians are also frustrated from many Croats that the United Nations mission in Croatia has not lessened Serb occupation since Croats territory. Now that the Croats feel militarily stronger, some of them want the UN force to leave so that they can push the Serbs out. On June 10, about 200 people staged a demonstration in Dubrovnik, a Croatian town in charge of investigating human rights violations on behalf of the UN in a mostly Croatian area. "There is

no doubt that the Serbs are the main cause

World Notes

BRACING OFF TALKS

The African Union Congress withdrew from constitutional negotiations with South Africa's white-minority government. The ANC accused the government of complicity in a June 17 massacre in the black township of Bopeteng, in which at least 38 people were killed. The black nationalist group contends that security forces assisted the Zulu-based Inkatha movement in fatalistic fighting with ANC supporters. President F. W. de Klerk invited international experts to take part in official inquiries into the violence.

UP IN SHOCKS

Rejecting the tobacco industry's argument that a federal law, which requires health warnings to be printed on cigarette packs, shields cigarette firms from all personal liability lawsuits, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that smokers may sue for damages under state laws law, Washington claims that nearly 400,000 Americans die each year from diseases attributed to smoking.

THE CLIMBING EMPIRE

Another sign of the former Soviet Union's erosion in ethnic warfare. Thousands of refugees fled fighting in the separatist Dagestan region of Moscow, where ethnic Russians and Chechens, who dominate Dagestan, battled Moslems who dominated troops.

A FAIR DECISION

The International Association Bureau of Ocean Liners overruled a world court in 1996. London's Exchequer will calculate the 500th anniversary of Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama's voyage by sea to India.

WHO WRITES THE BOOK OF LOVE

The World Health Organization reported that annual intercourse occurs more than 100 million times daily, resulting in nearly one million conceptions and about 250,000 new cases of sexually transmitted diseases.

MEAT SLINGING

A war of words erupted between President George Bush and likely independent challenger Ron Perot after the Washington Post reported that Perot had ordered an investigation of Bush's dealings as vice-president and of two of his sons. Perot issued an improper motive in investigating the Clintons, and he claimed that he was the victim of a "dirty trick" campaign orchestrated by the Republicans. The White House replied that Perot was "misleading."

algorithms are unsettling, especially when the ones are thousands of miles from home in uncomfortable cages protecting people who seem determined to destroy their own country.

"These guys asked us to clear up their mess and now they're refusing," said one corporal after a few hours at a Danvers hotel. "Hey, I wasn't sent going home tomorrow." Maj. Mario Albert, the second in command of the Canadian battle group, had a more diplomatic response. "It's frustrating for us to lose these officers," said Albert, 36, of Châteauguay, Que. "People have watched the US intervene in the Gulf War, and maybe when they heard the US was coming to Croatia they thought we were going to push the Serbs out like the US pushed Iraq out of Kuwait. But they should understand that our role is peacekeeping, not peacekeeping." Added Capt. Scott Mun, 35, of Concord, N.C.: "They thought we'd ride in on our white horses and do everything. But it takes time, lots of time."

Lots of time—and a cast-iron stomach, as well. But MacEachern, a 38-year-old captain from Cold Harbour, N.S., was assigned to assist with both Croatian and Serbian forces. Their avoided days of meetings with leaders on both sides of the ceasefire lines, and almost every encounter was punctuated with signs of

tribunal-strength black coffee and glasses of slivovica, the potent local plum brandy. "It's hard to refuse," said MacEachern. "Five first thing in the day, out comes the bottle."

At a meeting one morning last week, the mood was the same, although the liquor was Belgian whiskey rather than slivovica. Col. Jovan Vukobrat, a local Serbian commander, held court in his headquarters in a farmhouse in the hills south of Danvers. Vukobrat accused MacEachern that his troops were moving out of the UN area according to the peace-keeping schedule. But local Serbs, he cautioned, fear that the lightly armed UN troops will not be able to protect them from Croatian extremists. "Any incident against the people here will be a catastrophe," he warned, before offering per another day glass of whiskey.

Despite the difficulties, MacEachern estimated that the UN force is gradually achieving its aims under difficult circumstances. He negotiated deals to set up fire field tripartite between Croatian and Serbian forces on opposite sides of the ceasefire line. "The idea was to ensure that the hostile forces could communicate and prevent misunderstandings that might lead to clashes. "It's very difficult just to get the two sides to meet in the middle, to hear each other's concerns and to see each other as

humans," MacEachern said as his jeep bounced along the back roads of a Serbian-held enclave. "But every time you do it, you create local confidence." He added: "It's slow, but I don't think it's futile. So I can see the improvements in the area day by day."

Those improvements include a gradual return to normal life in the displaced areas. Even in Valjevo, the devastated eastern Croatian city on the Danube River, almost half the original population of 84,000 has returned to live among the blighted houses and apartment buildings systematically destroyed by Serbian guns. Some residents have patched damaged roofs with plastic sheeting and managed to survive amid rubble that resembles the worst scenes of the Second World War. "At first, it was just dead bodies," said Petar Maric, 27, a captain with the Canadian Engineering Regiment in Valjevo. "It's quite a change just to see people doing normal things like going to school or walking a cow along the road."

Still, some Canadian peacekeepers voice concern that the UN force might simply end up emboldening a tradition of permanent hostility. If Serbian and Croatian leaders fail to work out a political settlement that can bring lasting peace, they say, the United Nations may become bogged down in what was once Yugoslavia for years, if not decades. MacEachern recalls his father, who was also an army officer, going to Cyprus in 1966 to serve with the Canadian peacekeeping mission. Most from a counterterrorism point, they are not helping keep the island's Greek and Turkish populations apart.

That is a long-term worry. But for now, the Canadians in Danvers lead a more immediate war: wondering when the evening battles in Sarajevo would stop killing one another long enough for the Canadian force to move southeast, take control of the city's airport and allow humanitarian aid to reach 300,000 trapped civilians. For now, the Canadian officers have nothing to do, having already covered their parents' duties in Augustinian soldiers on June 12 in preparation for the planned combat in Sarajevo.

As shells continued to pound the besieged people of the Bosnian capital last week, projects for the relief operation seemed to fade. "I think we've got our operation in the corner under control," reflected Michel Gauthier, the engineers' commanding officer. But as for the rest of the plan? "And be sure up my hands as if to say: who knows?"

Who cares?



In Sudan, a child is slowly wasting away. In Malawi, learning abilities are being eroded by malnutrition. In Sierra Leone, another child dies.

Who cares? The children, certainly. The parents, obviously. The community desperately. But what about us? All it takes to make a difference is a child's life is at stake of caring. We can show you how to turn concern into action. Your contribution through Foster Parents Plan can help them rise out of poverty, and slowly but effectively prevent its ravages.

We use a human development agency. Our programs are fueled by simple human concern, and

directed at simple solutions to the basic problems of a child, family and community in the developing world. We work in medical care, education, water provision, vocational training, and more, with community input and labour.

Self-reliance is our goal for each area in which we work—a goal toward which there is no exception. We care about the people we work with. We believe in their inherent abilities. They, and the children, have so much potential. If only someone cares. We need your support... your concern.

Prove that you care, today.



'HOW MANY OF US WILL DIE?'

For two months, the 300,000 people of Sarajevo have endured the almost daily pounding of Serbian artillery fired from the surrounding hills. Last week, one resident, Sandra Nikolic, a 26-year-old television producer of Moslem origin, asked to MacEachern's correspondent John Holland about life in the war-torn city. Her account:

I wake up in the morning thinking, "Thank God I am still alive." Already I can hear bombs falling and the sound of the guns.

Around 8 a.m., my mother leaves on a 10-minute walk to the market where she buys bread, an occasional vegetable and a few eggs. The eggs cost about half a day's wages. Then, she comes home and we all together wait for news about the war.

At midday, the silence comes for one or two hours. The tension is very bad. We know that the

Shelling becomes more fierce. I hear the shelter shaking. The people are not scared anymore, just angry. They ask, "How can this be happening? They are becoming more radical in their thinking, more hateful."

Around midnight, it is really quiet down a bit. I feel nervous hearing that I will wake up alone in the morning and people will come to take us away. If they stop the war now, I think that the Serbs, Croats and Moslems can live together in peace again. It is good a few more months, though. I don't think that will be possible anymore.

At dusk comes, the shelling becomes very heavy. Many shells land nearby and reach our apartment. I get angry because I can't go out like used to with my friends, to the bars or to a disco.

Then, around 9 p.m., we all go to the shelter, except for my mother. She returns to go. She never comes down. But I go down with my sister and we play cards by candlelight and talk about the war and future that we don't have here now.

The shelling becomes more fierce. I hear the shelter shaking. The people are not scared anymore, just angry. They ask, "How can this be happening? They are becoming more radical in their thinking, more hateful."

Around midnight, it is really quiet down a bit. I feel nervous hearing that I will wake up alone in the morning and people will come to take us away. If they stop the war now, I think that the Serbs, Croats and Moslems can live together in peace again. It is good a few more months, though. I don't think that will be possible anymore.

PLAN
FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

YES!
YES!
YES!

Completed in French English

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

PROV

CODE

AN 800ER TOLL-FREE 1-800-268-7174

151 ST. LAURE AVENUE, TORONTO, ONTARIO M6H 1Y6

I want to be a parent in hope to the child in greatest need or,

my preferences are AGE GENDER COUNTRY

I am interested, but I would first like some further information. Please send FREE LITERATURE

I want to help. I can't sponsor one child right now, but would like to make a contribution

MAIL TO: PLAN

PLAN operates in Africa, Asia, Latin America, Europe, Pacific, and the Caribbean. It is a non-profit organization. For more information, please contact the nearest PLAN office.

PLAN operates in Africa, Asia, Latin America, Europe, Pacific, and the Caribbean. It is a non-profit organization. For more information, please contact the nearest PLAN office.

PLAN operates in Africa, Asia, Latin America, Europe, Pacific, and the Caribbean. It is a non-profit organization. For more information, please contact the nearest PLAN office.

PLAN operates in Africa, Asia, Latin America, Europe, Pacific, and the Caribbean. It is a non-profit organization. For more information, please contact the nearest PLAN office.

PLAN operates in Africa, Asia, Latin America, Europe, Pacific, and the Caribbean. It is a non-profit organization. For more information, please contact the nearest PLAN office.

PLAN operates in Africa, Asia, Latin America, Europe, Pacific, and the Caribbean. It is a non-profit organization. For more information, please contact the nearest PLAN office.

Payment method: CREDIT CARD

VISA

Payment amount

\$ 27 (one month)

\$ 31 (three months)

\$ 62 (six months)

\$ 124 (one year)

\$ - (irregular)

VISA CARD #

EXPIRY DATE

CARDHOLDER NAME

INITIALS

Rabin's commitments

Labour plans to grant Palestinian self-rule

For the 100,000 Jewish settlers in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, June 23 is a date that will live in infamy. That was when Israeli voters abandoned the longtime champion, hard-line Likud Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, and all but relinquished the biblical lands of Judea, Samaria and Gaza to the Arabs. Last week, victorious Labour Party Leader Yitzhak Rabin, who will head the first government, reaffirmed his pledge to curb Jewish settlements in the occupied territories immediately and to grant nearly two million Palestinian residents self-rule within nine months. The shock among Jews in the West Bank was palpable. "We are against autonomy; it is a precursor to a Palestinian state," said settlers' roared spokesman Ben-Lang. "We will fight by every democratic



Rabin (left) with neo-orthodox changing Labour's dovish image

means possible that it should never happen." Other settlers threatened to take up arms to frustrate Rabin's plans. "We won't let him return any part of the land of Israel," said Benny Gurlik. "We will die for it."

Still, Rabin enjoyed wide support for his long-for-gone policies. In the most clear-cut Israeli election result since 1973, Rabin's Labour Party won 44 seats in the 120-member Knesset (parliament), overwhelming Shamir's Likud Party, which took just 32 seats. Needing the backing of only 17 members of allied parties, Rabin is expected to form a coalition government that could significantly boost Arab-Israeli peace prospects. As jubilant Labour supporters peeped champagne corks last week, a clearly shaken Shamir said that he is "at the end of my personal road" — prompting speculation about his imminent retirement after 10 years as Israel's leader. Although White House officials took great pains to appear impartial about the election, William Quandt, an analyst at the Washington-based Brookings Institution, a bipartisan think-tank, said that the Likud administration is very pleased with the outcome. "They like Rabin because he can deli-

ver

We
believe
in one
Canada.

When it comes
to phones,
we've got all the
answers.

For straight answers about phones, talk to Radio Shack, your phone headquarters. Our cordless and cellular selection is second to none. So drop by and we'll help you find what you need for your home or office. And since you're not always there to answer the phone, pick up one of our answers.

Radio Shack
Canada's Wireless Leader in Service and Value

Check the white pages for the Radio Shack store or participating dealer nearest you

Maclean Hunter was founded in Canada in 1887. During the life of the Corporation, Canada has survived a number of serious social and political challenges. The current constitutional debate is perhaps among the most significant. As a company that publishes in both of Canada's official languages, we are particularly sensitive to the fact that there are diverse interests that need to be accommodated, but our growing presence beyond our borders also gives us an international perspective. We will not find constitutional harmony unless the cultural distinctiveness of Quebec is acknowledged and allowed to flourish. We elect politicians across our many jurisdictions to represent us and, at critical times, to act as arbitrators, finding the right balance between legitimate regional concerns and the longer term national interest of all Canadians. This is clearly the challenge that faces our federal and provincial politicians. Undoubtedly models can be generated to show that Quebec can exist economically outside Canada, and that the balance of Canada can exist without Quebec. We believe, however, that all regions of Canada, including Quebec, will be the poorer for failing to find a constitutional and economic union within which all regions may prosper. The initial costs of separation — as divisive and often bitter divorce proceedings unfold — would be followed by a longer term reduction in the standard of living and cultural fabric enjoyed by Canadians. It is in the interests of all Canadians to find a prompt and workable solution to constitutional, economic and cultural differences and to show to Canadians and foreigners alike that Canada remains a country of great economic potential, a safe haven for investment with the prospect for significant and fair returns. We take seriously the role of the media in this national debate and will endeavour to ensure a balanced editorial approach to the options facing Canadians. But as a corporate citizen, Maclean Hunter Limited will champion a view that a renewed federation, respectful of the rights and aspirations of all Canadians, is the best option for all of us.



Maclean Hunter

For additional copies of this week's special issue ...

If you'd like to buy additional copies of the July 6 issue of Maclean's, simply fill out this form and mail it with your cheque or money order to the address below.

Order today—quantities are limited!

Copies of the July 6 issue of Maclean's are available as follows:

- 1 to 5 copies: \$3.50 per copy (GST & shipping costs included)
- 10 to 50 copies: \$2.75 per copy (GST & shipping costs included)
- 51 or more copies: \$2.25 per copy (GST & shipping costs included)

Please send me _____ copy/copies of the July 6, 1992 issue of Maclean's. I have enclosed my cheque or money order for \$_____.

Name _____

Address _____

Apt. _____ City _____

Prov. _____ Postal Code _____

Daytime Phone No. _____

Mail your cheque/money order payable to Maclean's with this coupon to:

Maclean's Subscription Department,
Special Issue Order, Box 1000,
Postal Station A,
Toronto, Ontario, M5W 2B6

Maclean's

CANADA'S MAGAZINE NEWSWEEKLY

er—he's tough, analytical and he values relations with the United States," he said. "And they feel that they can influence him."

Rabin, 70, is an assimilated former general who dumped Labour's Jewish image to broaden its appeal among security-conscious Israelis. But he is also a pragmatist who, unlike Shamir, is willing to return occupied Arab land to buy peace for the Jewish state. Reminding angry settlers of the unfinished 1978 Camp David accords, Rabin declared last week "I intend to state led by a Likud government to take as itself a decision to establish a self-governing Palestinian entity as an interim arrangement. That's what I intend to implement." Still, Rabin said that he would continue settlement that he regards as necessary for security in the West Bank, in the Jordan Valley and on the Golan Heights. And, like Shamir, he pledged to make no concessions on Jerusalem as Israel's indivisible capital or to permit Palestinian statehood.

In a bid to form a broad government, Rabin last week publicly appealed for more support—especially from religious groups that had backed Likud. The ultra-Orthodox United Torah and Shas parties, which together control 21 seats, generally support Labour's plan to create occupied Arab land. But Rabin will have a difficult task balancing the competing demands of potential coalition partners. Leaders of Meretz, a Likud bloc of three leftist parties, accuse the ultra-Orthodox of being corrupt, saying that they back Likud or Labour only in return for state funding of religious schools and more law for Jewish observance. For his part, Rabbi Eliezer Schach, the spiritual leader of both ultra-Orthodox parties, accuses Rabin's secular majority of abandoning Judaism by ignoring the Sabbath day and rituals.

But Labour's internal problems pale in comparison with those of Likud. After his party's dismal showing last week, Defense Minister Moshe Arens, long considered Shamir's political heir, unexpectedly announced that he was quitting politics. That opened up the possibility of a bitter battle to succeed the 70-year-old Likud leader. Among the contenders are Foreign Minister David Levy, Deputy Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu and Ariel Sharon, the hawkish housing minister.

Labour's victory guarantees not only new respect in scaled Middle East peace talks, but also financial rewards for Israel. Analysts say that President George Bush will soon ask Congress to approve \$12 billion in loan guarantees to help Israel absorb tens of thousands of immigrants from the former Soviet Union. The President had stalled the U.S. funding because of Shamir's refusal to freeze Jewish settlements in the occupied territories—a policy that Bush called the greatest impediment to Arab-Israeli peace. Late last week, there were chilling rumors of how close that stance is. Palestinian stabbed two Israelis to death in Gaza and an Israeli soldier and three Palestinians died in a gunfight on the West Bank.

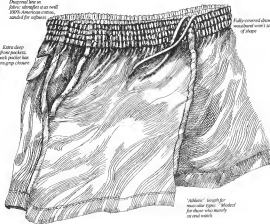
ANDREW DELSKI with ERIC SILVER in Jerusalem and MURRAY MACQUEEN in Washington

The Surprising Sport Short from Lands' End

An array of thoughtful features plus six colors and two inseam options.

Diagonal line in fabric: strengthens it as well as 100% American cotton, made for softness.

Extra-deep front pockets, back pocket has snug grip closure.



Fully-lined drawstring waistband with 1/2" cut of shape.

"Athletic" length for muscular types. "Moderate" for those who prefer a relaxed waist.

Beyond the surprising in-cotton sound above, we confront you with a new listening palette of colors.

For fine-tuning: white, black, navy are suitably serious. But we can't help introducing more people, like jade, chrome orange, bright blue, muscovy green, sienna, and scarlet and wheat (At just \$16.50 U.S. each, you needn't limit yourself to a single pair.)

As is usual with Lands' End, we offer an unusual spread of sizes, too. For both men and women. And, typical of us, in whatever size, or length or color you choose, your selection is machine washable and GUARANTEED PERFOK. Against whatever trend-makers your socks sign may

invite you to enjoy or warn you against

Add to the above, the fact that every Lands' End product we offer you—from shorts, to shirts, to skirts, to slacks and sweaters and coats that defy all-in-one—is is priced to reflect genuine value, since we owe an allegiance to middle-class families in our Direct Marketing philosophy.

The sooner you give us a toll-free call, or mail us the coupon at right, the sooner we can arm you with a free catalog and the free access to offers to the Lands' End Experience million ways by, rather than shoddy by the more cautious shopping options available.

To get our free catalog, call 1-800-356-4444.

Or fill out the coupon and mail it to:
Lands' End,
Lands' End Lane, Dept. 100, W15399
U.S.A.

Name _____ Dept. _____

Address _____

City _____ Apt. _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone () _____

Guaranteed Period: 30 days. If not satisfied, return for a full refund.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MARKETING

©1992 Lands' End Inc.



Jets at Montreal's Dorval Airport: after years of government protection, the carrier is struggling to stay afloat

BUSINESS

THE STYLE OF DIXIE

For a lifelong resident of the Deep South, Montreal can be a baffling destination in February. But when Brian Harris, Air Canada's newly appointed president and chief executive officer, left Georgia and touched down at the airline's head office four months ago, he wasted little time deciphering its idiosyncrasies. Within six weeks, Harris, 40, had set a bold change of course for the floundering flyer. Pressing just long enough to launch a few warning shots at Air Canada's domestic competitor, PWA Corp. of Calgary, Harris pledged to restore his own airline to operating profitability within a year. To that end, he undertook to slash operating costs by 10 per cent, as part of laying off 350 employees, as well as restructuring management and selling off several major assets. For observers accustomed to the genteel managerial style that has traditionally governed the former Crown corporation, Harris's take-charge attitude was a radical departure. Said

A NEW YANKEE SKIPPER AT AIR CANADA QUERIES THE FREE BAR AND COURTS AN AMERICAN COUSIN

one senior company executive, on condition of anonymity, "Harris is clearly no pussy-cat. He is tearing apart a lot of things that have been tolerated around here for years."

According to company insiders, Air Canada's new Yankee skipper has treated some subordi-

nates of some sort as sorry-soused at the national big carrier. Air Canada's problems start with its balance sheet: the airline lost \$218 million last year on revenues of \$3.6 billion. As well, like the rest of the North American airline industry, it is flying into increasingly dreary economic weather. Coal-bined losses of \$5.2 billion over the past two years, widespread overcapacity and looming competition from newly deregulated European airlines have all forced North American carriers to re-examine every dollar spent while they rest about in industry ills.

But more is at stake for Canadian travellers than the fate of Air Canada's familiar red-and-white gaudy jet. At least some of the subsidies being recommended for the airlines will alter the way Canadian passengers fly, as fares both large and small. With the immediate goal of cutting costs, Air Canada may soon stop offering free alcohol to economy-class passengers on domestic routes. More significantly,

new alliances could restructure routes around major U.S. centres with schedules that offer fewer international departures from Canada and fewer domestic flights that do not include stopovers in U.S. airports.

Harris's outlook, however, is decidedly American. A return of those decades in the U.S. airline industry, he left Atlanta-based Delta Air Lines Inc. in 1990 after being passed over for the top job. He was appointed chairman of financially hobbled Continental Airlines of Houston, which he left within 18 months after refusing to take a hard line to cost cutting. Since joining Air Canada, Harris has recruited two other senior executives from the U.S. to oversee Air Canada's international and maintenance operations. And says that Harris, an avid golfer and tennis player and a father of three, works seven-day weeks in his new post—but declines to be interviewed. "Mr. Harris is concentrating on making the airline—a doesn't have time for interviews on top of that," said spokesman Denis Costine.

Analysts say that the new American cut to Air Canada is bound to increase industry experts predict that within five years, so-called strategic alliances among airlines will create a handful of giants that will dominate global routes from hubs around the world. For Canada's two major carriers, the most promising prospects for alliances are with U.S. airlines that have a short the deregulation of Europe's sky competition next month. And thus, Costine and U.S. officials will meet in Ottawa to push ahead with a proposed Open Skies treaty to permit airlines to carry more passengers to the other. Said Tim Oram, a commerce professor at the University of British Columbia: "There is extreme urgency for Air Canada to get going with its international alliances. To even be considered as a partner, you need size and strength."

At its core, Air Canada has little of either to offer a foreign partner. In addition to its relatively small size (it has 10,000 employees, among North America's airlines) and operating costs that are almost 30 per cent higher than those of major U.S. carriers, the company's share is listed by its \$2.2-billion debt and weak financial performance in the first three months of this year alone, Air Canada lost \$164 million. Still, Harris is pursuing negotiations aimed at forming an alliance with Air France, via-based in Paris, the world's largest U.S. airline.

But Air Canada may stress its losses before it can attempt to reassemble with a deal. Indeed, says Peterson, Harris has sold the carrier's majority holding in the Canadian division to Citicorp Canada and placed its first of five options on the market. A 10-per-cent cut

in the company's 2,900 management positions was completed this week, with a further five-per-cent reduction in its 2,000 administrative and technical staff planned by September. In all, the cuts will reduce Air Canada's workforce to 16,500.

At the same time, Harris started some observers by putting three jets into service to increase the number of seats the airline can sell. Canadian carriers already have about 25-per-cent more seats than passengers. And despite the cost cutting, some analysts express skepticism about Harris's ability to meet his target, returning Air Canada to profitability in 1993. Said Steven Gormann, an airline analyst with First Monarch Securities Ltd. in Toronto: "It's a real long shot that he can accomplish everything he wants."

Air Canada's debt crisis is also placing a partnership. A pending agreement between PWA and the larger U.S. carrier, American Airlines of Dallas, is likely to step up the pressure on Harris later this month. American is expected to announce by the end of July that it is acquiring a 25-per-cent stake in PWA.

Canadian Airlines. In turn, PWA will merge its administrative, reservation and scheduling functions with American's system. The proposed alliance between Air Canada, cynics say, who are concerned that American may acquire some critical routes from PWA. Declared Air Canada's Costine: "PWA is willing to control while everyone looks on. The routes they are going away to a foreign carrier belong to the people of Canada."

The impending alliance, however, could have more far-reaching effects than simply posing a further challenge for Air Canada's new chief executive, says Oram, for one, speculates that if both PWA and Air Canada large strategic alliances with U.S. carriers, the result could be the technical unraveling of two domestic carriers, left with severely curtailed Canadian routes that feed into U.S. hubs for most international flights. Said Oram: "Not only would you devastate Canada's \$7-billion aviation industry, [but] domestic travel would be much more inconvenient."

One way to avoid that outcome would be for Air Canada and PWA to form their own all-Canadian alliance. After preliminary discussions earlier this year, that was abandoned. Instead, Harris must now rely on his own financial fight plan to keep Air Canada aloft. Canadian travellers, meanwhile, will not see whether the reorganization that results from Harris's changes continues to be Canadian in anything more than name.

DEBORAH MCNEELY



Harris wanted little time

Business Notes

CANADA GETS THE CHOP

The U.S. International Trade Commission ruled 4 to 3 that Canadian softwood exports injured U.S. lumber producers. The ruling upheld a Commerce department decision last month that imposed a 6.51-per-cent duty on Canadian spruce, pine and fir exports. The duty could cost Canadian forestry companies \$100 million a year. Federal officials said that Ottawa will attempt to fight the ruling at a bilateral appeal panel created under the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement.

HOPES FOR HIBERNIA

Two companies are negotiating to buy into the Hibernia offshore oil development, the first link for the \$5.2-billion project since Gulf Canada Ltd. withdrew from its 25-per-cent stake on Feb. 4. Strong, which joined Egan & Jones Inc. in 1991, now hopes to reach agreements by the fall with White Plains, N.Y.-based Tiscan Inc. and another company he declined to name.

UNEASY TRAVELERS

A second major transit postponded plans to move into East London's Canary Wharf, owned by the beleaguered Balcinthus family's Olympia & York Developments Ltd. of Toronto. Balcinthus Inc. said that too much uncertainty surrounds the massive project, which went into administration on May 18, for it to move 1,600 employees into the development as planned on Aug. 17. Earlier, American Express Co. demanded financial concessions before it moves its 2,000 British workers.

IN PURSUIT OF EQUITY

Ottawa's 50th government tabled controversial employment-equity legislation aimed at increasing hiring and promotion of women, ethnic people, the disabled and visible minorities. The legislation, which will apply to 75 per cent of the province's workforce, carries fines up to \$50,000 for companies that do not comply. Business spokesmen denounced the law, saying that there were no clear details explaining its costs and paperwork.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE

In a surprise move, Robert Horton, 52, resigned as chairman and chief executive officer of London-based British Petroleum, the world's second-largest oil company. His successor is chairman Lord Ashdown, 63, and that the board of directors had concerns about Horton's management, but declined to be more specific. Last week, BP's share price fell \$10 to close at \$25 because of fears that the company's dividend would be cut.



Love this land, not the Constitution

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

On our 125th birthday, Canada's destiny remains circumscribed by a dream still beckoning over constitutional crevices at a busy persona that is as interested in our daily lives as the mating habits of Bluebirds later here.

We seem to have arrived at one of those rare junctures in Canadian history when we can sense the continuity of an age being served. What comes next will be very different from what came before. The constitutional conflict has become a political endgame with no happy winners; national survival is now far short of a split Pakistan or an embattled Lebanon has become—but should not be—our highest goal.

In hard times, personal and national, Canadians have always found solace in the redemptive. Unlike most industrialized countries, where wilderness has been reduced to scenery, this glorious and beautiful bank of geography to which we lay claim remains authentic. It is a place to which men and women find rooted, where they can find spiritual succor, even if it's a toy cottage on a crowded lake.

Politicians should celebrate Canada Day by getting out of those stony Ottawa enclaves and carrying over any radical new idea is made as welcome as a pickpocket at a wedding. They should let the back roads that lead northward and east, away from the country of the mind, out into the real world.

There, they could recharge their brains and revitalize their lungs. They should give themselves a chance to taste the heat of salt air and watch the waves lapping against the rocks of Capetown Bay in Newfoundland or peering the beach at Bull Bay on the northern tip of Vancouver Island. They should ride the rivers that cascade into the St. Lawrence or hike towards heaven in the Rocky Mountain foothills.

Best of all, they should live as a test for a couple of nights, toads the earth and walk on simple wooden dams after a long rain. At that moment, they would feel the critical heat of a world badly created, unloved by the selfish

National survival in any form short of a split Pakistan or an embattled Lebanon has become—but shouldn't be—our highest goal

and self-perpetuating myths that have prevented this country from reaching an demonstrably bright potential.

The most astute thinker of our age, Marshall McLuhan, got it right when he observed that Canadians have a unique relationship with nature. "We go outside to be alone," he wrote, "and we go inside to be with people, a paradox that is authentic not only to Europeans, but to all other cultures." Just leaving the politicians alone with themselves and their consciences could have accelerated benefits.

It's high time the politicians realized that even if most of us truly don't care which level of government administration what (once some of them wish it all that well anyway), we do care passionately about the future of our country. Few Canadians comprehend the subtleties of the constitutional negotiating process. It has gone on far too long and there are no guarantees that a new constitution, even if it's written as quality parchment and tied with a pretty red ribbon, would improve our lives. That doesn't mean Canadians are indifferent to what happens. They want Canada to mature, not as a constitutional cripple, but as a functioning entity capable of governing itself. It sometimes seems as if the lack of a new constitution is

more disturbing than the Constitution itself—though we assumed to be perfectly fine while it was lodged in some dusty British archive for 115 years.

While just about every truth and tradition we're held sacred about this country in the past is in play in the facts and premises attempt to seal together a new kind of country, one without characteristic remains inseparable. Canada's outrageous size and geographical diversity.

This is not a country at all but a collection, which explains why it's so impossible to govern. How do you balance policies that will meet the diverse personal aspirations of the Newfoundland fisherman, a Mississauga yuppie or an Old Dutch rancher? It's just about impossible and always has been, but that doesn't mean we haven't done great things together—and will do no again.

It's sometimes useful to recall the sheer immensity of the country. Look over a map of Europe, Canada would stretch from the first coast of Ireland across the Gannet and stretch deep into Asia, out of the first Mississauga. Ottawa would be located at about Kari, the capital of Coteau. Yet within Canada's size has been reduced to its impact through air travel the length of some in flight, third into Hollywood eye.


There should be a law that Canadians would not be grandfathered until they've crossed this country by car or, if they can find one, by train. That kind of odyssey would serve to remind us that even if we've always suffered from constitutional indecision, our forefathers performed a series of miracles to organize such a vast territory. Engineering and human ideas do's resources has been a Herculean effort and it's only the poor quality of our history teachers that has failed to bring that truth home.

Even now, when we are ranked as one of the industrial world's seven leading nations, Canada's potential remains virtually untapped. After 125 years of selling off our natural wealth, still only about seven per cent of the land has been permanently settled. Something like three-quarters of Canada's population is squeezed into one per cent of the country's territory, nearly all of it hugging the United States border. Most of our best land breeds silent and inaccessible, beyond summer and beyond our reach, an empty land filled with wonders.

Apart from ignoring these geographical gifts, on the anniversary of Confederation we should pledge ourselves to becoming actively Canadian, instead of just living here. This country deserves that kind of commitment. That means, saving other things, putting pressure on the politicians to hammer out a reasonable constitutional deal, and then get on with the serious essential job of salvaging the economy.

Realities are most clearly needed in retrospect. We often fail to appreciate the value of a relationship until it's over; all too often we understand how wise an experience can be only when we look back in bitter-sweet remembrance. That's the way it is with countries. You seldom appreciate your homeland until you love it.

And then it is too late.




With ALL DUE RESPECT to his


— MARKSMANSHIP —

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S

BEST SHOT was yet to come.



As a buccaneer, Captain Morgan was one of the finest Adept with pistol and sword. But as Governor of Jamaica, he really made his mark — as an expert on rum. So today he's better remembered for shots of a higher calibre, the four fine rum that bear his name.



CAPTAIN MORGAN®
When you know the Captain, you know great rum.

©1991 Captain Morgan Rum Co. All rights reserved. Captain Morgan Rum Co. is a registered trademark of Captain Morgan Rum Co. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.



GRANT AND SORUM



I never thought I'd learn about life from a puppy. But watching Solitaire being so open so loving and so free to everything that comes his way has been a real education. I hope there'll always be a part of him that will never grow up.

ONLY A PUPPY LIKE SOLITAIRE CAN BRING OUT THE BEST IN YOU. AND NOW THERE'S A WAY TO HELP MAKE SURE YOU BRING OUT THE BEST IN YOUR NEW PUPPY. IT'S CALLED PURINA ONE® (SHORT FOR OPTIMUM NUTRITIONAL EFFECTIVENESS), A NEW LINE OF PREMIUM DOG AND CAT FOOD. PURINA ONE PUPPY

FORMULA IS CAREFULLY BALANCED TO PROVIDE ALL THE ADDITIONAL PROTEIN, MINERALS, VITAMINS AND OTHER ESSENTIAL NUTRIENTS GROWING PUPPIES LIKE SOLITAIRE NEED TO HELP GROW UP STRONG, HEALTHY, AND HAPPY. IT'S THE BEST START TO A LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP WITH YOUR NEW PUPPY.



PURINA ONE. FOR YOUR ONE AND ONLY.

BY A POWER SAVING

Built-in savings pay dividends.

Owners and developers of commercial buildings are using Ontario Hydro's Savings by Design Program to effect dramatic savings in their operating costs. On the advice of their architects and consulting engineers, customers are incorporating the most energy efficient heating and cooling systems into their buildings. And in the majority of applications, built-in power savings will qualify for Ontario Hydro incentives, which help reduce payback periods. Convince yourself on the benefits of power saving—simply call 1-800-362-9006 and ask for information on the Ontario Hydro Savings by Design Program.

Ontario Hydro
Let's get tomorrow's hand.

Specialized installation. A Ontario Hydro

HEALTH

Prescription for pain?

Proposed legislation may raise costs for consumers

In 1966, the Liberal government of then-Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau passed legislation aimed at reducing the prices of prescription drugs. The law limited the patent protection available to pharmaceutical firms for the drugs they developed, allowing other companies to market cheaper generic equivalents, on average about 13 years into the 30-year period to which the patent applied. In 1987, the law was amended to give the drug companies approximately three more years of protection before generic equivalents could be marketed. Despite that change, the major drug companies still claimed that the law unfairly limited the amount they could earn after spending enormous sums of money on product development. Last week, Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Pierre Blais addressed the drug companies' concerns in the House of Commons.

Blais introduced a bill that would allow the firms a full 20 years of patent protection for new pharmaceutical products. Critics of the bill said that it could add tens of millions of dollars a year to Canada's national medical bill. For their part, federal officials said that the proposed legislation would bring Canadian law in line with that of other countries, including the United States and Britain, and give pharmaceutical firms an incentive to carry out research in Canada. Indeed, officials of the Ottawa-based Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association of Canada said that if the new legislation is passed, multinational pharmaceutical firms would spend a total of \$2.4 billion for research and development in Canada during the next five years, compared with \$1.1 billion in the period between 1987 and 1991.

International Trade Minister Michael Wilson said that the legislation would give the seven-year-old Patented Medicine Prices Review Board new powers to order price reductions. Still, critics of the bill predicted that there would be a significant overall increase in drug prices. Said Angus Reid, a researcher for the federal New Democratic Party: "There's no question that if you give people exclusive market protection the outcome will be higher prices." As the bill began its journey through Parliament, a tough battle shaped up over an issue that could affect both the health, and pocketbooks, of Canadians.

ALICE FISHER in Ottawa

ANOTHER MYTH SHATTERED



"LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON"

CONCERNED ABOUT HAIR LOSS?

Like their fathers before them, many men will experience hair loss—if they allow it to happen. You may be surprised to know about the new options that are now available through your physician. If you've already spotted signs of hair loss, you **CAN** do something about it!

HAIR LOSS: SPEAK TO YOUR PHYSICIAN OR DERMATOLOGIST TODAY.

GET THE FACTS

- Call the 24-hour Hair Loss Information line toll-free. Our operators are waiting to take your call. Ask for your free Hair Loss Information package.
 - Consult with your family doctor or dermatologist.
- Ontario and Quebec residents call**
1-800-387-3925 Ext. 22
All other Provinces, please call
1-800-387-3450 Ext. 22

OR, complete and mail this request form to receive a free Hair Loss Information package.



© 1992 by Dr. J. A. L. & Co.

Mail to: Hair Loss Information, 3647 Yonge Street, 3rd Floor, Toronto, Ontario M4M 1B6

Telephone: Ontario & Quebec: 1-800-387-3925 Ext. 22, All other Provinces: 1-800-387-3450 Ext. 22

Please print clearly: ☐ MR ☐ MRS ☐ MS ☐ Miss

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Prov: _____ Postal Code: _____

OR FAX

A mix of signals

The CBC tries to change its image—dramatically

Just two months ago, CBC president Gérard Veilleux unveiled a radical restructuring of his TV network's overnight schedule for the coming season. In the new lineup, the network's public affairs shows *The National* and *The Journal* will move into the heart of prime time, beginning at 9 p.m. Late-night local news shows will disappear and hour-long regional sports/entertainment news will expand by half at hour. Last week, in the new lineup of these changes continued to reverberate in CBC offices across the country, Veilleux set network staff members reeling with his surprise announcement of another set

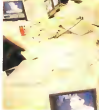
"in my eyes and my ears—and my most important source of strategic advice."

Along with that shift of corporate persona, Veilleux announced that he was also restructuring the details of several high-profile offices. Among the most significant changes was the move of Traut McQueen, formerly the high-powered vice-president of news, current affairs and the all-news channel, *Newsworld*, to what one insider called "the essentially administrative" post of vice-president of regional broadcast operations with special responsibilities including international relations and foreign bureaus. As well, Veilleux hired a prominent figure from the private broadcasting community, CTV vice-president of news, current affairs and information programming Tim Kitchell, to take over McQueen's former duties on the fall.

Ivan Posen, meanwhile, who was vice-president of arts and entertainment, was McQueen's on-camera counterpart, was given a clear, if perhaps temporary, promotion, taking over responsibility for all English-language television—both news and dramatic programming—in TV. Veilleux hired a senior vice-president for television, former executive vice-president Michael McKenna, whose job was characterized, by some, as being vice-president of radio services. And in what many observers agreed was a clear decision, Donna Logan, former vice-president of

English radio, taken on the job of special adviser to Veilleux on the network's ethnic and multicultural role over the network's ethnic content and singularity.

While Veilleux's May unveiling of the changes in programming had been the object of wide speculation, last week's announcement took the general broadcasting community and even senior CBC heads by surprise. And there were evident differences in the way those affected responded when contacted by *Maclean's*. While Veilleux was delighted to comment as usual only as condition of anonymity, Ad, in stark contrast to the overwhelming enthusiasm that had surrounded the earlier announcements, there were sharp doses of opinion over precisely what the latest moves meant for the



future direction of the network and the people whose jobs had changed—as well as for the power of their president.

Much of that speculation centred around McQueen's loss of the formidable news portfolio. A 25-year CBC veteran, McQueen, 48, became the first female on-camera reporter for the national news in 1967. By April, 1989, she had become the director of news and current affairs and, only 10 months ago, was promoted to the position that she last last week (see *Maclean's*) the duties of the departed vice-president. Denis Ravey, McQueen herself was unavailable for comment, but Veilleux said that last week's announcement represented a promotion for his top female executive. "What it really means is a chance for her to broaden her experience," said Veilleux, pointing to the fact that she would now oversee the administration of all domestic bureaus, both English and French language, in the CBC Radio and TV divisions, as well as the CBC local offices in London and Paris.

Others were more dubious about the significance of McQueen's new posting. "It's a less-than job," said Paul Audley, a Toronto co-anchor and executive director of the 1986 Cagney-Saunders task force on broadcasting policy. "They have been stripping the resources out of the regional for a decade," he added, "and my guess is that they are going to be asking [her] to keep up the training."

Some insiders speculated that it was specific decisions on the part of McQueen that appeared to have taken the luster off her name. Several of those sources pointed to the controversy surrounding recent programs produced by McQueen's departments, including the documentary series *The Natives* and the



The CBC's national newsroom: a significant shakeup at the highest levels

Review, about Canada's role in the Second World War. Last week, a Senate subcommittee hearing launched a controversial investigation of the show's historical accuracy (page 106), with McQueen in the audience. Others suggested that McQueen's reputation was damaged by the dismal response to the nightly half-hour current affairs show *Newsworld*, which is scheduled for cancellation in September after just one year on the air. But others noted that her position as the chief defender of CBC journalists' rights outside attacks brought her into conflict with Veilleux on issues as which journalistic integrity and political pressure combined.

McQueen's departure also generated speculation that Veilleux and other network officials are making contradictory moves to the federal Conservative government, many of whose members have criticized the CBC as anti-government in its approach to the news. "That position has been made," said Howard Angus, a political scientist at McMaster University in Hamilton who served on the CBC's board of directors from 1964 to 1969. He added, "There is, in fact, not the left wing, but there certainly that the back has stopped with her." He also noted that CBC current affairs still remains "the only play [CBC] much better."

Explaining his choice of Kitchell, 55, to replace McQueen, Veilleux pointed to the CTV executive's extensive news and management experience, as well as his understanding of the union workings of the private network. A CBC reporter and producer for 13 years, beginning in 1964, Kitchell joined CTV in 1976, moving to



1987 to his current job, in which he oversees all the private network's news shows as well as such current affairs programs as *50 and 40* and *Question Period*. In March, Kitchell took part in the launch of a syndicated cross-Canada radio service and, in recent months, he has been serv-

ing Kitchell's potential replacements, say insiders, is the CBC's Mark Starovick, now executive producer of *The Journal*. Whether or not Starovick is a serious contender, Kitchell's CBC appointment has already introduced another element of uncertainty to life at the network, where the clouds in March of senior Barbara Frum, and a recent decision by CBC officials to allow *The National* to exceed its 20-minute time slot when events warrant it, has caused some staff members to question *The Journal's* future.



McQueen a pioneering reporter

Despite that posture, it seemed clear last week that one of Veilleux's major goals was to gain a firmer grip on the CBC. "One of the biggest problems with head office is that it is too far removed from the programming decisions," said Veilleux. "We have made [the] decisions and the network has to live with it." Veilleux's move, he said, was clearly showing that he does not want a head office that is an empty shell—that he wants to take greater control.

At work's end, Veilleux noted that several other changes will occur in the months ahead, including the CBC's new president's post. He said he would direct his attention to a reshaping of regional producers and other on-air managers. With Veilleux's determination to reinvent the CBC, it seems likely that there will soon be some shake-up at Canada's national public network.

CTV and other broadcasters, and he added that he hopes Kitchell's presence will ease that process. CTV president John Cassaday echoed that sentiment in an internal memo announcing Kitchell's departure. "We can look forward to strengthening our relationship with CBC when Tim is in place," he wrote. Kitchell, in well-expressed enthusiasm for such collaboration, "is mine," he said, "we start working more to pool resources so that there are more left over to invest in good journalism."

Kitchell's network crossover, meanwhile, was creating anxiety at both CTV and the CBC. As CTV's eight affiliate owners continue to battle over the network's direction, rumors have been circulating that it may discontinue Kitchell, may instead stay, has been a switch, however, at the continued support of CTV news executives. Still, one CTV staff member said, "He was considered the last bastion in the 'perpetual tag' of war the network wages with its affiliates." He added, "Quite frankly, as a news service, we are in a bad shape, and this is a real loss to us."

Among Kitchell's potential replacements, say insiders, is the CBC's Mark Starovick, now executive producer of *The Journal*. Whether or not Starovick is a serious contender, Kitchell's CBC appointment has already introduced another element of uncertainty to life at the network, where the clouds in March of senior Barbara Frum, and a recent decision by CBC officials to allow *The National* to exceed its 20-minute time slot when events warrant it, has caused some staff members to question *The Journal's* future.

Kitchell will be reporting, at least initially, to Toronto's Ross, 39, whose illustrious career includes a stint as vice-president of creative development at NBC TV. Although many CBC executives say that he is a strong contender for the new senior vice-president's post, Veilleux himself expressed doubts. Speaking to *Maclean's*, he said that despite the wording of his initial news release, he had decided to keep the job vacant for now, leaving Frum and French-language TV vice-president Guy Gauthier to report directly to his office. Said Veilleux: "I want to hang loose for the time being."

Despite that posture, it seemed clear last week that one of Veilleux's major goals was to gain a firmer grip on the CBC. "One of the biggest problems with head office is that it is too far removed from the programming decisions," said Veilleux. "We have made [the] decisions and the network has to live with it." Veilleux's move, he said, was clearly showing that he does not want a head office that is an empty shell—that he wants to take greater control.

At work's end, Veilleux noted that several other changes will occur in the months ahead, including the CBC's new president's post. He said he would direct his attention to a reshaping of regional producers and other on-air managers. With Veilleux's determination to reinvent the CBC, it seems likely that there will soon be some shake-up at Canada's national public network.

VICTOR OSTER with correspondents' reports



McDonald (left), McKenna re-examining painful episodes of the Second World War

TELEVISION

Warring over history

Veterans are up in arms over a documentary

As the senator from Saskatchewan returned to his colleagues, there had not been such a raucous far a Senate proceeding since the 1960 hearings on the Gouge and Services Tax. Senator E. W. (Gale) Bennett was one of its members of the subcommittee on veterans' affairs when it convened before about 150 spectators in Ottawa last week to evaluate a controversial TV documentary about the Second World War. On June 25 and 26, a series of witness slides into the wood-paneled chamber to testify on the accuracy and fairness of the three-part, six-hour program. *The Valour and the Horror*. The show criticizes Canadian commanders for incompetence and cowardice that Canadian armies were involved in the bombing of German civilians. Just since the series first aired on CBC TV in January, veterans have protested that it maligns them and their sacrifices. The Senate cannot censor *The Valour and the Horror* or order its withdrawal from school libraries, but the film-makers say that the hearings amount to a witch-hunt—and that they could sue for a "false" or similar re-examination of history.

Of the 14 witnesses who testified during the often stormy proceedings, July 12 included the documentary. According to University of Victoria military historian Ray Roy, *The Valour and the Horror* is "so filled with mistakes as to present a warped version of many of the events that took place in the battlefield." Outside the hearing room, the show's Montre-

al-based director, Peter McKenna, denounced the hearings as an "inquisition." Accompanied by historians and veterans who support the series, as well as by officials from the CBC and the National Film Board (both of which contributed funding to the program), he complained in news conferences that the Senate subcommittee, which reconvened in September, had called mainly hostile witnesses during the first days of the hearings. McKenna, 66, who wrote the series with his brother Timmo, a reporter for CBC TV's *The Journal*, maintained that the committee, made up of six veterans, is biased. Said the director in an interview: "They want a nostalgic look at war and nothing else."

Subcommittee chairman Senator Jack Macdonald, a Newfoundland Tory, told McKenna's that he was responding to representations from 44 different veterans' organizations and 250 individuals when he ordered the hearings. Members of the subcommittee (the same body that in 1955 argued the retrograde a disfigurement on a film about First World War flying ace Billy Bishop pointing out that it was a "documentary") expressed the most concern about the false two episodes of the series. The second episode, *Death by Midnight* (Bowler Co. owned), contends that Canadian armies engaged in unprovoked bombing of German cities. The third, *The Disgraceful Battle Normandy 1944*, alleges a failure of leadership and poor training among Canadian troops in the Normandy invasion. The show accuses Royal Air Force Air Marshal Arthur Harris, commander of the bombing of

Germany, of callousness and wartime blunders, and maintains that Canadian Gen. Guy Simonds was responsible for the suicides of soldiers in a Canadian regiment in Normandy.

Critics argue that there should be some sort of public inquiry for the two segments because they speak not only those who served, but also their families. Clifford Chubberton, chairman of the National Council of Veterans' Associations in Canada and chief executive officer of the War Veterans of Canada, told McKenna's "I have had hundreds of letters from children who say, 'My father's dead now, but am I to believe that he knew his only objective was to drop bombs on German civilians?'"

A small number of veterans, however, argued that the documentary contains letter-terrible that could help. Harold McDonald, 70, a retired United Church minister from North Vancouver who was a bomb-dropper in 19 spent time over Berlin, went to Ottawa to show his support for the film-makers. Said McDonald at a press conference: "I applaud the sensitive and realistic portrayal of the air force in *The Valour and the Horror*. There is absolutely nothing in the film that I wouldn't endorse."

In the scheduled full hearings, the subcommittee intends to take on the film-makers' side of the story. But with the passion and deeply felt hurt of a well-organized veterans' lobby on one side and a documented film-maker and his allies on the other, Canadians can expect further acerbicness from a war that many thought they had put behind them long ago.

GLEN ALLEN with LOUIE FINKEL in Ottawa

Maclean's

BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *City of Gold*, Douglas (2)
- 2 *Jurassic*, Sael (2)
- 3 *Fatherland*, Harris
- 4 *Engelhorn*, Pells, Hickey (4)
- 5 *Savannah*, Jones (2)
- 6 *The Police Beat*, Smith
- 7 *Solara*, Corder (6)
- 8 *Dark Pass*, King, Zuck (2)
- 9 *Chase*, Lyle
- 10 *Passing the Secret of Jay*, Miller (2)

NONFICTION

- 1 *Diary: The New Story*, Martin
- 2 *The Silent Passage*, Sherry (2)
- 3 *Summer*, Macdonald, Boud (6)
- 4 *Pepper*, Boud, Pells (2)
- 5 *The Happy Isles of Oceania*, Thomas
- 6 *Weeks Without Rain* for Canadians, Green (2)
- 7 *Revelations from Within*, Stearns (2)
- 8 *Harvest*, Kell and Boud
- 9 *The Culture of Government*, Galloway (2)
- 10 *Stolen*, Galloway, Wright (2)

(1) From last week

Compiled by Brian Behrman



GETTING OUT WITH THE BOYS



Seagram's V.O. The best traditions go on forever.



Stop whining, Canada, and celebrate

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

The young attractive blonde who is the waitress on the trip home from Rome is on her way back to Vancouver. It had been her first time away in Europe, visiting no Indian family. She was charmed, of course, by the Eternal City, but she still couldn't get over the sense of not having her own space.

Her frazzled, overworked Indian hosts would charge into her bedroom to eagerly outline the day's plans. As someone who left the bathroom was the last outpost of privacy, she found it hard to handle. When she wanted to retreat to her bedroom with a book for several hours, the family would be all over her, offering food, drink, companionship, talk—anything she wanted except the one thing she desired: being alone.

Twenty years ago this summer, this reporter travelled by steam train from where we live today, in the far north of China, to the beachy port outside Hong Kong. It was roughly equivalent—chasing a dog—to travelling by rail from Montreal to Vancouver.

Three things were memorable. The first was that, at each stop, wooden buckets of water would be hoisted aboard. In the buckets were live fish, to emerge at discretion from the society kitchen car, which, by the third day—waters stained and ruffled and bedraggled—resembled something out of a Lewis and Clark motif, as delicacies one would dream of.

The second memory was that the ancient custom disgraced now that would choose a new Bill Vander Zee. It being August, a head here we had to open the windows or die. By the third day, one simply gave up trying to wash all the residue. Standing in the windows and, day or night, there were always people in view—new problems, on a road, on a platform. A Chinawatcher, as new teachers at Harvard like

for two weeks to experience how the rest of the universe exists. Most of the whining and despair, the endearing Canadians believe in the worst, would disappear.

On St. John's Day, the Quebec government's idea in Toronto—he has a staff of 46, by the way—Gave a grand party to celebrate the fringe of the city. There were no hotels in existence, there were perhaps 200 people there, 300 people who lived outside Quebec eager to celebrate its great national day.

The dignitary from Australia (if that is not an overstatement) thought—on our "troubled"—we are all white. The chap from Belgium, serious without being ponderous, thoughtful without being condescending, simply pointed out that our problems will always be with us.

As we know a country also with more than one language, he knows of what he speaks. As Northern Ireland is divided by religion, as Belgium is divided by religion and language, Canada will always be scripping and scripping and changing over our differences.

Quebec is not going to separate. Neither is Quebec ever going to exist feeling left out, dejected, nervous over being a minority as a son of North American English-speaking lands who don't know how to make love and like gray with everything.

Western Canada, feeling left out, wishing to acknowledge the submissiveness of the policy that the power is where the population is—Ontario and Quebec—will continue to ignore the province before such as the province of the West. Making the West Point of the Old West, and the world will survive.

The Maritimes (the second best of the world) will surely go on doing everything quietly—mainly avoiding the down of every puppet to own a swimming pool the shape of his shoe—and Newfoundland will remain on all that New York did not want: home to subsidize Alchemi, and California does not complain about propelling up South Dakota.

The solution, on our 15th going at the end, is not to look around but to look outward. While the editorial arena and the business community about the cost of the home, look elsewhere in search of a line to look for.

You can't find it. Take it from a chap whose employers, as punishment, force him to search out superior places of citizenship. As a five-year resident of the United States of America, as a three-year resident of Betty Warden's plot, as a chap who makes the salaries of the world available, this little scribbler is an expert.

His advice to this border place of his birth, shut up and get on with it.



writes the most telling insight on the most heavily populated nation on earth—that you cannot understand it until you understand that practically every Chinese citizen, from birth to death, goes through life with someone else in his eyes.

Spain. That's the operative message as a supposedly troubled Canada "celebrates" its 125th birthday. Nobody is in the mood for celebration (as witness the children's prayers) quibbling over the cost of shopping. Betty Warden ever here as a Concorde and the engine of some statue on a horse. If the country won't grow up and still cling to the unbroken cord of a foreign queen in a foreign country, why bother about the cost?

The young lady from Vancouver would undoubtedly agree with the suggestion that the cure to our supposed problems would be to ship every single Canadian abroad (if rarely would be only the price of the rear end of the horse).



The biggest news in color copiers is also the smallest.

Introducing the Canon C110. The world's first Desktop Full Color Digital Copier.



The new C110 is just another breakthrough in color copier technology. And not surprisingly it's another Canon breakthrough.

Years of leading edge digital color copier experience have been combined with Canon's Bubble Jet printing technology. The compact C110 is an innovative new full color digital copier designed for convenience and superb, detailed color output.

The Canon C110 is a full color digital copier for high quality, impactful color reproduction of all your originals. With the

optional Intelligent Processing Unit (IPU) and the Intelligent Editor, the C110 is transformed into a powerful visual processor.

When interfaced with your personal computer, and with the scanning capabilities of the C110, superior quality full color originals are created with the professional look of a graphic design house. And it does all this on a desktop.

See your Canon Color Copier Dealer for complete information, including some even bigger small news. The price. Call 1-800-387-1341.





Mis-handled customer calls can end up
in an unfortunate place.

**Meridian 1 offers a powerful range of Call Center solutions
to ensure your customers receive the personalized
care they deserve.**

Meridian Call Center's integrated portfolio of customer service solutions can significantly enhance the care each customer receives, realizing the full value of every single call.

It's just one of the ways in which Meridian 1 is making communications work harder for business.

For more information on Call Center or other Meridian options call 1-800-NORTHERN.



Technology the world calls on.